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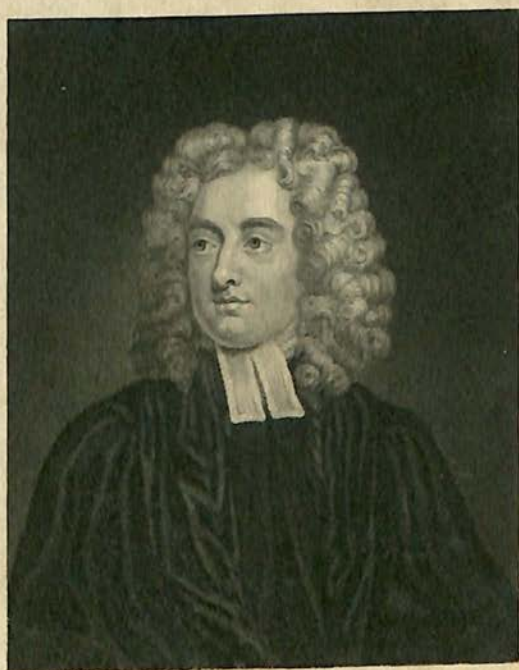

Joseph Brown sc

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LIVES

OF

WITS AND HUMOURISTS.

DEAN SWIFT.
SIR RICHARD STEELE.
SAMUEL FOOTE.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
THE TWO COLMANS.
R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
RICHARD PORSON.
REV. SYDNEY SMITH.
THEODORE HOOK.
JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

25638.

BY JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON," "ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY OF PAINTERS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
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PREFACE.

"If you love your readers, and wish to be read, get anecdotes," is the sagacious advice to authors, in a contemporary critical journal;* and a kindred sense of the interest as well as the value of this species of reading has encouraged the production of the present volumes. Their immediate object is to collect and arrange, in the most entertaining as well as serviceable form, the salient points in the Lives of some of the leading Wits and Humorists who had adorned our literature. The advantages of such a plan have been thus enforced by one of the greatest masters, in saying that, "Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., have the same use with burning-glasses,—to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination."†

The economy of the plan need not be insisted upon; if we are to trust the adage—that "the wit of one is the wisdom of many."

Each of the Anecdote Lives is divided into two sections: first, the leading points are arranged in chronological and biographical sequence; and next, the Characteristics, Retrospective Opinions, and Personal Traits, which include such matters as do not belong to any specified period, and cannot be so classed as to follow the example of time.

Hitherto, Anecdotes have been for the most part narrated as detached incidents in the lives of their subjects; but in these volumes an attempt is made to connect such incidents

* *Quarterly Review*: Art. "Table-Talk."
† Swift.

by a string-course, which shall furnish the reader with a view of the career of a person, without that predominance of didactic writing which forms so considerable a portion of biography.

In the Anecdotes themselves, *incompressibility* has been kept in view; and any one who will take the trouble to examine the collections of Anecdotes, which enjoyed much popularity at the close of the last century, will, it is thought, acknowledge that compression had become very desirable in this class of books. Another argument in its favour is the multiplicity of anecdote books published in our day, which are too prodigal of time to be considered economical or profitable reading.

How far the Compiler of these volumes has realized the literary scheme of which he has here sketched the outline, must he left to the judgment of the reader, and to his indulgence; for, in the great number of names and dates, events, facts, and incidents which are assembled within these 800 pages, by eyes which do not possess microscopic power, may probably be detected errors of omission and commission.

However, the Reader is assured that in each case the best sources have been consulted for these Lives; the authorities for statements given as far as practicable; and the aid as extensively acknowledged. To "reject what is no longer essential" is the Compiler's canon of economy; to give a local colour to the anecdote has been another rule; and he has added to some of the later Lives the results of his own circumstantial recollection, though not without diffidence as to the *quantum valeat* of these contributions in such brilliant company as the range of these volumes presents,—in its array of distinguished divines and essayists, wits, and humorists, and writers for the stage, whose sayings and doings are the staple of the work.

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DEAN SWIFT.

FAMILY OF THE SWIFTS.

The Swifts of Rotherham, in Yorkshire, from whose younger branch was descended the Dean, rank among the oldest families of that county. His immediate ancestor, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich,* in Herefordshire, and distinguished in the civil wars by his loyalty to Charles I. His house was repeatedly plundered by the Parliamentary soldiers, even to the clothes of the infant in the cradle (traditionally, Jonathan, father of the Dean) and to the last loaf which was to support his numerous family. He left ten sons and three or four daughters. Godwin Swift, his eldest son, studied at Gray's Inn, was called to the bar, and appointed Attorney-general of the Palatinate of Tipperary, under the Duke of Ormond. Godwin's success attracted to Ireland three of his brothers, William, Jonathan, and Adam, all of whom settled in that kingdom, and there lived and died.

JONATHAN SWIFT BORN.

Jonathan Swift, like his brother Godwin, was bred to the law, though not like him, called to the bar; he married

* Swift put up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich. He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing, which were by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery."

"Jonathan Swift
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gutherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish Dean.
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot;
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own."

Abigail Ericke, of an ancient family in Leicestershire, but poor. He was appointed Steward of the King's Inns, Dublin, in 1665; he died in 1667, leaving his widow in great poverty, with an infant daughter, and pregnant with the future Dean of St. Patrick's.

Dryden William Swift, a brother of the deceased, (named after his mother, who was a near relation of Dryden the poet,*) assisted his sister-in-law, but her chief support was Godwin Swift. Upon November 30, 1667, (St. Andrew's Day,) she was delivered of the celebrated Jonathan Swift in a small house, No: 7, Hoey's-court, Dublin, a locality thus minutely described by Mr. W. R. Wilde:—

Adjoining a portion of one of the ancient city walls, and running between Castle-street and the junction of Great and Little Ship-street, is a narrow passage, now called the Castle Steps, but in former days, Cole's-alley. Towards the lower end of this descent, on the western side, another alley led up a few steps into a small square court, in the mouldering grandeur of the houses of which we still recognise the remains of a locality once fashionable and opulent. Here, on our right, is the house occupied by Surgeon-general Buxton; that beyond it was the residence of Lord Chancellor Bowes; and a little further on, upon the right, stands the celebrated Eade's Coffee-house, where the wits and statesmen of the day drank their claret and canary. Upon the opposite side, where the court narrows into the lane that leads into St. Werburgh-street, is the house No. 7, wherein Jonathan Swift was born. In 1809, the house was occupied by Mrs. Jackson, a dealer in earthenware. Mr. Wilde, writing in 1849, says:—"a handsome door-case, a few years ago, ornamented the front of the house, but some antiquary, it is said, carried it away; the mark is still visible. The house is at present occupied by the families of several poor tradesmen; but the carved wainscoting and cornices, the lofty ornamented chimneypieces, and the marble window-sills, which existed up to a very recent period, and some of which still remain, all attest the relics of a mansion of note in its day."—*The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, 2nd edit. 1849.

CHILDHOOD OF SWIFT.

The infancy of Swift was marked by a singular chance. The nurse to whom he was committed was a native of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, to which town she was recalled, by the commands of a dying relation, from whom she expected a legacy. She actually stole away little Jonathan, out of affection, and carried him to Whitehaven, where he resided three years; for his health was so delicate, that, rather than hazard a second voyage, his mother chose to fix

* Hence it has been said; Swift's mother was a *Herrick*, and his grandmother a *Dryden*.

his residence for a time with the female who had given such a singular proof of her attachment. The nurse was so careful in teaching the child, that when he returned to Dublin he was able to spell, and when five years old he could read any chapter of the Bible.

SWIFT AT SCHOOL.

Sir Walter Scott attributes to the circumstances of the boy Swift having to share the indigence of a mother whom he tenderly loved, and to subsist upon the support afforded by his uncle Godwin—the most depressing effects. "Born a posthumous child, and bred up as an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birthday, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow; and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house that *a man child was born.*" Much has been said of the parsimony of his uncle Godwin Swift, but the allowance for the boy's schooling was of necessity regulated by the real state of his uncle's embarrassed circumstances. Meanwhile, his education proceeded apace. At the age of six years he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, endowed and maintained by the Ormond family: here he learned to say *latino-anglicè*, the words *Mi dux et amasti lux*, the first germ of the numerous *jeux d'esprit* of that nature which passed between him and Sheridan during his declining years.

When the old college of Kilkenny was about to be removed, the materials were sold by auction. A thriving shopkeeper, named Barnaby Scott, purchased the desks, seats, and boards of the schoolroom. On one of the desks was cut out the name in full—JONATHAN SWIFT—doubtless, with Swift's pocket-knife, and by Swift's own hand. Mr. Barnaby Scott, solicitor, the son of the purchaser of the old desks and boards, died in 1856; he distinctly remembered having *seen* the incised autograph when a boy, and added that this particular board was, with others of the purchase, used for flooring his father's shop, where it, no doubt, still occupies the place wherein it was fixed 73 years ago.

EARLY DISAPPOINTMENT.

"I remember when I was a little boy, [says Swift, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke,] I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in;

and, I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments."

This little incident, perhaps, gave the first wrong bias to a mind predisposed to such impressions: and by operating with so much strength and permanency, it might possibly lay the foundation of the Dean's subsequent peevishness, passion, and misanthropy.

SWIFT AT COLLEGE.

From Kilkenny, Jonathan was removed, at the age of 14, and admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, where, as appears from the book of the senior lecturers, he was received as a pensioner under the tuition of St. George Ashe, on the 24th April, 1682. His cousin, Thomas Swift, was admitted at the same time; he afterwards became Rector of Puttenham, in Surrey, and affected to have a share in the original concoction of the *Tale of a Tub.* Swift used to call him, contemptuously, his "parson cousin." The University studies of the period were mostly ill-suited to Jonathan's genius. Logic, then deemed a principal object of learning, was in vain presented to his notice; for his disposition altogether rejected the learned sophistry of Smiglecius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, and other ponderous worthies now hardly known by name; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some acquaintance with the commentators of Aristotle was absolutely necessary at passing examination for his degrees. Neither did he pay regular attention to other studies. He read and studied rather for amusement, and to divert melancholy reflections, than with the zeal of acquiring knowledge. But his reading, however desultory, must have been varied and extensive, since he is said to have already drawn a rough sketch of the *Tale of a Tub,* which he communicated to his friend Mr. Waryng. We must conclude then, that a mere idler of the seventeenth century might acquire in his hours of careless and irregular reading, a degree of knowledge which would startle a severe student of the present age.

Swift's uncle Godwin now died; but he found another patron in his uncle Dryden William Swift, who gave the necessary support for his orphan nephew with more grace and apparent kindness, though he could not afford to increase the amount; yet Swift always recorded him as the "best of his relations." He had a son Willoughby at sea, who sent home

by a sailor as a present to his cousin Jonathan at College a large leathern purse of silver coin, which reached him as he was sitting one day in his room absolutely penniless: he then resolved so to manage his scanty income as never again to be reduced to extremity; and from his journals still existing, it is clear that he could have accounted for every penny of his expenditure, during any year of his life, from the time of his being at college, until the total decline of his faculties.

Nevertheless, pleasure, as well as necessity, interfered with Swift's studies. He neglected and affected to contemn the discipline of the college, and frequented taverns and coffee-houses. He wantonly assailed the fellows of the University with satirical effusions. Still, no record of penal infliction occurs, until a *special grace* for the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on him February 13, 1685-6: this was, in Trinity College, a discreditable intimation of scholastic insufficiency. This probably added to Swift's negligence. Between the periods of 14th November, 1685, and 8th October, 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel; for neglecting lectures; for being absent from the evening roll-call; and for town-haunting, or absence from college without licence. At length these irregularities called forth a more solemn censure, for, on 18th March, 1686-7, with his cousin Thomas Swift, his chum, Mr. Waryng, and four others, he incurred the disgrace of a public admonition for notorious neglect of duties. His second public punishment was of a nature yet more degrading. On 20th November, 1688, Swift was, by a sentence of the Vice-Provost and senior fellows of the University, suspended from his academical degree, for exciting disturbances within the college, and insulting the junior dean. He and another were sentenced by the Board to ask pardon publicly of the junior dean, on their knees, as having offended more atrociously than the rest. These facts are supposed to afford the true solution of Swift's animosity towards the University of Dublin, and account for his determination to take the degree of M.A. at Oxford; while the solution receives confirmation from this, that the junior dean, for insulting whom he was punished, was the same Mr. Owen Lloyd, (afterwards Professor of Divinity and Dean of Down,) whom Swift has treated with so much severity in his account of Lord Wharton.

This account of the matter was inferred by the late Dr. Barrett from the college records; and his opinion is con-

firmed by that of Mr. Theophilus Swift, who expresses his conviction, that, in consequence of his share in the academical satires upon the Fellows of Trinity College, Swift was in danger of losing the testimonium of his degree, without which he could not have been admitted *ad eundum* at Oxford.

Nevertheless, a Correspondent of Sir Walter Scott alleges reasons, to prove that *speciali gratiâ* must mean that Swift got his degree by interest or merit; and that there is nothing to warrant the assertion that he begged pardon on his knees; while "that Swift had a scholarship appears from his remaining in Commons, and being, according to Dr. Barrett, suspended from Commons, by way of punishment, after graduating, which could be no punishment at all to him if his Commons were not at the charge of the University."

Swift held his uncle Godwin's remembrance neither in love nor veneration. His grandson, Theophilus Swift, relates that at a visitation dinner, at college, Archdeacon Whittingham being placed nearly opposite Swift at table, suddenly asked, "Pray, Mr. Dean, was it not your uncle Godwin who educated you?"—Swift affected not to hear this offensive question. At length it was twice repeated, with a loud and bitter accent, when the Dean answered abruptly, "Yes! He gave me the education of a dog."—"Then," answered Whittingham, grinning, and clenching his hand, "you have not the gratitude of a dog." The instant interposition of the Bishop prevented the personal violence which was likely to follow on this colloquy. Notwithstanding the violence of the altercation, the Dean and Archdeacon Whittingham were reconciled by the interference of the Bishop, and became afterwards close friends.

SWIFT IS INTRODUCED TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Swift remained at college till 1688, when on the breaking out of the war in Ireland, he bent his course to England, and travelled on foot to Leicester, where his mother had been residing for some time in a state of precarious dependence on her relations, one of whom was the wife of Sir William Temple, whose seat was at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey.

Young Swift now solicited the patronage of Sir William Temple, who hired Jonathan to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board. At first, he was neither treated with confidence nor affection;

neither did Sir William favour him with his conversation, nor allow him to sit at table with him. Temple, an accomplished statesman and polite scholar, could scarcely tolerate the irritable habits and imperfect learning of the new inmate; but Sir William's prejudices became gradually weaker as Swift's careless and idle habits were abandoned; he studied eight hours a day, and became useful to his patron as his private secretary. A surfeit of stone-fruit,* to which Swift always ascribed the giddiness with which he was afterwards so severely afflicted, brought on an ill state of health, for the removal of which, after he had been about two years with Sir William, he went to Ireland, but soon returned. He was now treated with greater kindness than before: Temple permitted him to be present at his confidential interviews with King William, who was a frequent guest at Moor Park; and when Temple was laid up with the gout, the duty of attending the King devolved upon Swift, who won so much in his majesty's favour, that he not only taught him how to eat asparagus in the Dutch manner, but offered to make him captain of a troop of horse, which however Swift declined. Sir William employed him to endeavour to persuade the king to consent to the bill for triennial parliaments, and Swift's vanity was much hurt when he found that his reasoning was not sufficiently strong to overcome the king's obstinacy.

ECONOMY IN ASPARAGUS.

A characteristic anecdote is related of Swift's lesson in economy which he learned from royalty. Alderman Faulkner, the Dean's printer and publisher, one day being detained late at the Deanery, in correcting some proof-sheets, Swift made the Alderman stay to dinner. Amongst other vegetables, asparagus formed one of the dishes. The Dean helped his guest, who shortly again called upon his host to be helped a second time; when Swift, pointing to the Alderman's plate, said, "Sir, first finish what you have upon your plate." —"What, sir, eat my stalks?"—"Aye, sir! King William always eats the stalks!" This story was told by Faulkner to Dr. Leland, who asked, "And George, what, were you blockhead enough to obey?"—"Yes, doctor, and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-à-tête*, faith, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks!"

* Also, stated to have been twelve "Shene pippins."

SWIFT AT OXFORD—HIS FIRST VERSES.

Swift went to Oxford in 1692, and entered himself of Hart's Hall, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A., to which he was admitted on the 5th of July in that year. He was much pleased with the civilities he met at Oxford, and professed himself more obliged, in a few weeks, to strangers, than ever he was, in seven years, to Dublin College.

Swift had already, (in 1691,) "written and burned, and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than, perhaps, any man in England;" and at Oxford he produced his *first* verses, (reserving only his claim to any of those contained in the Tripos of Jones.) It is a version of *Horace*, book ii. ode 18:—

'Tis true, my cottage, mean and low,
Not built for grandeur, but for ease,
No ivory cornices can show,
Nor ceilings rough with gold displays.

No cedar beams for pomp and state,
(To nature names contest unknown,)
Repose their great and precious weight
On pillars of the Parian stone.

Not dropt an accidental heir
To some old kinless miser's means;
No wealthy vassal's gifts I wear,
Rich purple vests, and sweeping trains;

But virtue and a little sense,
Have so endeared me to the great,
That, thanks to bounteous Providence,
Nor have, nor want I, an estate.

Blest in my little Sabine field,
I'll neither gods above implore,
Nor, since in sneaking arts unskill'd,
Hang on my wealthy friends for more, &c. &c.

SWIFT AND DRYDEN.

Swift attempted Pindaric odes, but failed: he showed these poetical exercises to Dryden, whose concise reply—"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet,"—he neither forgot nor pardoned. He has indulged the utmost licentiousness of personal rancour: he places Dryden by the side of the lowest of poets; he even puns miserably on his name to degrade him as the *emptiest* of writers; and for that spirited translation of *Virgil*, which was admired even by Pope he employs the most gro-

tesque sarcastic images to mark his diminutive genius—"for this version-maker is so lost in *Virgil*, that he is like the lady in a lobster; a mouse under a canopy of state; a shrivelled beau within the penthouse of a full-bottomed periwig." He never was generous enough to contradict his opinion, and persisted to the last.—(D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors.*)

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Some time after his return to Moor Park, finding that no provision was made for him beyond subsistence in Sir William's family, Swift became tired of his state of dependence, and in some degree dissatisfied with his patron. Swift preferred going to Ireland and endeavouring to obtain preferment in the church. They were both displeased, and so parted. Swift went to Ireland; was admitted to deacon's orders, October 18, 1694, and to priest's orders, January 13, 1695. Soon afterwards Lord Capel, then Lord-Deputy of Ireland, bestowed upon him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about 100*l.* a year, whither he immediately went to perform the duties of a country clergyman.

Sir William Temple appears to have soon felt the want of Swift's services, and it was not long before he sent him a kind letter, with an invitation to return to Moor Park. Swift, on the other hand, however fond of independence, must have felt strongly the contrast between the dull life of a clergyman in a remote town in Ireland and the refined society of Moor Park. He returned thither in 1695, when he was treated by Sir William Temple rather as a friend than as a mere secretary, and they continued to live together till Sir William's death, scarce a cloud intervening to disturb the harmony of their friendship. A cold look from his patron, such was the veneration with which Swift regarded Temple, made him unhappy for days;* his faculties were devoted to his service, and, during his last decline, Swift registered, with pious fidelity, every change in Temple's disorder; and concluded the *Journal*, "He died at one o'clock, this morning, (27th January, 1698-9,) and with him all that was good and amiable among men."

Swift's connexion with Sir William may be thus summed

* In the *Journal to Stella*, he says: "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain, when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

up. He was twenty-one years of age (in 1688,) when he began his connexion with Temple, whose wife was a relation of his mother's; whose father had known his family in Ireland; and who engaged him at "20*l.* per annum, and board." In 1693, Swift left him; on which occasion Temple was "extremely angry," as he found him useful. In 1695, he returned, and remained with him till his death in 1698. "I was at his death," says Swift, in 1726, "as far to seek as ever." "Madam," to Temple's sister, in 1709, "I pretend not to have had the least share in Sir William Temple's confidence above his relatives, or his commonest friends:—I have but too good reasons to think otherwise."—(Courtenay's *Memoirs of Temple.*) Lord Orrery somewhat exaggerates, in saying "Swift was employed not trusted" by Temple, whom, however, even Sir Walter Scott calls "selfish and cold-hearted."

"THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS."

During the latter part of his residence at Moor Park, Swift wrote the *Battle of the Books in St. James's Library*, in support of Sir William Temple, and in opposition to Dr. William Wotton and Dr. Bentley. A dispute had arisen in France as to the superiority of ancient or of modern writers; the contest passed over to England, when the cause of the moderns was supported by Wotton, in his *Reflections on Antient and Modern Learning.* Temple took the part of the ancients, but unfortunately praised the *Epistles of Phalaris*, which Bentley, in an Appendix to the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections*, proved to be spurious. Swift's work is a well-constructed allegory, abounding in wit and humour. The idea is said to have been taken from a work by Courtray; but Monck Mason maintains that Swift's *Battle* is a burlesque imitation of Homer.

SWIFT'S FIRST SATIRE.

The first specimen of that peculiar talent which Swift possessed, of ridiculing the vain, frivolous, and commonplace topics of general society, was a set of verses written "in a lady's ivory table-book," soon after the writer was relieved from his dependence upon Temple. The lines are:

> "Peruse my leaves through every part,
> And think thou see'st my owner's heart,
> Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
> As hard, as senseless, and as light;

Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, 'Dear charming saint;'
Beneath, 'A new receipt for paint:'
Here in beau spelling, 'Tru tel deth;'
There in her own, 'For an el breth;'
There, a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, 'Laid out for shoes'—
'Madam, I die without your grace'—
'Item, for half a yard of lace,'" &c. &c.

Swift's Works, vol. xiv. p. 52.

WHO WAS STELLA?

Esther Johnson—who purchased, by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection, a poetical immortality under the name of *Stella* (the Star.) It was during Swift's second residence at Moor Park that the acquaintance commenced between him and Esther Johnson. Her father was a London merchant, according to Scott; or steward to Sir William Temple, according to Sheridan. Swift himself says that she was born at Richmond in 1681;* "her father being the younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree;" and hence it has been suggested that she was an illegitimate daughter of Sir William Temple, and a sort of half-sister to Swift. But that Swift was so closely related to Temple has been satisfactorily disproved, and there seems to be no real ground for the other part of the scandal. Johnson, the father, died soon after Stella's birth. Her mother lived with Lady Gifford, Sir William Temple's sister, who, with Mrs. Johnson and her daughter, resided at this time at Moor Park.

Scott tells us that general interest was taken by all the inhabitants of the mansion, in the progress which little Hetty (Stella) made in her education. And much of the task of instruction devolved upon Swift, now a man of thirty, who seems to have, for some time, regarded his lovely pupil with the friendship of an elder brother. He taught her even the most ordinary parts of education, and in particular instructed her in writing: their hands resemble each other in some peculiarities. But her education was very imperfect: she was really deficient in many of the most ordinary points of information. The constant and habitual intercourse of

* In one of the registers of the old church at Richmond is the baptism of Stella, viz., "Hester, daughter of Edward Johnson, March 20, 1680-1."

affectionate confidence between the mentor and the pupil, by degrees assumed a more tender complexion; and there is little doubt that the feelings which attended this new connexion must have had weight in disposing Swift to break off a lingering and cold courtship which he had maintained with Mrs. Jane Waryng. Henceforth, the fates of Swift and Stella were so implicated together, as to produce the most remarkable incidents of both their lives.

WHO WAS VARINA?

The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan.

Varina was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. Although Swift corresponded with Varina for a series of years, there appear to be but two letters left—both written by Swift, one in the height of his passion, and the other in its decline—and both characteristic and curious. The first is dated in 1696, and is chiefly remarkable for its extreme badness and stupidity; though it is full enough of love and lamentation. The lady, it seems, had long before confessed a mutual flame; but prudential considerations made him averse to their immediate union—upon which the lover revels and complains in the following deplorable sentences—written, it will be observed, when he was on the borders of thirty:

"Madame,—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. *I find myself hugely infected with this malady*, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it.

"Would to Heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me: *they hale me a thousand ways, and I am not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven.* The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning. It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune, and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection for me?

"Surely, Varina, you have a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature *and our ancestors* have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible that you can yet be insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? *By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced and have less virgin innocence than I.* Would not your conduct make me think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve.

"Farewell, madam; and may love make you awhile forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, *that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours,* JON. SWIFT."

But Swift neither died—nor married—nor broke off the connexion, for four years after; in the latter part of which, having been presented to two livings in Ireland, worth nearly 400*l.* a year, the lady seems to have been reduced to remind him of his former impatience, and fairly to ask him whether his affections had suffered any alteration. His mean and unfeeling answer to this appeal is contained in the second letter: his affections were estranged, and had now probably settled on Stella. And mark, when he urged immediate marriage so passionately in 1696, he had no provision in the world, and must have intended to live on Varina's fortune—about 100*l.* a year—and that he thought her health as well as happiness would be saved by the match. In 1700, when he had got two livings, he wrote to her as follows:—

"I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or are you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than 300*l.* a year? [it must have been near 500*l.*] have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much

government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ——— ? have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him? *In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy.*"

* * * * * *

"The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings I can assure you to be a true one; and since it is a dismal one, even in your own opinion, *you can but draw consequences from it.* The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me, is within a mile of a town called Trim, 20 miles from home; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim or build one on the spot: *the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present.*"

SWIFT'S PREFERMENT.

After Sir William Temple's death, Swift repaired to London, and there superintended the publication of his patron's posthumous works, which he dedicated to King William; but finding that the king took no notice of the works, the dedication, or himself, Swift accepted an offer made to him by Lord Berkeley in 1699, who had just been appointed one of the lords justices of Ireland, to attend him there as his chaplain and private secretary. He acted as secretary till they arrived in Dublin, when a person of the name of Bush obtained the office for himself by representing to Lord Berkeley the unsuitableness of such an office to the character and duties of a clergyman. Lord Berkeley, however, to compensate Swift for the loss of his office, promised that he should have the first good preferment in his gift that became vacant. To this arrangement Swift assented. The rich deanery of Derry was soon afterwards at Lord Berkeley's disposal, and Swift intimated to him that he expected him to keep his word. Lord Berkeley told him that Bush had obtained the promise of it for another, but, observing Swift's indignation, advised him to apply to Bush to see if the matter could not be arranged: he did so, when the secretary frankly told him that 1000*l.* had been offered for it, but that if he would put down the same sum, he should have the preference. Swift, in a rage, exclaimed, "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels," and immediately left the

castle, intending to return no more. Lord Berkeley, however, was unwilling, if it could be avoided, to risk exposure; he therefore offered to him the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, then vacant, in the diocese of Meath. Though not worth a third of the deanery, Swift deemed it prudent to accept the livings: he still retained his office of chaplain, and continued to reside with the family. The prebend of Dunlavin (St. Patrick's, Dublin) was also bestowed upon Swift in the following year.

While Swift resided in Lord Berkeley's family, he produced some of the first specimens of his original vein of humour: among them are "the Humble Petition of Frances Harris," and the "Meditation on a Broomstick," according to the style and manner of the "Hon. Robert Boyle's *Meditations*," which, it seems, Lady Berkeley used to request Swift to read aloud more frequently than was agreeable to him. This was a piece of solemn waggery. In the "Petition," Scott says, "Swift has bound his powerful genius to the thoughts, sentiments, and expressions of a chambermaid."

SWIFT'S JOURNEY TO LARACOR.

There were three inns in Navan, each of which claim, to this day, the honour of having entertained Dr. Swift when on his journey to Laracor. It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn of that town on the English model, which still exists. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. "You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir."—"What is your name?"—"Jonathan Belcher, sir."—"An Englishman, and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells,—who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?"—"I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family."—"Then you are a man of family?"—"Yes, sir; and I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould."—"Have you long been out of your native country?"—"Thirty years, sir."—"Do you ever expect to visit it again?"—"Never."—

"Can you say that without a sigh?"—"I can, sir; my family is my country."—"Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: Then you are reconciled to your fate?"—"I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for a minute, and then, with much energy, repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!* ("The English settlers are more Irish than the Irish themselves.")—*Swiftiana.*

SWIFT AT HIS VICARAGE.

In the year 1700, on the return of Lord Berkeley to England, Swift took possession of his living at Laracor. He is said to have walked down *incognito* to the place of his future residence. He proceeded straight to the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly as his master. The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the Doctor's only clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did Swift relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent kind and friendly conduct to the worthy couple, turned into respectful attachment.

Swift's life at Laracor was regular and clerical. He read prayers twice a week, and regularly preached upon the Sunday. Upon the former occasions the church was thinly attended; and it is related that upon one of the week-days the bell was rung and Swift attended in his desk, when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a tone peculiar to himself, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places;" and then proceeded regularly through the whole service. The truth of this story has been often disputed; and it has so much of the peculiarity of Swift's vein of humour as to be probable; Swift was much more likely to do such a thing than Lord Orrery, (its narrator,) to invent it.

Roger Coxe, the clerk at Laracor, was a man of humour, and merited a master like Swift. When the Doctor remarked that he wore a scarlet waistcoat, he defended himself as being of the church-militant. "Will you not bid for these poultry?"

said Swift to his humble dependent, at a sale of farm-stock. "No, sir," said Roger; "they're just going to *Hatch*." They were, in fact, on the point of being knocked down to a farmer called Hatch. This humourist was originally a hatter, and died at the age of 90, at Bruky, in the county of Cavan. —See *Swiftiana.*

Swift repaired the church and vicarage; formed a pleasant garden, and planted the canal-banks with willows, which are often celebrated in his *Journal to Stella.*

STELLA REMOVES TO IRELAND.

Swift had not been long at Laracor, when it was arranged that Miss Johnson should come to reside in the neighbourhood. She had a small independence, about 1500*l.*, of which 1000*l.* had been left her as a legacy by Sir William Temple. She was accompanied to Ireland by Mrs. Dingley, a relation of the Temple family; and the ostensible ground of leaving England on the part of both, was, that the rate of interest was much higher in Ireland: it was then 10 per cent. They took lodgings in the town of Trim, where they generally resided, except in Swift's absence, when they occupied the vicarage-house. Miss Johnson was then about eighteen years of age; her features were beautiful, her eyes and hair black, and her form symmetrical, though a little inclined to fulness. She was a woman of strong sense, though not highly educated; of agreeable conversation, and elegant manners.

Here she received an offer of marriage from the Rev. Dr. William Tisdal, with whom Swift lived upon a familiar and friendly footing. These addresses Stella finally rejected; from which time she appears to have considered her destiny as united to that of Swift. She encouraged no other admirer, and never left Ireland, excepting for a visit of five or six months to England, in 1705.

SWIFT'S FIRST POLITICAL PAMPHLET.

Swift appears to have passed over to England at least once a year, and remained two or three months, chiefly in London. In 1701, during the first of these annual residences in England, he published his earliest political tract—*A Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons at Athens and Rome;* its object being to check the popular violence which had occasioned the impeachment of

Lords Somers, Halifax, Oxford, and Portland for their share in the Partition Treaty. It was published anonymously, but attracted much attention. On his second visit to England, in 1702, Swift avowed himself to be the author of the tract, and was immediately admitted into the society of the leading Whigs, Somers, Halifax, and Sunderland.

If we can trust Swift's own averment, he made, upon this occasion, a free and candid avowal of his principles, both in church and state, declaring himself in the former to be a High-church man, and in the latter a Whig; a declaration which both Lord Halifax and Somers called to mind years afterwards, at the time of Lord Godolphin's removal from office.

SWIFT, A WHIG.

Lord Jeffrey has remarked, with characteristic causticity,—"the transformation of a young Whig with an old Tory—the gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is, perhaps, too common an occurrence to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation." But Swift's desertion of his first principles was neither gradual nor early. He was bred a Whig under Sir William Temple—he took the title publicly in various productions; and during all the reign of King William, was a strenuous, and, indeed, an intolerant advocate of Revolution principles and Whig pretensions.

Of his original Whig professions, abundant evidence is furnished by his first successful pamphlet in defence of Lord Somers, and the other Whig lords impeached in 1701; by his own express declaration in another work, that "having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, he was naturally inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics;"—by the copy of verses in which he deliberately designates himself "Whig, and one who wears a gown;" by his exulting statement to Tisdal, whom he reproaches with being a Tory, saying—"To cool your insolence a little, know that the Queen, and Court, and House of Lords, and half the Commons almost, are Whigs, and the number daily increases:" and among innumerable other proofs, by the memorable verses on Whitehall, in which, alluding to the execution of King Charles in front of that building, he says:—

> That theatre produced an action truly great,
> On which eternal acclamations wait, &c.

His first patrons were Somers, Portland, and Halifax; and under that ministry, the members of which he courted in private and defended in public, he received church preferment to the value of nearly 400*l.* a year (equal at least to 1200*l.* at present), with the promise of still further favours.

"THE TALE OF A TUB."

In 1704, Swift published, anonymously, the *Tale of a Tub*, together with *The Battle of the Books*. In a scrap pasted by the late Mr. Douce in his copy of the *Tale of a Tub* now in the Bodleian Library, we read:—Dean Swift would never own he wrote the *Tale of a Tub*. When Faulkner, the printer, asked him one day, if "he was really the author of it?" "Young man," said he, "I am surprised that you dare to ask me that question." The idea of the *Tale of a Tub* was, perhaps, taken from an allegorical tale of Fontenelle's on the Catholic and Protestant religion, published in Bayle's *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*, about the year 1696. Ferranti Pallavichini's *Divortio Cœleste* (a satire against the abuses of the Popish power), he might, perhaps, have seen.

Sir James Mackintosh, in the Preface to his Life of Sir Thomas More, however, throws more light upon the authorship, as follows:—

> The learned Mr. Douce has informed a friend of mine, that in Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. The practice of throwing a tub or barrel to a large fish, to divert the huge animal from gambols dangerous to a vessel, is also mentioned in an old prose translation of *The Ship of Fools*.
>
> These passages satisfactorily explain the common phrase of throwing a tub to a whale; but they do not account for leaving out the whale, and introducing the new word "tale." The transition from the first phrase to the second is a considerable stride. It is not, at least, directly explained by Mr. Douce's citations, and no explanation of it has hitherto occurred which can be supported by proof. It may be thought probable, that in the process of time, some nautical wag compared a rambling story, which he suspected of being lengthened and confused, in order to turn his thoughts from a direction not convenient to the storyteller, with the tub which he and his shipmates were wont to throw out to divert the whale from striking the barque, and perhaps said, "This tale is like our tub to the whale." The comparison might have become popular, and it might gradually have been shortened into "A Tale of a Tub."

This celebrated production is founded upon a simple and

obvious allegory, conducted with all the humour of Rabelais, and without his extravagance. Its main purpose is to trace the gradual corruptions of the Church of Rome, and to exalt the English reformed church, at the expense both of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian establishments. It was written with a view to the interests of the High-church party, and it succeeded in rendering them the most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain, whether in church or state, as to gain the laughers to their side? But the raillery was considered, not unreasonably, as too light for a subject of such grave importance; and it cannot be denied, that the luxuriance of Swift's wit has, in some parts of the Tale, carried him much beyond the bounds of propriety. Many of the graver clergy, even among the Tories, and particularly Dr. Sharpe, the Archbishop of York, were highly scandalized at the freedom of the satire; nor is there any doubt that the offence thus occasioned, proved the real bar to Swift's attaining the highest dignities in the church. For similar reasons, the *Tale of a Tub* was hailed by the infidel philosophers on the Continent, as a work well calculated to advance the cause of scepticism; and as such, was recommended by Voltaire to his proselytes.

Although the authorship of the *Tale* was in part claimed by Swift's cousin, and this presumption was resented by Swift, he far from openly avowed the production; but Scott relates as an anecdote to be depended upon, that Mrs. Whiteway observed the Dean, in the latter years of his life, looking over the Tale, when suddenly closing the book, he muttered, in an unconscious soliloquy, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" Mrs. Whiteway begged the volume of the Dean, who made some excuse at the moment; but, on recurrence of her birthday, he presented her with the book, inscribed, "From her affectionate cousin." On observing the inscription, she ventured to say, "I wish, sir, you had said, 'the gift of the author.'" The Dean bowed, smiled good-humouredly, and answered, "No, I thank you," in a very significant manner.

Notwithstanding the silence of the real author, no one appears to have entertained any doubt upon the subject. Of its effect Swift was himself sufficiently conscious, and points it out to Stella, though with the ambiguity he generally used in writing of his own publications, as the source of his favourable reception with Lord Oxford's ministry. "Nay,

many talk of the *you know what*, but Gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the success I have had; and if that helped me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church."

TRACTS, 1708-1709.

During these years, Swift published several tracts. *An Argument against abolishing Christianity* is a piece of grave irony; *A Project for the Advancement of Religion* was dedicated to Lady Berkeley, who was a woman of strict piety, and highly respected by Swift; this is *the only work to which he ever put his name.*

QUEEN ANNE'S FIFTY NEW CHURCHES IN LONDON SUGGESTED BY SWIFT.

In the Dean's *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, which treatise may, in some respects, be considered a sequel to the humorous *Argument against abolishing Christianity*, the main argument for taking away the wicked from before the throne, that it might be established in righteousness, is obviously more laudable than capable of application to practical use. Swift's plan proposed censors or inspectors, who should annually make circuits of the kingdom, and report, upon oath, to the court or ministry, the state of public morals. With better chance of practical and effectual reform, the author recommends to the Court to discourage characters of marked and notorious impiety; to revise, with more attention to moral and religious qualifications, the lists of justices of peace; to suppress the gross indecency and profaneness of the stage; and to *increase the number of churches in the city of London.* The last of these useful and practical hints alone was attended to; for, in the subsequent administration of Harley, *fifty new churches* were erected in the city of London, almost avowedly upon the suggestion of this pamphlet. The treatise was dedicated to Lady Berkeley, and appears to have been laid before Queen Anne by the Archbishop of York, the very prelate who had denounced to her private ear the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, as a divine unworthy of church-preferment. The work was also commended in the *Tatler*, as that of a man whose virtues sit easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible, —who writes very much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien.

SWIFT GOES OVER TO THE TORIES.

The Doctor was dissatisfied with his Whig patrons, because his livings were not in England; and having been sent over on the affairs of the Irish clergy, in 1710, when he found the Whig ministry in a tottering condition, he temporized for a few months, till he saw their downfall was inevitable; and then, without even the pretext of any public motive, but on the avowed ground of not having been sufficiently rewarded for his former services, he went over in the most violent and decided manner to the prevailing party. For their gratification he abused his former friends and benefactors with a degree of virulence and rancour, to which it would be not too much to apply the term of brutality; and in the end, when the approaching death of the Queen, and their internal dissensions made his services of more importance to his new friends, he openly threatened to desert them also, and retire altogether from the scene, unless they made a suitable provision for him; and in this way he obtained the deanery of St. Patrick's, which, however, he always complained of as quite inadequate to his merits.

It is a singular fact, we believe, in the history of this sort of conversion, that Swift nowhere pretends to say that he had become aware of any danger to the country from the continuance of the Whig ministry—nor ever presumes to call in question the patriotism or penetration of Addison, and the rest of his former associates, who remained faithful to their first professions. His only apology for this sudden dereliction of principle was a pretence of ill usage from the party, but of which no mention is made till that same party is overthrown. He temporized for some months, kept on fair terms with his old friends, and did not give way to his well-considered resentment, till it was quite apparent that his interest must gain by its indulgence. He says, in his *Journal to Stella*, a few days after his arrival in London, in 1710:—"The Whigs would gladly lay hold on me, as a twig while they are drowning, and their great men are making me their clumsy apologies. But my Lord Treasurer [Godolphin] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, that I am almost sowing revenge." In a few weeks after,—the change being by this time complete,—he takes his part definitively, and makes his ap-

proaches to Harley, in a manner which we should really imagine no *rat* of the present day would have confidence enough to imitate. In mentioning his first interview with that eminent person, he says:—"I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and *got myself represented* (which I might justly do) *as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry*, after some obligation, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." From the following passages of the Journal we gain these further sights into the conduct of this memorable conversation:—

"Oct. 7. He [Harley] told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do everything *to bring me over*. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffee-house in a hackney-coach.

"I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loath to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'

"I believe, never was anything compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley; who *is so excessively obliging that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.* He speaks all the kind things to me in the world. Oct. 14th. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.

"Nov. 8th. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligation in the least to any of them all? Rot them, ungrateful dogs. I will make them repent their usage of me before I leave this place. They say the same thing here *of my leaving the Whigs;* but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had," &c.

Again, in the *Examiner*, as he himself expresses it of his former friends and benefactors, he "libelled them all round." In his *Journal to Stella* he with triumph states things he was writing or saying to the people about Harley, in direct contradiction to his real sentiments. Thus he says:

"I desired my Lord Radnor's brother to let my Lord know I would call on him at six, which I did; and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable. But he is a scoundrel; *and though I said I only talked from my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged:* but every one gained over is of consequence."

SWIFT AND PARTRIDGE THE ASTROLOGER.

Among the pretenders to astrology in the last century—and whose Almanack was published to our time—was John Partridge, who had the fortune to procure a ludicrous immortality by attracting the satire of Swift. The Dean, in ridicule of the whole class of astrological impostors, and of this man in particular, published his celebrated "Predictions for the Year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," which, amongst other prognostications, announced an event of no less importance than the death of John Partridge himself, which he fixed to the 29th of March, about eleven at night. The wrathful astrologer in his almanack for 1709 was at great pains to inform his loving countrymen, that Squire Bickerstaff was a sham name, assumed by a lying, impudent fellow, and that, "blessed be God, John Partridge was still living, and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise."* This round denial did not save him from further molestation; and *The Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff*, and several other treatises, appeared, greatly to the amusement of the public. At length poor Partridge, in an evil hour, had recourse to his neighbour, Dr. Yalden, who, in *Bickerstaff Detected, or the Astrological Impostor Convicted*, under Partridge's name, so burlesqued his sufferings, through Bickerstaff's prediction, as to make one of the most humorous tracts in this memorable controversy. In 1710, Swift published a famous prediction of Merlin, the British wizard, giving, in a happy imitation of the style of Lily, a commentary on some black-letter verses, most ingeniously composed in enigmatical references to the occurrences of the time. There were two incidental circumstances worthy of note in this ludicrous debate: 1st. The Inquisition of the Kingdom of Portugal took the matter as seriously as John Partridge, and gravely condemned to the flames the predictions of the imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff. 2ndly. By an odd coincidence, the Company of Stationers obtained, in 1709, an injunction against any Almanack published under the name of John Partridge,

* The secret of Bickerstaff's real name was probably for a time well kept, for poor Partridge, unwilling, as an astrologer, to appear ignorant of anything, opens manfully on a false scent, in a letter, dated London, 2nd April, 1708, addressed to Isaac Manley, postmaster of Ireland, who, to add to the jest, was a particular friend of Swift, his real tormentor.

as if the poor man had been dead in sad earnest. Swift appears to have been the inventor of the jest; but Prior, Rowe, Steele, and other wits of the time, were in the confederacy, under whose attacks Partridge suffered for about two years.

Swift, in his Grub-street Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge, after telling us that he was a cobbler, with much humour shows

> what analogy
> There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology,
> How Partridge made his optics rise
> From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

If the reader should ever be strolling through the quiet village of Mortlake, on the southern bank of the Thames, and turns aside into the churchyard, he will find a black marble slab denoting in pompous Latin the styles of Partridge, physician to two kings (Charles II. and William III.), and one queen—Mary. Here also Partridge's birthplace is set down "apud East Sheen," but his name is not in the parish-register. According to one Parker, his adversary, Partridge's real name was Hewson, a shoemaker by trade, but by choice a confederate and dependent of Old Gadbury, the knavish astrologer. In 1679, Partridge commenced business for himself; but in King James's time, his almanacks grew so smart on Popery, that England became too hot to hold Partridge, and he fled to Holland. He returned at the Revolution, and married the widow of the Duke of Monmouth's tailor, who finally deposited him in the grave, and in 1715 adorned his monument at Mortlake. His Almanack (*Merlinus Liberatus*) was, however, continued; and in 1723, advertised "Dr. Partridge's Night Drops, Night-pills, &c., sold as before, by his widow, at the Blue Ball, in Salisbury-street, Strand."

"THE TATLER" ESTABLISHED.

The most remarkable consequence of the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff was the establishment of the *Tatler*. Swift is said to have taken the name of Bickerstaff from a smith's sign, and added that of Isaac as an uncommon Christian appellation. Yet it was said that a living person was actually found who owned both names. Swift was in the secret of Steele's undertaking from the beginning, though Addison only discovered it after the publication of the sixth number. Its wit and humour insured it instant success: Swift contributed several papers, and numerous hints in carrying on the work, until politics disturbed his friendship with the editor.

DEATH OF SWIFT'S MOTHER.

The Doctor returned to Ireland in the summer of 1709, dissatisfied with the broken promises of his ministerial friends.

He resumed his wonted life at Laracor; and set about correcting his *Tale of a Tub* for a new edition; but his literary occupations were broken in upon by domestic affliction; for in May, 1710, he received the news of his affectionate mother's death, after long illness. "I have now," he pathetically remarks, "lost every barrier between me and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there!"

SWIFT AT CHELSEA.

In 1710, when Swift came to London, he had a country lodging in Church-lane, Chelsea, over against Bishop Atterbury: Swift has left this curious record of his walk from town:

"May 15, 1710. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's [in Suffolk-street], then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church. I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just 5748 steps."—*Journal to Stella.*

In the same Journal he thus records the fame of Chelsea buns: "Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not r-r-r-r-r-r-rare Chelsea Buns?"

From Chelsea he walked to Bury [Berry] street, St. James's, his town lodging, which he thus details:

"I lodge in Bury-street, where I have the first-floor, a dining-room, and bedchamber, at eight shillings a-week, plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet, after all, it will be expensive."—*Journal to Stella.*

We now hear of him in connexion with the Westminster election of this year. He writes to Stella: "October 5.—This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men; and the rabble came about our coach crying 'A Colt! a Stanhope!' &c. We were afraid of a dead cat or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side."

The Dean wrote a ballad full of puns on this Westminster election; it would be curious, if it could be recovered, to be

preserved among those of Hanbury Williams, Burns, and Moore, as an example of an election-squib written by a distinguished man—(*Hannay.*)

During the time that Swift remained in England on this occasion, he commenced the *Journal to Stella* which was addressed in a series of letters to Miss Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, but obviously intended for the former. The Journal, written as it is, chiefly in the morning and evening of each successive day of the most busy part of Swift's life, affords a picture as minute as it is evidently trustworthy of the events in which he was concerned, and the thoughts which arose out of them.

"SID HAMET'S ROD."

This was a lampoon written by Swift on the occasion of Lord Godolphin's breaking his treasurer's staff, in a manner not very respectful to the Queen, his mistress. The Dean was now very vigilant in avenging the neglect with which he had been treated by the Whigs. He had resolved to stand by, an unconcerned spectator of the struggles of party. But let no man promise on his own neutrality. By 1st October, he had written a lampoon on Lord Godolphin, and on the 4th, he was for the first time presented to Harley; and it is remarkable, that on the very same day, he refused an invitation from Lord Halifax, thus making his option between those distinguished statesmen.

In the same paragraph which acquaints Stella with this first interview with the new prime minister, Swift announces that he has given his lampoon against Godolphin to the press, and already threatens "to go round with them all." By Harley Swift was introduced to St. John, (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke,) and the intercourse which he enjoyed with these ministers approached to intimacy with a progress more rapid than can well be conceived in such circumstances.

Swift pressed the government, after he had received his Deanery, for one thousand pounds, to meet the expenses of his induction, and clear off his debts, and Bolingbroke got the Queen's warrant for the payment of this sum, in order to secure the Dean's attachment, after he had turned out Harley; yet Her Majesty's immediate death rendered the gift unavailing.

THE "EXAMINER" ESTABLISHED.

The first and most urgent point in which the Tories required Swift's assistance, was the conduct of the *Examiner*, a periodical paper, which St. John himself, Prior, Dr. Freind, King, and other Tory writers, had already commenced. Their attacks were replied to by the *Whig Examiner*, the avowed purpose of which was "to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a re-hearing, who had suffered under any unjust sentence of the *Examiner*;" and during the existence of the work, the task was accomplished with great energy and little mercy. Not only Sacheverell, but Prior, and St. John himself, were attacked, and severely satirized. Swift conducted the *Examiner* for seven months, during which time, in the language of Homer, he bore the battle upon his single shield, and by the vigour of his attack, and dexterity of his defence, inspired his own party with courage, and terrified or discomfited those champions who stept from the enemy's ranks for the purpose of assailing him. Unrestrained by those considerations which probably influenced the gentler mind of Addison, he engaged in direct personal controversy, and, not satisfied with directing his artillery on the main body of the enemy, he singled out for his aim particular and well-known individuals. Wharton, whose character laid him too open to such an attack, was the first of those victims; and Oldmixon goes so far as to say that Jonathan Swift was actually preferred by Lord Wharton to be one of his chaplains, which he repaid by libelling his benefactor in the *Examiner*, under the character of Verres. But his resentment against Lord Wharton was still more strongly indulged, in his *Short Character* of that nobleman, drawn in the keenest strokes of satire.

Sunderland, Godolphin, Cowper, Walpole, Somers, and Marlborough himself, successively became the butts of Swift's bitter satire in the *Examiner*.

A MODEL COURT LETTER.

Swift, writing to Addison upon his expectations of preferment, gives a memorial of what he had in his thoughts upon Dr. South's prebend and sinecure, upon which Lord Halifax had written to him as follows:

"October 6, 1709.

"SIR,—Our friend Mr. Addison telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without letting you know how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your most humble and obedient servant,

"HALIFAX."

Sir Walter Scott's note on the above is: "This letter from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning. Swift wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court promises;* and, on the first leaf of a small printed book, entitled, *Poësies Chrêtiennes de Mons. Jollivet*, he wrote these words, 'Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember, it was the only *favour* I ever received from him or his party.'"

Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, was then very infirm, and far advanced in years. He survived, however, until 1716, and died aged 83.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.

Every one familiar with the romantic history of the streets of London will remember the startling episode of the assassination of Mr. Thynne in the Haymarket by foreigners, at the instigation of Count Königsmark, with the view of securing the Lady Ogle, to whom Thynne had recently been married, and to her was imputed privity to the murder. This lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Joceline, second Earl of Northumberland, and who was married three times, and twice a widow, before she was sixteen years old, was married within four months after the murder of Thynne, to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset. Thus early practised in matrimonial intrigue, we find her thirty years afterwards the accomplished

organ of political intrigue; the favourite and friend of Queen Anne, and the zealous partisan of the Whig party. In that character she became the object of Swift's pasquinade, "The Windsor Prophecy," which, though aimed at the Duchess of Somerset, and the destruction of her influence at Court, recoiled upon the head of the author, prevented the Queen from making him a bishop, and banished him from her favour for the remainder of her reign. The meaning of the "Prophecy," and the keenness of its sarcasm, were of course readily understood and appreciated by contemporaries. Swift himself seems to have been highly pleased with it. He says, in one of his letters to Stella, "'The Prophecy' is an admirable good one, and the people are mad for it." The above recital of the early history of the Duchess of Somerset will render it fully intelligible at the present day. Here is a specimen of Swift's virulence:

> "Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows,
> On Swift's reproaches for her murder'd spouse:
> From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
> And thence into the royal ear distils."

After mentioning some incidents of the time, the "Windsor Prophecy" ends thus:

> "And dear England, if aught I understand,
> Beware of *Carrots** from Northumberland!
> Carrots, sown *Thynne*, a deep root may get,
> If so be they are in *Sommer-set*.
> Their *conyngs mark* thou! for I have been told,
> They *assassine* when young, and poison when old.
> Root out those *Carrots*, O thou whose name†
> Is backwards and forwards always the same!
> And keep close to thee always that name‡
> Which backwards or forwards is *almost* the same.
> And England, would thou be happy still,
> Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*."§

An opportunity occurred of appointing Swift to the vacant see of Hereford, and he was recommended by the ministry: but the Duchess went in person to the queen, and, throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishopric to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that excessively bitter copy of verses, *The*

* Alluding to the Duchess of Somerset's red hair.
† Anna Regina. ‡ Lady Masham.
§ Lady Masham's maiden name. Communicated by Mr. D. Jardine, to *Notes and Queries*, No. 125.

Windsor Prophecy. The queen, upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady who was known to stand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her displeasure passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishopric on another.

SWIFT'S SYMPATHY FOR HARRISON.

William Harrison, who wrote "The Medicine—a Tale—for the Ladies," in No. 2 of the original *Tatler*, and some poems in Dodsley's and Nichols's collections, was an amiable person, to whom Swift was very partial: he says of him in a letter to Stella, dated Oct. 13, 1710, "There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two from the university, one Harrison, a little pretty fellow with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature." When Swift discontinued the *Tatlers*, Swift advised Harrison to continue them, promising him assistance; and Harrison published about fifty-two numbers. Addison recommended him to a secretaryship, at the treaty of peace at Utrecht, with an income of 1000*l.* a-year; but poor Harrison received nothing, and when he returned to England, was 300*l.* in debt, and without a shilling. In a letter to Stella, (Jan. 31, 1712,) Swift says:

> Harrison was with me this morning, we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodgings, I found a coach waiting for him. I chid him for it; but he whispered me, it was impossible for him to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay for it: and therefore, took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow somewhere or other. So there was the Queen's minister, intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach.*

In the *Journal to Stella*, the illness and death of poor Harrison are thus recorded in terms which do much honour to the heart of Swift:

> Feb. 12, 1712-13. "I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me that poor little Harrison was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for an hundred pounds from the treasurer to be paid

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* This inadvertence, to use the mildest term for it, has descended to a careless class of authors in our day. We have heard of calls from two young poets, each with the request, "Lend me a sovereign: I have a cab at the door, and I owe the driver twelve shillings."

him to-morrow; and I got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever, and inflammation on the lungs, but I hope will do well."

13th. "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Drapier, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning.* I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing."

14th. "I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me, his master was dead an hour before. Think what a grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord Treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature!"

15th. "At ten this night I was at poor Harrison's funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the traces broke, and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed."—Mr. Singer's Notes to *Spence's Anecdotes*, Second Edition, 1858.

This is a page in Swift's history, to which his several editors have not given equal prominence: in their accusations of selfish misanthropy, Swift's sympathy for Harrison shines like "a rich jewel in the Æthiop's ear."

POLITICAL INTRIGUE IN SWIFT'S DAYS.

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1861, we find this lively picture:—

There was a day in England when parties were moulded by the essays and pamphlets of some "great hand," who primed the Prime Minister and led the town. Only turn to *Swift's Journal to Stella*, covering those busy years of political intrigue from 1710 to 1713. He who reads those strange papers will be fascinated by the play of wit, and giddied by the whirl of change from "our society," which blackballs dukes to beefsteak and bad wine with the printer in the city. He will feel almost awfully the life and stir, and ever thronging and passionate pursuit of those gallant lords and splendid ladies, the youngest of whom has

* Here is a case of a gentleman regularly appointed to a government post, but with his salary unpaid, *relieved* from the Treasury. We suspect that the list of grants from the Civil List of the present day will attest similar instances of ill-treatment.

been cold in the grave for more than a hundred years. "Also their love and their hatred, and their envy has now perished." But the anxious spirit of Harley; the careless and magnificent genius of St. John; the subtle-witted ladies who met to play ombre at Lady Betty Germaine's, or Masham's, or to talk in the ante-room of some "lady, just after lying-in, the ugliest sight, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint, but soon to be painted and a beauty again"—are alike susceptible to the spell which has been cast over them by that mysterious parson from Ireland. If the Whigs are to be lashed into fury; if the profligacy of Wharton, or the covetousness of Marlborough, are to be made odious—if the war is to be rendered unpopular, and brought out from the blaze of glory with which it is illuminated—Dr. Swift flings off an "Examiner," or goes to Barber with a "Conduct of the Allies." The town rings with the pamphlet. The young bloods and Mohocks of the opposite party vow personal vengeance against the author. The tantivy of High Church Tory squires of the country party rant out its arguments in the House. Dr. Swift thinks for the Tory party, writes the Queen's speech (or at least re-touches it), and to a certain extent leads the country.

SWIFT OBTAINS HIS DEANERY.

Swift arrived in England in September, 1710, and remained until June, 1713. The ostensible object of his journey was the settlement of firstfruits and twentieths payable by the Irish clergy to the crown; but he was still more anxious to get a bishopric or good benefice in England. He had the year before (1709) urgently entreated the Earl of Halifax for preferment, specifying particularly the reversion of Dr. South's prebend at Westminster. "Pray, my lord," he said, "desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf." The leaves fell, but Dr. South remained; and in November, Swift again wrote to Halifax, soliciting his offices with the Lord President, that "if the gentle winter" did not carry off South, he might have the bishopric of Cork, which would soon be vacant, as the incumbent was then under the spotted fever. The spotted fever did its work as anticipated, but the bishopric was given, not to Swift, but to the Provost of Dublin College. From this moment may be dated Swift's hostility to Halifax and the Whigs. He threw himself into the arms of Harley and Bolingbroke, and became one of the sixteen *brothers* who dined weekly at each other's houses, to keep alive the Tory spirit, which was then gaining the ascendancy. Swift was an invaluable ally, but his preferment was still retarded. The *Tale of a Tub*, which was the chief source of his fame, was an insuperable obstacle to his advancement; and after having cast off the Whigs and materially

aided in reinstating the Tories in power—conferring also many acts of substantial kindness and favour on literary men —Swift was forced to return to his banishment in Ireland, with only that title which he has made immortal—the Dean of St. Patrick's.

A CLERICAL RACE.

Soon after Swift was made Dean of St. Patrick's he was sitting one Sunday afternoon at the house of Dr. Raymond, (with whom he had dined), at Trim, near Dublin. The bell had rung; the parishioners had assembled for evening prayers, and Dr. Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was scarce 200 yards from his house. "Raymond," said the Dean, "I'll lay you a crown I will begin prayers before you this afternoon." "I accept the wager," replied Dr. Raymond; and immediately they ran as fast as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was much the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door; and when he entered the church walked directly towards the reading-desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but, running up the aisle, left Dr. Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading-desk without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win the wager.—*Lord Orrery's Remarks.*

"BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION."

Swift received his deanery, which he ever held as a most inadequate reward, for his services to the Marlborough and Tory faction, in the course of 1713; but he had given his great offence to the Duchess nearly three years before, or immediately after his venal quarrels with the Whigs for their not giving him church-promotion so rapidly as he wished. In the *Examiner* of November 23, 1710, he published a paper reflecting most severely on the Duke of Marlborough's insatiable avarice and enormous peculations. The Duke, he said, had had 540,000*l.* of the public money for doing work for which a warrior of ancient Rome (an odd parallel) would have received only 994*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*; and at the end of his paper there was an inuendo that the Duchess, in the execution of her office as mistress of the robes during eight years, had purloined no less than 22,000*l.* a year. Here is the account itself from the *Examiner*, in a volume in

reply to Sarah's, entitled *The Other Side of the Question*, and published in the same year:

A Bill of Roman Gratitude.

Imprim.	£	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
1000 copper medals, value one halfpenny each	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A Bill of British Ingratitude.

Imprim.	£	s.	d.
Woodstock	40,000	0	0
Blenheim	200,000	0	0
Post-office grant	100,000	0	0
Mildenheim	30,000	0	0
Jewels, &c.	60,000	0	0
Pall-Mall grant, the Westminster rangership, &c.	10,000	0	0
Employments	100,000	0	0
	£540,000	0	0

The anonymous author of *The Other Side of the Question* does not name Swift, but says this account was drawn up many years ago in the *Examiner*, for the use of the Marlborough family, "by one of the greatest wits that ever did honour to human nature."

We agree with Mr. Hannay, (*Essays from the Quarterly*, p. 101,) that the above is one of the finest prose satires in the language. The following on Marlborough, is from one of the severest lampoons:

"Behold his funeral appears,—
Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times the heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of the hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died."

THE DEAN IN HIGH FAVOUR.

The Whig bishop Kennet gives an amusing account of

Swift's importunities with his friends, and of his somewhat arrogant and supercilious demeanour when he was high in court favour. The picture is evidently drawn from the life, though by no very friendly hand. Under the date of November, 1713, Kennet enters in his Diary:

Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a Master of Requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had been lately in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with a red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from the Lord Treasurer. He talked to the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as memoranda for him to do. He turned to the fire and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. "How can I help it," said the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that wont go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, a Papist, who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; "for," says he, "the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him. *Both went off just before prayers.*

POPE'S FIRST LETTER TO SWIFT.

Pope's correspondence with Swift commenced at the close of 1713, and was continued without interruption for twenty-six years. Pope was then twenty-five, Swift forty-six. One was barely struggling into the notice of the great; the other had by his talents, and his unscrupulous use of them in political warfare, placed himself in a position to dictate to the proudest peers, and almost solely to pull down one government, and set up another. Pope, however, evinced his sagacity and penetration in his first letter to Swift. He saw how completely his friend had sunk the divine in the wit, how keenly he relished a stroke of satire at the superior clergy and great politicians, and how accessible he was to that deferential style of flattery which seemed equally to elevate Swift's character, talents, and influence. In this letter Pope replies to Swift's proposal of giving him twenty guineas to change

his religion; after making propositions for the salvation of certain souls, Pope adds:

"There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done. But indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they think fit to bestow upon it.

"The person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one who by his own confession has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, that too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

"I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Mons. de Montagne has assured me 'that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:' for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and the occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should ever be out of my debt, as matters stand already. And for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

"His most faithful, affectionate, humble servant,
"A. POPE."

SWIFT AT HIS CLUBS AND COFFEE-HOUSES.

Soon after Queen Anne's accession, Swift, in one of his frequent excursions to London, formed that invaluable acquaintance with Addison, which party-spirit afterwards cooled, though it could not extinguish; with Steele, with Arbuthnot, and with the other wits of the age, who used to assemble at *Button's coffee-house.**

* Button's coffee-house, "over against Tom's, on the south side of Russell-street, Covent Garden," was established in 1712, and thither Addison transferred the company from Tom's. In July, 1713, a Lion's Head, "a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws," was set up at Button's, in imitation of the celebrated Lion at Venice, to receive letters and papers for the *Guardian*. Here the wits of that time used to assemble; and among them, Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, Count Viviani, Savage, Budgell, Philips, Davenant, and Colonel Brett; and here it was that Philips hung up a birchen rod, with which he threatened to chastise Pope for "a biting epigram." —*Curiosities of London.*

Pope, in *Spence's Anecdotes*, has left a little picture of the wits at Button's: "Addison usually studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year," (probably 1713,) "but found it too much for me; it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."

Of the commencement of Swift's club intercourse, Sheridan has given this characteristic sketch:

The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffee-house; and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced toward him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." — "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.—*Life of Swift.*

Sir Walter Scott gives, upon the authority of Dr. Wall, of Worcester, who had it from Dr. Arbuthnot himself, the following anecdote—less coarse than the version generally told: Swift was seated by the fire at Button's; there was sand on the floor of the coffee-house; and, Arbuthnot, with a design to play upon this original figure, offered him a letter which he had been just addressing, saying, at the same time,

"There — sand that."—"I have got no sand," answered Swift,—"but I can help you to a little *gravel*." This he said so significantly, that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back his letter, to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput.

The St. James's, the Whig coffee-house, was near to if not upon the site of the present No. 87, St. James's-street: here Swift's letters were addressed, and those from Stella were inclosed under cover to Addison. Elliot, who kept the house, was on occasions, placed on a friendly footing with his distinguished guests. In Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 19, 1710, we find: "This evening I christened our coffee-man, Elliot's child; when the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat amongst some scurvy company over a bowl of punch." At the St. James's foreign and domestic news was to be had.—(*Tatler*.) Here was preserved a letter of Stella's, in his Journal to whom Swift says: "I met Mr. Harley, and he asked me how long I had learned the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass-case at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand." He also tells Stella that in removing from the St. James's to Button's, he had altered for the better.

The old Saturday Club was another of Swift's resorts. He tells Stella, in 1711, there were "Lord-Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I." Of the same Club he writes in 1713:

I dined with Lord Treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day, when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping day. It is always on Saturday; and we do, indeed, usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord-Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, Lord Steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.*

In the same year, Swift framed the rules of the *Brothers' Club*, which met every Thursday. "The end of our Club,"

* Swift appears to have thought little of *Will's*, and its frequenters. He used to say, "the worst conversation he ever remembered to have heard in his life was at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays or at least prologues, or had a share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms dependod on them."

says Swift, "is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward learning without interest or recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we began, no other club in this town will be worth talking of." The Journal about this time is very full of Brothers Arran and Dupplin, Masham and Ormond, Bathurst and Harcourt, Orrery and Jack Hill, and other Tory magnates of the Club, or society, as Swift preferred to call it. We find him entertaining his "brothers" at the Thatched House Tavern, at the cost of seven good guineas. Swift was an influential member: he writes, February, 1712:

"We are now, in all, nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys; and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes, and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it, in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine was not reckoned, neither, for that is always brought in by him that is president."

* * * * *

"Our society does not meet now, as usual; for which I am blamed," he writes in 1713; "but till Lord-Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it, and he gives us nothing but promises. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing *some good*. I proposed another message to Lord-Treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can."

In 1714, Swift was again in London, and formed, with Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, the *Scriblerus Club*, to which the world owes *The Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish*, written in ridicule of *Burnet's History of his own Times*, and perhaps the germs of *Gulliver*.

Swift was great at the *October Club* of country Members of Parliament, who were for immediately impeaching every leader of the Whig party, and for turning out, without a day's grace, every placeman who did not wear their colours, and shout their cries. The Dean was employed to talk over those of the Club who were amenable to reason; and there are allusions to such negotiations in more than one passage of the *Journal to Stella*, in 1711. The Club met at the Bell, afterwards the Crown, in King-street, Westminster: it was named from the fondness of the members for October ale.

SWIFT AND THE MOHOCKS.

The Mohocks were a society formed by young rakehells of the town; the president was "the Emperor of the Mohocks," and wore as his badge of office, a crescent engraven upon his forehead. Their avowed design was mischief: after drinking themselves mad, they would sally forth, knock down, stab, cut, and carbonado all peaceful passengers they could overtake. Swift half doubted, yet went in some apprehension of these gentlemen. He writes:—

> Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of nearly eighty put into several prisons, and all alive; and I begin to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late; and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already.—*Journal to Stella*, 1712.

Swift mentions, among their villanies, "two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchilsea's at the door of her house in the Park with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation." A proclamation was made for the suppression of the Mohocks, but with little effect: Swift exclaims, "They go on still, and cut people's faces every night! but they shan't cut mine;—I like it better as it is."

WHO WAS VANESSA?

The young woman Esther Vanhomrigh, who lived five doors from Swift's lodging in Bury-street, and who flattered him and made love to him most desperately. The Dean romantically called her *Vanessa*. Stella appears to have scented this lady as her rival from the first. Her mother, Mrs. Vanhomrigh, was the widow of a Dutch merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time; the family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in Bury-street. In one of his letters Swift tells Stella that he has "visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned. The Dean did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her, so that we can only infer her reception of the above intelligence from Swift's own letters, which Stella kept very carefully. In one, he enters a query of hers—"What do you mean 'that boards near me,

that I dine with now and then?' What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Swift, of course, has not the slightest idea of what she means; but in a few letters more the Doctor tells Stella that he has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh; then that he has been to "his neighbour;" then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions: she saw from the very first what was going to happen. The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together.

Swift kept up the intimacy after he left his lodgings in Bury-street; for in 1710, when he lodged at Chelsea, we find him leaving his gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, who had now removed to Suffolk-street. Again, the Dean says: "I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere idleness dine there, very often; so I did to-day."—*Journal to Stella.*

Esther Vanhomrigh was under twenty years of age, not remarkable for beauty, but well educated, lively, graceful, spirited; and, unfortunately for Swift, with a taste for reading. He became the director of her studies, and their friendly intercourse was continued until Miss Vanhomrigh made a declaration of affection for him, and proposed marriage. How that declaration was received is related in Swift's poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa.* Cadenus is *decanus* (dean) by transposal of letters. His portrait of the lady is not to be trusted. Lord Orrery tells us that

"Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; . . . . happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife."

In poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to Swift, she adores him, admires him, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet. She writes:—

"You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be

made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last: I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you, for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me; and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."

The lady's proposal of marriage was declined: but the Dean from vanity, or fondness, or both, had not sufficient firmness to relinquish their affectionate intercourse.

Swift now returned to Ireland, and conscious of his imprudence, endeavoured to limit, as much as possible, the correspondence between himself and Vanessa, probably expecting that their attachment would be diminished by absence; but he was mistaken: she wrote to him frequently, and complained bitterly of his not replying to her letters.

At length Mrs. Vanhomrigh died: her two sons died soon afterwards; and the circumstances of the two sisters being somewhat embarrassed, they resolved to retire to Ireland, where their father had left a small property, near Cellbridge. We have seen that Stella had been from the first suspicious of the intercourse in Bury-street; and in 1714, Vanessa arrived in Dublin, to the annoyance of the Dean, and dread of Stella. Swift saw her very seldom: he introduced to her Dean Winter, a gentleman of fortune, and suitor for her hand; but this, and a similar offer, were rejected. Stella's jealousy at length became so restless, that Swift is said to have consented to their marriage, and the ceremony was performed in 1716, in the garden of the Deanery, by the bishop of Clogher; but Swift never acknowledged the marriage. Her subsequently signing her will with her maiden name "Esther Johnson" disproves her marriage with Swift; but this fact, though known to his biographers, was not allowed its due weight against such strong positive evidence as exists on the other side.

In 1717, Vanessa and her sister retired to Marley Abbey, near Cellbridge, of which retreat a Correspondent of Sir Walter

Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following passage:—

"Marley Abbey is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account), showed the grounds to my Correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden while a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well; and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. . . . . She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called 'Vanessa's bower.' Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. . . . . There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey. . . . . In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them.

. . . . . "But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections—to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long elicited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—then in Ireland—'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe of Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogatories, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, remounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained

wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived the last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."—And she died in 1723.

When Vanessa died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, "That does not surprise me," said Stella, "for we all know that the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick."

SWIFT'S ANTIPATHY TO PROJECTORS.

This unconquerable aversion of the Dean is traceable to the ill success of the speculative and expensive projects of his uncle Godwin, by which he became greatly embarrassed. One of these projects was the iron manufactory at Swandlingbar, which the Dean sarcastically describes, in his Essay on "Barbarous Denominations in Ireland," as "a most witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themselves with this iron project. *Sw.* stands for *Swift*, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling.* for *Darling*, and *Bar* for *Barry*. Methinks I see the four loggerheads, sitting in consult, like *Smectymnuus*, each gravely contributing a part of his own name, to make up one for their place in the iron work; and could wish they had been hanged as well as undone for their wit." He strongly expressed similar feeling upon the following occasion:—

"The Dean was at Holyhead, waiting for a fair wind to sail for Ireland, when one Welldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter that he had found out the Longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the Dean answered, in writing, that if he had found it out he must apply to the Lords of the Admiralty, of whom, perhaps, one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him."—*Swiftiana*. The other unfortunate projector was probably Joseph Beaumont, often mentioned in Swift's Journal, who committed suicide.

That monstrous scheme of commercial gambling, which reached its climax in 1720, in "the South Sea Bubble," was unsparingly lashed by Swift's satire. The caricatures of the Bubble, its knaves and fools, have become rare, and shut up in the cabinets of print-collectors, but Swift's satire is accessible to all: well may he exclaim, comparing Exchange Alley to a gulf in the South Sea,

> "Subscribers here by thousands float,
> And jostle one another down,
> Each paddling in his leaky boat,
> And here they fish for gold, and drown."

STELLA TO SWIFT.

The following verses were composed and sent by Stella—

To Dr. Swift on his Birthday, November 30, 1721.

" St. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd
Invoking art to Nature's aid;
Forsook by her admiring train
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face!
Before the thirti'th year of life
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
STELLA, to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a *beauteous mind repairs*
The loss of *chang'd or falling hairs;*
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin!
Your lectures cou'd my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six!
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the spleen,
The idol now of every fool
'Till time shall make their passions cool;

When tumbling down time's steepy hill,
While STELLA holds her station still.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
Retrieve lost empire to her sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to *friendship, wit, and mirth;*
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow!*"

SWIFT'S ATTACHMENT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

How dearly the Dean loved Oxford, in whom were many qualities deserving of such attachment, appears from a thousand expressions in his letters and journal. The despair which he expresses at his being wounded by Guiscard is like that of a brother mourning for a brother. Swift retained to his dying day, as a sacred relic, the penknife with which the wound was inflicted; and it would seem, that, on one occasion, he secured his friend's life from a dangerous attempt of the same kind, at the hazard of his own. Lady Masham, by whose secret influence Oxford had been displaced, wrote to conjure by his charity and compassion for the Queen, not to desert her cause at this crisis; and Barber was commissioned by Bolingbroke to inform Swift that he would reconcile him with the Duchess of Somerset. These flattering proposals seemed to open a prospect full upon the path of honour, ambition, and preferment. But almost the next post brought a letter from Lord Oxford, now dismissed and going alone to his seat in Herefordshire, requesting Swift to accompany him. His gratitude and his affection for Lord Oxford did not allow him to hesitate a moment in accepting the invitation of the disgraced minister, and he wrote immediately to Ireland to get an extension of his leave of absence, which was now nearly expired, to enable him to do so. "I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state," are his manly expressions; "but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable."

Within three days the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I. put an end to the power of the Tories. Lord

Oxford was arrested and imprisoned, and Swift wrote to him with a touching earnestness to request that he might be permitted to attend him in his confinement. Lord Oxford however refused to accede to his request. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France, and Swift returned to Ireland.

Harley, who, though he maintained the most friendly and confidential intercourse with Swift, seems not at first to have properly appreciated his character, or understood his views, sent him a note for 50*l*., which Swift indignantly returned, and obstinately refused his invitation till he had made an apology. It was in this hour of trial that Arbuthnot used the memorable expressions:—"Dean Swift keeps up his noble spirit, and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

DRAPIER'S LETTERS.

In 1723, there being a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, George I. granted to William Wood a patent right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of 108,000*l*. The grant was made without consulting the lord-lieutenant or privy council of Ireland: it had been obtained by the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, who was to have a share of the profits. The Irish parliament remonstrated, of which no notice was taken, when a voice was heard which apparently arose from one of the trading classes: a letter was published signed "M. B., drapier [draper], Dublin," and was followed by five or six more. The effect of these letters is known. All Ireland was roused. No one would touch the contaminated coin. A reward of 300*l*. was offered for the discovery of the author of the Drapier's fourth letter. A bill against the printer was about to be presented to the grand jury, when the Dean addressed to them "Some seasonable Advice;" and the memorable quotation from Scripture was circulated, "And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not." The grand jury wrote "ignoramus" on the bill, and Judge Whitshed could only vent his rage by dismissing them. Ultimately the patent was withdrawn, and Wood was compensated by a grant

of 3000*l.* yearly for twelve years. Thus victoriously terminated the first grand struggle for the independence of Ireland.

Some interesting traits of Swift's presence of mind on this occasion are related. He went to the levee of the lord-lieutenant, burst through the circle with which he was surrounded, and, in a firm and stern voice, demanded of Lord Carteret the meaning of these severities against a poor industrious tradesman, who had published two or three papers designed for the good of his country. Carteret, to whom Swift was personally well known, and who could have no doubt of his being the author of the *Drapier's Letters*, evaded the expostulation by an apt and elegant quotation from Virgil :—

> "Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt
> Moliri."———

The courtly circle, astounded at the daring conduct of Swift, were delighted and reassured by the lord-lieutenant's presence of mind and urbanity.

A servant, named Robert Blakeley, whom the Dean intrusted to copy out and convey to the press the *Drapier's Letters*, chanced one evening to absent himself without leave. His master charged him with treachery, and, upon his exculpation, insisted that at least he neglected his duties as a servant, because he conceived his master was in his power. "Strip your livery," he commanded, "begone from the Deanery instantly, and do the worst to revenge yourself that you dare do." The man retired, more grieved that his master doubted his fidelity, than moved by this harsh treatment. He was replaced at the intercession of Stella; and Swift afterwards rewarded his fidelity, by the office of verger in the cathedral of St. Patrick's. It is also related that while Harding, the printer, was in jail, Swift actually visited him in the disguise of an Irish country clown, or *spalpeen*. Some of the printer's family or friends, who chanced to visit him at the same time, were urging him to earn his own release, by informing against the author of the *Drapier's Letters*. Harding replied steadily, that he would rather perish in jail before he would be guilty of such treachery and baseness. All this passed in Swift's presence, who sat beside them in silence, and heard, with apparent indifference, a discussion which might be said to involve his ruin. He came and departed without being known to any one but Harding.

THE DEAN VERY POPULAR.

The Drapier's head became a sign, his portrait was engraved, woven upon handkerchiefs, struck upon medals, and displayed in every possible manner, as the liberator of Ireland. A club was formed in honour of the patriot, who held regular meetings to commemorate his excellences, study his doctrines, and carouse to his health. To the honour of the warmhearted and generous people for whom he exposed his safety, the sun of Swift's popularity shone unclouded even after he was incapable of distinguishing its radiance. While he was able to go abroad, a thousand popular benedictions attended his steps, and if he visited a town where he was not usually resident, his reception resembled that of a sovereign prince. The slightest idea of personal danger to THE DEAN, for by that title he was generally distinguished, aroused a whole district in his defence; and when, on one occasion, Walpole meditated his arrest, his proposal was checked by a prudent friend, who inquired if he could spare ten thousand soldiers to guard the messenger who should execute so perilous a commission.

At the lord mayor's entertainment, the archbishop publicly charged Swift with having inflamed the prejudices of the people against him. "I inflame them!" retorted Swift, conscious of his power among the lower orders, "had I lifted my finger, they would have torn you to pieces,"—a threat which he afterwards expressed in poetry.

One of the latest, as well as the most eloquent panegyrics which have decorated his monument, occurs in *A Sketch of the State of Ireland*, 1810, and is a just and concise character of the Dean of St. Patrick's, viewed as an Irish patriot:

"On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid—he saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future; he first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman. His gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts,—guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage—improved her by his authority—adorned her by his talents—and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations

of whatever prosperity we have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift."*

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

In his retirement with Stella and Mrs. Dingley, a country house belonging to Dr. Sheridan, about seven miles from Kells, Swift occupied himself in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing *Gulliver's Travels*, to be published, he intimated, so soon as he could find a printer courageous enough to venture his ears. He admitted Sheridan to this secret labour; but when Tickell expressed curiosity to see the treatise on which he was at work, he frankly informed him, that it totally disagreed with his notions of persons and things, and, as if conscious of writing to a Secretary of State, he adds, it would be impossible for Mr. Tickell to find his treasury of waste papers without searching nine houses, and then sending to him for the key. Having completed this celebrated work, the Dean resolved, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, to revisit England, a purpose which he accomplished in spring, 1726.

Bolingbroke, now returned from his exile, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, and other old friends, received him with open arms, and with the melancholy pleasure of sailors who meet after a shipwreck, from which they have escaped by different means.

In July, the Dean received letters informing him that Stella was in a rapid decline. Swift hastened to Ireland, was there received with all honours; bells were rung, bonfires kindled, and a body of the most respectable citizens escorted their patriot in a sort of triumphal procession from the shore to the Deanery. But he was yet more gratified by finding that Mrs. Johnson was in part recovered, though not to health or strength.

The celebrated *Travels of Gulliver* were now given to the world, but under the mystery which almost always shadowed Swift's publications. Swift left England in the month of August, and about the same time Motte the bookseller received the manuscript, dropped, he said, at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. The work appeared in November following, with several retrenchments and alterations, owing

* The tract here quoted is now known to have been an early production of the Right Honourable J. W. Croker.

to the timidity of the printer. This extraordinary satirical romance was instantly read from the highest to the lowest; and from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The world was frantic to discover the author; and even his friends, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others, wrote to Swift, as if they were in doubt on the subject; yet this was feigned, for all his literary brotherhood were more or less acquainted with the work before it was published.

Immediately on the publication, Arbuthnot wrote to Swift as the author, "I will make over all my profits to you for the property of *Gulliver's Travels*, which I believe will have as great a run as John Bunyan."

Sir Walter Scott has given this admirable *précis* of the Travels. "Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age, and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and Sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the Premier Flimnap, which he afterwards probably remembered to the prejudice of the Dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of High-Heels and Low-Heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the Small-Endians and Big-Endians, the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant. Blefescu is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there, rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris. Many other allusions may be traced by those well acquainted with the secret history of the reign of George I. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's own disgrace with Queen Anne, through the indecorum of the *Tale of a Tub*."

In the Voyage to Brobdingnag, the satire is of a more general character. A very happy effect is produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon the maids of

honour, for whom Swift had very little respect. The Voyage to Laputa is a ridicule of the Royal Society; and an occasional shaft is levelled at Sir Isaac Newton: its satire of projectors is withering. The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is a fierce diatribe upon human nature, and the Yahoos are odious and hateful.

Scott next has judiciously observed how exact in this wonderful satire is the adaptation of the narrative to the condition of the supposed author. He says:

"The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to this person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. (Gulliver, so Swift tells us, was long an inhabitant of the place. 'It was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it,' was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff.) It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind."

Scott then commends the exact calculations and preservation of proportions which qualify the extravagance of the fable; adding, "in this point of view, perhaps, the highest praise that could have been bestowed on *Gulliver's Travels* was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe."

Professor de Morgan, however, shows the former portion of Scott's commendation to be unmerited. In a communication to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, No. 137, he affirms that Swift was not much given to arithmetic, and that he was most likely assisted, in this portion of the Travels, by Arbuthnot; although he attacked the mathematicians, his own technical knowledge was of a poor kind; and Mr. de Morgan concludes by observing: "that Swift could himself extract a cube root, or use logarithms, is more than Apella would have believed, even after twenty years' service in the marines." The entire paper is very piquant and to the purpose, but too long for quotation here.

Lord Macaulay has this note upon the originality of the *Travels:* "Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyage to Lilliput from four Latin lines written by Addison above thirty years before *Gulliver's Travels* appeared. The passage is: "The Emperor is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

Gulliver's Travels sold with such rapidity, that the whole impression was exhausted in a week. Pope went to London on purpose to see how it would be received by statesmen and commoners; and to observe its effects was, he says, his diversion for a fortnight. He had a peculiar interest in the work.

In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1735, the Dean says, "I never got a farthing for anything I writ except once about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." This probably alludes to *Gulliver's Travels*, for which Pope certainly obtained from the bookseller 300*l.* There may, however, be some question, whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal as well as that which he got for the *Miscellanies* (150*l.*), and which Swift abandoned to him."—(*Scott's Life of Swift.*) Motte, the publisher of the *Miscellanies*, in a letter to Swift, says, "I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he [Pope] received, but you, who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it."

The secret of the authorship of the work was kept up by Swift by alluding to a book sent to him called *Gulliver's Travels.* "A bishop here," he adds, "said that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it." Arbuthnot writes him—'Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told us that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping, not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map, to search for Lilliput." * It is obvious how much all this must have amused the Dean and his friends in connexion with the unexampled sale of the volume.

* Rogers notes: "When I was at Banbury, I happened to observe in the churchyard several inscriptions to the memory of persons named Gulliver; and on my return home, looking into *Gulliver's Travels*, I found, to my surprise, that the said inscriptions are mentioned there as a confirmation of Mr. Gulliver's statement, that 'his family came from Oxfordshire.' "—*Table Talk*, p. 257.

BARGAINING WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, could find no authority for the statement of 300*l.* for the *Gulliver* copyright, nor does it appear that Pope was connected with the mystification that accompanied the publication. Erasmus Lewis was the negotiator, and the sum demanded for the copyright was only 200*l.* The manuscript was sent to Motte, Swift's publisher, with a request that he should immediately, on undertaking the publication, deliver a bank-bill of 200*l.* Motte demurred to the immediate payment, but offered to publish the work within a month after he received the copy; and to pay the sum demanded, *if the success would allow it*, in six months. His terms were apparently accepted, for *Gulliver* reappeared in the latter end of October or beginning of November, 1726. At the expiration of the six months, Motte seems to have applied for a longer period of credit. Swift's answer is characteristic:

"Mr. Motte, I send this enclosed by a friend, to be sent to you, to desire that you would go to the house of Erasmus Lewis, Cork-street, behind Burlington House, and let him know that you are come from me; for to the said Mr. Lewis I have given full power to treat concerning *my cousin* Gulliver's book, and whatever he and you shall settle I will consent to, &c.—Richard Sympson."

This is in Swift's handwriting, very slightly disguised. The engagement was closed in about a week afterwards, as appears from a memorandum on the same sheet: "London, May 4th, 1727, I am fully satisfied,—E. Lewis." These documents with others were first published in 1840, by Dr. Cooke Taylor, in an illustrated edition of *Gulliver:* the originals are in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, grandson of Mr. Bathurst the publisher, who began his career in partnership with Motte. Pope does not appear in the transaction.

Motte also published the *Miscellanies*,* and by this work Swift received no pecuniary advantage. From documents in Mr. Woodman's possession it appears that the copyright money was divided between Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay,

* Motte's imprint in vol. iii. of the *Miscellanies* is "at the Middle Temple Gate;" it was within the gate, or No. 6, Fleet-street, and was subsequently occupied by a tinman and brazier. We remember a bookseller's within the gate of Gray's Inn, in Gray's Inn-lane; and to this day there is a shop within the Holborn gate of Gray's Inn.

and Swift; but that Swift's portion was directed to be sent to the Mrs. Hyde, the widow of John Hyde, the bookseller, in Dame-street, Dublin, mentioned in Swift's printed correspondence. He died in Motte's debt, in 1729; and it was, no doubt, to relieve the widow that Swift thus disposed of his share of the copyright of the *Miscellanies*. When corresponding with Motte, in 1727, under the name of Richard Sympson, Swift was living with Pope at Twickenham, and most likely consulted on the matter Pope, who was well skilled in the art of dealing with booksellers.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

In 1727, Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was produced, and its success was as great as that of *Gulliver*. Pope (in Spence's *Anecdotes*) thus details the circumstances. "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This is what gave rise to the *Beggar's Opera*. He began it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice: but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly!' We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do,—it must do!—I see it is in the eyes of them.'—This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke (besides his own good taste) has a more particular knack than any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

Swift is supposed to have supplied Gay with the two celebrated songs, ingrafted in the *Beggar's Opera*, and beginning, "Through all the employments of life," and "Since laws were made for every degree." Warton has assigned both to Pope, but the internal evidence is in favour of Mr. Deane

Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, who uniformly declared they were written by the Dean. Swift never saw the *Beggar's Opera* in a complete state until it was printed; but it does not follow that he contributed no songs.

The *Beggar's Opera* was then produced by Gay, under the auspices of the Duchess of Queensberry, and performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields, under the immediate influence of her Grace; who, to induce the manager, Rich, to bring it upon his stage, agreed to indemnify him all the expenses he might incur, provided that the *daring* speculation should fail. The offer had been first proposed to Fleetwood and his partners, at Drury-lane Theatre; but it was at once rejected by them, as a piece that would not be tolerated by a public audience: indeed, they stoutly refused it a rehearsal. The success of the *Beggar's Opera* mainly depended upon two points—the hatred of one party against the Italian Opera, and the hatred of another party against the Court.

THE DEAN LAST IN ENGLAND.

In April, 1727, Swift again visited England. His fame now stood higher than it had done in the previous autumn, and he was welcomed at Leicester House, and in all the circles of his friends, with increased delight and enthusiasm. He still clung to the expectation of obtaining some church preferment in England, and fresh hopes were kindled on the death of the King; when a change of ministry was expected. Walpole was, however, again in the ascendant, and Swift visited him, not disinclined, apparently, to share in ministerial favour—but his ostensible object was to represent the affairs of Ireland to the great minister in *a true light*. He was politely received, and the Princess Caroline saw him at Leicester House; but his schemes evaporated in mere courtly phrases. He retired more than ever disgusted with courts and ministers of state.

Swift resided, as before, with Pope, and the result appeared by their joint efforts, in time, in two volumes of the *Miscellanies;* a third volume was published in March following.

SWIFT PARTS FROM POPE.

In the autumn of 1727, Swift was afflicted with a severe paroxysm of his disorder, and about the same time received news from Ireland that Stella was sinking. In agony he

suddenly quitted Twickenham, which Dr. Johnson has thus illnaturedly described: "He left the home of Pope with very little ceremony, finding that two sick friends cannot live together, and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester." But Swift had declared himself sinking under weakness, age, and wounded affection. Pope, however, saw Swift at his lodgings in London; and when the Dean left England in the beginning of October, 1727, he took leave of Pope in a kind letter written from Chester, but left for him at Gay's lodgings, over which he to whom it was addressed "wept like a girl." "If it pleases God," said Swift, "to restore my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted." Such, indeed, was the decree of Heaven, for these illustrious friends met no more.

The Dean, in testimony of his friendship, gave Pope a little silver cup bearing the following inscription: *Jonathan Swift, Alexro. Pope: Pignus Amicitiæ exiguum ingentis.*

DEATH OF STELLA.

When Swift arrived in Ireland, Stella was on the verge of the grave. For six months she had been only preserved by constant medical attendance and support. In this languishing state she had a remarkable conversation with Swift upon the subject of her marriage, which Sir Walter Scott gives in the words of Mr. Theophilus Swift, to whom it was communicated by Mrs. Whiteway.

When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the Deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint, but, having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried upstairs and laid on a bed; the Dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed: it was half shut—the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the Dean and Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length, she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, "*Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,*" to which Stella answered with a sigh, "*It is too late.*" Such are, upon

the best and most respectable authority, the minute particulars of this remarkable anecdote. The word *marriage* was not mentioned, but there can remain no doubt that such was the secret to be owned; and the report of Mrs. Whiteway I received with pleasure, as vindicating the Dean from the charge of cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty to the unfortunate Stella, when on the verge of existence. On 28th January, 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night, Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Sheridan relates the interview with a difference—that Swift made no reply to Stella's entreaty that he would acknowledge the marriage, but walked out of the room, and never saw her more. But Scott considers Mr. Theophilus Swift's authority preferable, and it was received by Dr. Johnson. It was derived from Mrs. Whiteway after he attained manhood; and Mr. Sheridan was a boy at the time of the death of his father, Dr. Sheridan, who is stated to have been present at this last interview. Thus the *boy* may have misunderstood his father's version of the story. The scene was closed, and every reason for mystery at an end. The narratives may, indeed, be reconciled, by supposing that of Mrs. Whiteway subsequent to the scene detailed by Sheridan. The Dean may, at length, have relented, yet Sheridan remained ignorant of it.

Stella was buried by torchlight, on the 30th of January, in the same manner as the Dean directed himself to be buried, and nearly at the same hour. In his "Character of Mrs. Johnson," Swift says, "This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber."

Stella is interred beneath the second pillar from the great western entrance, on the south side of the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The following inscription on "a plain white marble" slab, in accordance with her will, marks the spot. From the contiguity of the tombs it looks as if she and the Dean had long arranged the place of their burial:

"Underneath lie interred the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments in body, mind, and behaviour; justly admired and regretted by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections. She died January

27, 1727-28, in the forty-sixth year of her age, and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the Hospital founded in this city by Dr. Stevens."—(*Steevens.*)

The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of Stella's death:

"She was sickly from her childhood, until about the age of fifteen; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection.

. . . . "Properly speaking"—he goes on with a calmness which, under the circumstances, is terrible—"she has been dying six months!" . . . .

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . . . All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief."

The specimens on record, however, in the Dean's paper called "Bons Mots de Stella," scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit:

"A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy, because 'the child was gone to heaven.' 'No, my lord,' said she; 'that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.'

"When she was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.'"

Stella left her fortune for charitable purposes, and consequently *away from Swift*, it has been inferred, on account of this imputed cruel treatment. That this was not the case is proved by a letter written by Swift, in 1726, who says: "I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her *mother and sister during their lives, afterwards to Dr. Steevens's Hospital*, to purchase lands for such uses as she designs;" and such were the very words of the will made two years afterwards, which Sheridan would have his readers believe was made in pique at the Dean's conduct.

WALPOLE'S INJUSTICE TO SWIFT.

In his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and II.*, Walpole is characteristically scandalous of Swift. He tells us

that Lord Bathurst and Lord Chesterfield, with the view of testing Mrs. Howard's influence with George II., persuaded the royal mistress to demand of the new King an earl's coronet for Lord Bathurst. She did—the Queen put in her veto, and Swift, who openly and most ambitiously cultivated Mrs. Howard, in despair, returned to Ireland, to lament Queen Anne, and curse Queen Caroline, under the mask of patriotism, in a country he abhorred and despised. Such are Walpole's words; upon which Croker notes, in the *Suffolk Correspondence,* vol. i.: "On this, be it observed, that George II. was proclaimed on the 14th of June, 1727, and Swift returned to Ireland in the September of the same year, and that the first creation of peers in that reign did not take place till the 28th of May, 1728. Is it credible that Mrs. Howard should have made such a request of the new King, and suffered so decided a refusal ten or eleven months before any peers were made? But again, upon this first creation of peers, Mrs. Howard's brother is the second name. Is it probable that with so great an object for her own family in view, she risked a solicitation for Lord Bathurst? But that which seems most convincing is Swift's own correspondence. In a letter to Mrs. Howard of the 9th of July, 1727, in which, rallying her on her solicitation, to which the new King would be exposed, he says, "for my part, you may be secure that I will never venture to recommend even a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic."

To return to Walpole. "To Mrs. Howard [he continues] Swift's ingratitude was base. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second his and his faction's interests, but loved Queen Caroline and the minister as little as they did; yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was published in his posthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard, (become Lady Suffolk,) said to me, in her calm, dispassionate manner, 'All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me, and sent to me, many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand.'"

Upon this Croker notes: "This is a complete mistake, to give it no harsher name. The character which Swift left behind, and which was published in his posthumous works, is the very same which Lady Suffolk had in her possession. If it be not flattering, it is to Swift's honour, that he did not condescend to flatter her in the days of her highest favour;

and the accusation of having written another less favourable is wholly false."—*Suffolk Correspondence.*

THE DEAN DEFENDED.

Lady Llanover, in her very piquant Notes to the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, has selected the following anecdotes of Swift, "as giving an idea in a small compass of the combination of benevolence and self-denial, with perseverance in right objects, which, in spite of his eccentricities, gained him so many friends and admirers in all classes."

It is recorded of Swift that he gave half his annual income to decayed families, and kept 500*l.* in hand for the sole service of the industrious poor, which he lent out at 5*l.* a time, and took payment back by 2*s.* instalments. Many poor industrious tradesmen could not have obtained tools for their work, but by these small loans at their outset. This 500*l.* was said (by Sir Walter Scott) to be the *first sum* of that magnitude of which he was master. Mrs. Brent, his housekeeper, asserted that he found a new method of being charitable, by debarring himself of superfluities; instancing his having just at that time given the price of a coach (which he saved by running home in the rain) to a poor man who could not walk; and giving the price of a pint of wine, when he dined alone, to the poor, instead of drinking it.

Dr. Theophilus Bolter, (promoted to the bishopric of Clonfert, 1722; bishopric of Elphin, 1724; and archbishopric of Cashel, 1729), was visited by Swift on each promotion. On his first visit he expressed his hope that he would now make use of his talents in the service of his country in the House of Peers. The prelate said "his bishopric was very small, and he would never have a better if he did not oblige the Court. Then said Swift, "*when you have a better, I hope you will become an honest man, until then farewell.*" The Dean of St. Patrick's perseveringly repeated his reminder on each promotion to no purpose; there was an archbishopric in view, and until that was obtained nothing could be done! Having obtained this at the end of seven years, he called on the Dean, and said, "I well know that no Irishman will ever be made primate, and as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will now zealously promote the good of my country," from which time he became a zealous patriot.

An instance of Swift's straightforward good sense, accompanied by amusing eccentricity, is related in connexion with his visit to a farmer near Quilca, with whom he went to dine. The farmer's wife was dressed very expensively, and her son appeared in a silver-laced hat. The Dean of St. Patrick's saluted her like a duchess, and with successive bows, handed her to a seat, proposing to her husband to "look over his demesne." "The devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my line; I have a pretty good lease from my Lord Fingall, but he will not renew it, and I have only a few years to come." The Dean asked when he was to see Mrs. Riley. "There she is before you." "Impossible! I always heard Mrs. Riley was a prudent woman; she never would dress herself out in silks and ornaments only fit for ladies of fortune and fashion. No; Mrs. Riley, the farmer's wife, would never wear anything beyond plain stuffs and other things suitable." Mrs. Riley, who really was a woman of sense, took the hint, went out, changed her dress to an apparel proper for a farmer's wife, and returned; the Dean then took her by the hand, and said in the most friendly manner, "Your husband wanted to pass off a fine lady upon me, dressed up in silk in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in." He then took a penknife, cut the silver lace off the young master's hat, and folding it up in several papers, put it in the fire; when burnt sufficiently, he took it out and wrapped it in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. He then resumed his good humour, entertained them in a manner that could not be excelled, as no one knew better how to suit his conversation to his hearers, and the day passed cheerfully. When he went away, he said, "I don't intend to rob you, there's your son's hat-lace. I have changed its form for a better one. God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment." The paper contained the burnt lace, with four guineas. He kept his eye afterwards on these Rileys, and finding they were cured of their foolish finery, he afterwards induced Lord Fingall to renew their lease.

THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG'S MONUMENT.

The remains of this renowned General, Macaulay tells us, were deposited with funeral pomp in Westminster Abbey! But the register of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, records

that the remains were interred there. No memorial of the place of interment was erected until the year 1731, when Dean Swift, actuated by a just indignation towards the relatives of this great man, who, though they derived all their wealth and honours from him, neglected to pay the smallest tribute to his remains; and after many fruitless attempts made by him, he caused the present slab to be erected, and himself dictated the inscription, in which the Dean states that himself and the Chapter, "postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil proficere, hunc demum lapidem statuerunt." From one of the Dean's letters upon the subject the following is an extract:

I desire you [Lord Carteret] will tell Lord Fitzwalter, (who married the Duke's grand-daughter,) that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity.

The envoy from Prussia, having married a grand-daughter of Schomberg, made a formal complaint to George II., and said publicly at the drawing-room, that "the Dean of St. Patrick's had put up that monument out of malice, to make a quarrel betwixt his Majesty and the King of Prussia." Thus an irreconcilable breach took place between Swift and the court, as well as the ministers. On Walpole, Swift made war both in verse and prose; nor did he spare even royalty itself, for the "Directions for making a Birthday Song," are most bitter upon the whole family, especially on Queen Caroline.

SWIFT'S LOSS OF FRIENDS.

The sudden death of the kind-hearted and affectionate Gay was the first severe shock of this nature. Pope's letter, announcing this event, is indorsed by Swift, "Received December 15th, [1732,] but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." The death of Arbuthnot followed in 1734-5. Swift thus expresses himself to Pope on the breaches thus made among their friends: "The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me,

although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke." Ill health on both sides gradually slackened Swift's intercourse with Pope. Their friendship remained sincere and perfect, on both sides, till closed by death. On the presentation copy of the *Dunciad*, Swift has written *Auctoris Amicissimi Donum*, an expression of superlative warmth.

A MOCK COURT OF LAW.

In 1733, when Swift executed the revision of *Gulliver's Travels*, he made the most bitter additions to the passages affecting the law and its professors. About the same time, he indulged his humour with a most extraordinary mock trial, in ridicule of the assizes then about to be held in the county of Meath.

The scene was Ardsalla, the house of Mr. Ludlow, where the Jacksons, Grattans, Mr. Stopford, and other favourites of the Dean, were assembled. Sheridan, it seems, had been guilty of a petty delinquency in his chamber. The rest shall be abridged from the narrative of Mr. Theophilus Swift. "A tribunal is erected, and all things prepared in due and regular form. A plain kitchen-table is turned with its top downwards, and into this dock Sheridan is put, wigless and bareheaded; while Swift himself mounts the seat of justice with his own wig frizzed, and bushed into a full bottom, and set inverted on his head. A servant-maid's scarlet cloak is flung over his shoulders, to represent the robes of a judge, and Aaron's band is converted into that of a Chief Justice. The grand jury are sworn, and the bill found; the petty jury sworn in their turn, and the prisoner put on his trial. The crier commands silence, and the lawyers are ranged. The utmost gravity and decorum prevail; and the only smile that passed on the occasion arose from the ludicrous circumstance of Mr. Stopford, who, being fee'd for the crown, declared he could not do his duty as a true lawyer, unless he should be fee'd on both sides. A second fee, therefore, is given him in open court, on behalf of the prisoner; and he told my mother, he actually received by the double fee eighteen shillings. He is said to have conducted himself with wonderful humour and address through the whole of the trial. The Jacksons and Grattans had likewise their respective stations in the cause. Most of the servants are examined, and in spite of prayers and entreaties, Mrs. Ludlow herself; who is made to swear on the vessel alleged to have suffered pollution. Their verdict, as might be expected, is that of guilty; and Swift, with all the solemnity of justice, pronounces sentence of death on the trembling Sheridan, awfully concluding with, 'The Lord have mercy on your soul!' A rope is produced; Sheridan sees he shall be hanged *pro forma;* out of the dock he springs, and flies upstairs, the whole court in full cry after him. But fear having added wings to his feet, he had sufficient time to bolt

his chamber door, which he barricadoed as well as he could with what furniture was in the room. Here for two hours he remained besieged; at length he capitulated, on a solemn assurance that he should not be hanged."

SWIFT AND BETTESWORTH.

In a satire upon the Dissenters, in 1733, the Dean had directed a few lines against "the booby Bettesworth," who was a serjeant-at-law and a member of the Irish parliament, and who, on reading the lines, was so highly incensed that he drew a knife, and swore he would cut off the Dean's ears; he proceeded direct to the deanery with that intention, but as Swift was on a visit at Mr. Worrall's, Bettesworth went there, and requested to speak with the Dean alone, whom he addressed with great pomposity, "Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, I am Serjeant Bettesworth." "Of what regiment?" asked Swift. An altercation ensued, which soon became so loud and violent, that the servants rushed into the room and turned Bettesworth into the street. To guard against any similar attack in future, the Dean's neighbours formed an association, for the purpose of watching the deanery, and protecting the person of the Dean from violence.

The offensive lines which the Serjeant called upon Swift to disavow, are:

> "So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who known in law nor text nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his *brother serjeant.*"

Swift's reply is stated as follows: "Sir, when I was a young man, I had the honour of being intimate with some great legal characters, particularly Lord Somers, who, knowing my propensity to satire, advised me, when I lampooned a *knave* or *fool*, never to own it. Conformably to that advice, I tell you I am not the author."

ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL FOUNDED.

It has been supposed by his biographers that a presentiment of his insanity induced Swift to devote his fortune to the erection of a lunatic asylum; and, probably, from an expression in Lord Orrery's work, that he was a fit inmate for his own asylum, it is generally believed that Swift was *the first patient in the Hospital*, although it was not erected till several years after his death. With the educated and the learned he had

long entertained the idea of establishing such an institution; for in 1731, in his verses on his own death occurs this stanza:

"He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a house for fools or mad,
And showed, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."

In 1732, he spoke to Sir William Fownes on the establishment of an hospital, but not of his own intention. Sir William then addressed to the Dean a proposal "that an hospital called Bedlam be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any part of the kingdom."

Swift left the bulk of his property, the savings of about thirty years of his life, to found and endow such an hospital. In 1735 he presented a memorial to the Corporation of Dublin, praying that a piece of ground on Oxmantown Green might be assigned for the purpose, which was immediately assented to, but the site which he ultimately fixed on was in James-street, Dublin, near Steevens's Hospital. The funds which finally devolved upon the hospital amounted to about 12,000*l.*, which was the sum of Swift's savings. Upon this bequest appeared the following couplet:

"The Dean must die! our idiots to maintain!
Perish ye idiots! and long live the Dean!"

Johnson's unworthy lines,—

"From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show,"—

pass current, not for mere imbecility and second-childishness, but for absolute insanity; and it is no easy task to uproot this idea.

With the above funds, aided by parliamentary grants, St. Patrick's or Swift's Hospital, was built and opened in 1757, for fifty patients; it is now capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty patients.

SWIFT AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

In a letter addressed by the Dean to Lord Castledurrow, dated Dublin, Dec. 24, 1736, we find the following odd picture of Swift's household:

"Your last letter hath layn by me about a fortnight unacknowledged, partly by the want of health and lowness of Spirits, and chiefly by want of Time not taken up in busyness, but lost in the Teazings of insig-

nificant people who worry me with Trifles. I often reflect on my present life as the exact Burlesque of my middle age, which passed among Ministers that you and your party since call the worst of times. I am now acting the same things in Miniature, but in a higher station as first Minister, nay sometimes as a Prince, in which last quality my Housekeeper, a grave elderly woman, is called at home and in the neighbourhood S^r^ Robert. My Butler is Secretary, and has no other defect for that office but that he cannot write; Yet that is not singular, for I have known three Secretaryes of state upon the same level, and who were too old to mend, which mine is not. My realm extends to 120 Houses, whose inhabitants constitute the Bulk of my Subjects; my Grand Jury is my House of Commons, and my Chapter the House of Lords. I must proceed no further, because my Arts of Governing are Secrets of State.

* * * * * *

"As to my Œconomy, I cannot call myself a Housekeeper. My servants are at Boardwages; however I dine almost constantly at home, because, literally speaking, I know not above one Family in this whole Town where I can go for a Dinner. The old Hospitality is quite extinguished by Poverty and the oppressions of England. When I would have a friend eat with me, I direct him in general to send in the morning and enquire whether I dine at home, and alone; I add a Fowl to my Commons, and something else if the Company be more, but I never mingle strangers, nor multiply dishes. I give a reasonable price for my wine (higher my ill-paid, sunk rents will not reach). I am seldom without 8 or nine Hogsheads. And as to the rest, if your Lordship will do me that Honour when you come to Town, you must submit to the same method. Onely perhaps I will order the Butler to see whether, by chance, he can find out an odd bottle of a particular choice wine which is all spent, although there may be a dozen or two remaining; but they are like Court Secrets, kept in the Dark. As to puddings, my Lord, I am not only the best, but the sole perfect maker of them in this kingdom; they are universally known and esteemed under the name of the Deanry Puddings: Suit and Plumbs are three-fourths of the Ingredients; I had them from my Aunt Giffard, who preserved the succession from the time of Sir W. Temple."

THE DEAN'S LAST ILLNESS.

Swift's health was now gradually giving way under the pressure of age, and his recurring fits of deafness and giddiness. He had intervals of judgment, but his memory became imperfect; and these were the precursors of the final disorder he had long dreaded. So early as 1717, Dr. Young was walking with Swift about a mile out of Dublin, when the Dean stopped short. The Doctor passed on, and perceiving Swift did not follow, he went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die

at the top." * And when the Dean, in conversation, dwelt upon the mental imbecility which closed the lives of Somers, Marlborough, and other distinguished contemporaries, it was never without a deep and anxious presage of his own fate.

But he had not lost his acute feeling. When Dr. Sheridan was about to remove from Dublin, Swift happened to call in just as the workmen were taking down the pictures in the parlour—that room where, for such a number of years, he had passed so many happy hours. Struck with the sight, he burst into tears, and rushed into a dark closet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compose himself.

In November, 1731, he wrote the memorable verses † prophetic of his own death, in which occur these lines:

"See how the Dean begins to break,
Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his face;
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead;
Besides his memory decays,
He recollects not what he says."

Among the Dean's singularities were his resolution never to wear spectacles, and his obstinate perseverance in the use of too much exercise. He writes to Pope, December 2, 1736:

"I have not been in a condition to write: years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse: all I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I cannot answer."

Swift's determination not to wear spectacles now made reading very difficult to him: he was at a loss how to fill up his time, and this led him to over-exercise.

In the spring of 1737, the Dean maintained that he had never received any benefit from the advice or prescriptions of his five medical men: Arbuthnot alone understood his case, but he could not remedy it. Swift now writes to Alderman

* Byron had a similar feeling, and more than once spoke of "dying, like Swift, at the top first;" but he has not been accused of insanity by any of his biographers.

† "These verses have an exquisite facility; but we are not to suppose that Swift wrote them off-hand; their ease is the result of very careful composition."—*Rogers.*

Barber that his health is much decayed; his giddiness and deafness more frequent, his spirits fled, his memory almost gone. He says: "I sink every day, and am older by 20 years than any other of the same age." Ten days later, he writes to Sheridan: "I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratches and blots before this letter is done. Into the bargain, I have not one ray of memory, and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mr. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others, who love wine that costs them nothing."

In January, 1738, he again writes to Alderman Barber: "I have, for almost three years past, been only the shadow of my former self, with years of sickness and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserably oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation." So desponding was he at times, that he used to say, on parting with a friend: "Well, God bless you! but I hope I shall never see you again."

He grew worse during 1738, and his friends thought he could not long survive. Yet, in the year before, he wrote with his own hand his will, and finally arranged, with all due legal precaution, that his property should, after his death, be applied in the erection of the Hospital that now bears his name. He, however, felt greatly the severe winter of 1739. He grew worse in April, 1740; yet he was able to give a dinner-party within a fortnight after, so changeable was his malady: he used, however, to forget the name of friends who visited him twice a-week. Mr. Wilde, in his *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, particularly mentions this circumstance, because the subsequent increase of this defect has been enumerated by his biographer, among the proofs of the insanity of a man past 73! Mr. Wilde argues that Swift's disease was not insanity; and proves that in one of his severe fits of giddiness and deafness, the Dean dictated an answer to a public address, "in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety." Nor can insanity be read in the Dean's forgetfulness and state of second-childishness. Mr. Wilde adds:

That his various friends did not believe him to be insane, nor regard him as an idiot at this period, though they were well aware of his loss of memory and other infirmities, is manifest from their writing to him in

the usual manner. Although it was not concluded, nor signed, till 1740, Swift's will, it would appear from his letter of directions to Mrs. Whiteway, respecting his interment, &c., was written in 1737; but the codicil to it was evidently added between May 2 and 3, 1740. As that document was received and put in force as the act of a sane person, we cannot believe him to have been deranged up to that period. His approaching sad condition may be learned from one of his letters to Mrs. Whiteway at this time; one of the last, in all probability, he ever wrote.

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

"I am, for those few days,

"Yours entirely,

"J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740. If I live till Monday I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time."

The last two documents in the Dean's handwriting, and, probably, the last he ever penned, are a note to Mrs. Whiteway, concerning her health, and his address to his Sub-Dean and Chapter on the subject of the choir: the former dated the 13th and the latter the 28th of January, 1741. Occasional entries in his account-books were, however, made as late as 1742, when he was *in his seventy-fifth year*. From this period may be dated his complete loss of memory, and inability of managing his own affairs; so that his estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of the Rev. Dr. Lyon.

In 1743, we find him described as remaining in silence: "he would often," says Delany, "*attempt* to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily." In this very remarkable passage, (says Mr. Wilde,) which details anything but a state of insanity, we have, perhaps, the true account of Swift's actual condition. From this period, it is said, he remained silent until Saturday the 19th of October, 1745, when he died at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, without a single pang, so gently, indeed, that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution. He expired in the arms of Richard Brennan, who had attended him

during the six years that immediately preceded his death, and who was, at that time, one of the bell-ringers of St. Patrick's.

At a *post-mortem* examination, on opening the skull, the sinus of Swift's brain was found loaded with water. Mr. Wilde states his disease to have been cerebral congestion: for the few last years—from his seventy-fifth to his seventy-eighth year—his disease partook of the nature of senile decay, or the dementia of old age; and he did not expire "a driv'ler and a show."

BURIAL-PLACE OF SWIFT.

On the announcement of the Dean's death, the enthusiasm of Irish gratitude broke out, and he was mourned as if he had been called away in the full career of his public services. Young and old of all ranks surrounded the house to pay the last tribute of sorrow and affection; and they begged the most trifling article that had belonged to him to be treasured up as a relic—"yea, begged a hair of his for memory."

Mr. Monck Mason relates: "A person who resides in my family is one of the few persons, perhaps the only one, now living, who witnessed the melancholy spectacle [of the remains of *Swift lying in state*].—'She remembers him as well as if it was but yesterday; he was laid out in his own hall, and great crowds went to see him.—His coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax on the pillow.—Mrs. Barnard, his nurse-tender, sat at his head, but, having occasion to leave the room for a short time, some person cut a lock of hair from his head, which she missed upon her return; and after that day no person was admitted to see him.'"

In the Dean's will he desired to be buried with *privacy*, which word was so strictly interpreted by the executors that it was reported they intended to have the remains carried out at the back-door of the Deanery at one in the morning, by four porters, into the church, attended only by two clergymen. To this course Mrs. Whiteway spiritedly objected, and through her appeal to the executors, the remains were interred with more fitting respect as regards the funeral appointments, though still with privacy.

His remains rest in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where is the following inscription, written by himself,

and executed in gold letters on a black ground: "Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S. T. P. Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani; Ubi sæva Indignatio Ulterius Cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator, et imitare si poteris, strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem. Obiit anno [1745], mensis [Octobris] die [19] ætatis anno [78.]" Above is a bust of Swift, contained in a circular recess, round which is inscribed: "This bust is the gift of S. T. Faulkner, Esq." Beneath are his arms, bearing this motto: "Cum magnis vixisse."

MEMORIALS OF THE DEAN.

There are many interesting relics of Swift still preserved by the curious. His cream-ewer was purchased with the collection of Dean Dawson, for the museum of the Irish Academy. A Bible, said to have been his, and containing some scraps of his writing, is in the possession of J. H. Reid, Esq., of Dublin. The Dean gave away, among his friends, as well as received, presents of several snuff-boxes. A gold box, said to have been Swift's, was sold at Dr. Barrett's auction: it had a miniature of Stella on the lid. A flat oblong snuff-box, of pure gold, is said to have been bequeathed by the Dean to his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, among the "small pieces of plate" alluded to in Swift's will. Inside the lid are the following lines:—

CELER AD FERVENDUM.

From Churchmen's scribbler wit, wit's a fool
To a Lord; *recte dictum*, if such the rule:—
When Peerages to men are given,
Few like your's would appertain to Heaven;
Concordia discors I have written,
But with a *cacoethes scribendi* am smitten;
The box may be metal's basest dross;
If you lose it the less the loss;
And though new 'now appears,
D—— L——y's mother used it many years.

The solution is:—*Celer ad fervendum* is Latin (more Swiftish than Ciceronian) for *Swift to Boyle* (boil) *i.e.* his friend John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, whose *peerage appertaining to Heaven* is in allusion to his title,—an Orrery being an instrument representing the heavenly bodies. D—— L——y is Doctor Delany. Mr. Wilde, on testing the box, found it to be only pinchbeck, which Swift implies in "metal's basest dross."

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend, Dr. Tuke of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the Dean's hand, "*Only a woman's hair:*"—an instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his failings under the mark of cynical indifference.

Among the legacies left by Swift's will, was a Japan writing-desk, given him by Lady Worsley; a tortoise-shell snuff-box, inlaid with gold, given by Henrietta, Countess of Oxford; and a seal with Pegasus, given by the Countess Granville. He also left Pope the picture by Zincke of Robert Earl of Oxford; and to Edward Earl of Oxford, his seal of Julius Cæsar, and another, supposed to be Hercules; specifying that he "bestowed them upon him because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty, Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of her kingdom."

To Dr. Delany he left his "medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the Bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred Majesty." Dr. Delany, who was also Chancellor of St. Patrick's, was one of Swift's eight executors.

PORTRAITS OF SWIFT.

There are three portraits of the Dean, painted by Bindon: one at the Deanery House, Dublin, with part of St. Patrick's cathedral in the distance. When a fire broke out at the Deanery, Dean Cradock commanded those who assisted, to leave their exertions to save his own property and books, until they had first secured Swift's portrait. The second portrait, the property of Dr. Hill, of Dublin, is supposed to be one of the best likenesses in existence: the expression of the features is rather of a deep and melancholy, than a stern or harsh cast. The third portrait is at Howth Castle: it is a full-length, in clerical costume; the temple of Fame in the background; on the Dean's right appears the genius of Ireland, extending a laurel-wreath, as about to crown the patriot; in his left hand he holds forth a scroll, on which is written, "The fourth Drapier's Letter." At his feet, on the right of the picture, lies bound the famous patentee *Wood;* he is depicted in agony. On a scroll is written "Wood's patent."

A full-length painting of the Dean, in his clerical habit, is placed in the theatre, or examination-hall of Trinity College, Dublin, mostly copied from the oil painting at the Deanery-

house. One side of the mouth (the left) is contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.

The most interesting representation of Swift is a plaster-of-Paris cast, taken after his death, which is in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The expression of the face is placid and free from turbulent expression, except a drag in the left side of the mouth, believed to have existed some years previous to his death.

There is a marble bust of Dean Swift in the possession of Dr. Duke, Stephen's-green, Dublin.

Mr. Preston, of Bellinter, possesses a fine full-sized oil-painting of Stella, which, in size, matches one of the Dean which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift.

The portrait engraved for Lord Orrery's work is from a profile in crayons by Barker, age about sixty, and one of the only two portraits of him without the periwig. This portrait corresponds with the posthumous bust, except that Ravenet, the engraver, has laboured to give it a look of imbecility and weakness, which the original in nowise possesses.

Of *miniatures* of the Dean, one is that in a locket, backed with a red Wicklow pebble. Another miniature of Swift, set in a locket, belonged to Alderman Faulkner; Sir William Betham had also a well-executed miniature of the Dean.

The six busts of Swift,* known in Dublin, strengthen the phrenologists' assertions, for they exhibit six different forms of head, little resembling each other, although mostly taken about the same time; yet they all, more or less, present the sloping forehead. Although the forehead was so retiring, that at the Dublin Phrenological Society it was stated that "the man must have been apparently an idiot," in reality the capacity of the cranium was, Mr. Hamilton shows, very great.

One of these busts is a fine work in marble, by Roubiliac: it was presented to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, by the Senior Sophisters, who, on their forming themselves into a Senate in 1738, applied the money usually laid out in an entertainment to the purchase of this memorial, placed among the heads of other men of genius and learning.

* These are: 1—The bust in St. Patrick's. 2—At Charlemont House. 3—By Van Nost, at Mrs. Crampton's, Kildare-street. 4—By Cunningham, belonging to Godwin Swift, Esq. 5—That in the University, by Roubiliac. 6—That in marble, in the possession of Mr. Watkins, picture-dealer, Dublin.

The following verses written upon the presentation, graphically allude to the Dean's noble bequest:—

"We, youth of Alma—thee, her pride and grace,
Illustrious Swift, amid these heroes place;
Thee, of such high associates wittiest found,
In genius, fancy, sense, alike renown'd.
Rich in unborrow'd wit, thy various page,
By turns displays the patriot, poet, sage;
Born to delight thy country, and defend,
In life, in death, to human race a friend.
For mad and idiots,—whom alone to teach
Thy writings fail,—thy will's last bounty reach.
All hail, Hibernia's boast; our other guide,—
Late, very late, may Berkeley grace thy side."

Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well-known lines of Shakspeare — indeed, the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift:

——————"He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.—
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

In youth, the Dean was reckoned handsome; Pope observed, that though his face had an expression of dulness, his eyes were very particular. They were as azure, he said, as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age, the Dean's countenance conveyed an expresssion which, though severe, was noble and impressive. He spoke in public with facility and impressive energy.

A woman who died in the year 1858 in St. Patrick-street, Dublin, at the age of 110 years, distinctly remembered and described the appearance of the Dean, and added that he never went outside the Deanery-house that he was not attended through the streets by a vast crowd of washed and unwashed admirers.

CHARACTERISTICS, PERSONAL TRAITS, AND OPINIONS.

THE distinguishing feature of Swift's character was pride—a complete consciousness and appreciation of the value of the power which he had acquired by a severe course of study and observation, combined as it was with a determination of purpose which no danger could intimidate, and which turned aside from no labour necessary to the accomplishment of his aims. He was thoroughly honest, but his honesty was often combined with a straightforward bluntness which was offensive to fastidiousness and vanity. In spite of the sternness of his character, which was often indeed more in appearance than reality, he was a man of deep feeling, devotedly attached to his friends, and active in promoting their interests; nor were his friends less attached to him.

The humour of stubborn independence, which influenced the Dean's whole character, stamps it at first examination with a whole chain of paradoxes. A devout believer in the truths of Christianity, a constant observer of the rules of religion, and zealous even to slaying in the cause of the Church of England, Swift assumed an occasional levity of writing, speaking, and acting, which caused his being branded as an infidel, a contemner of public ordinances, and a scoffer of church-discipline. Nor was this all. A zealous friend of liberty in temporal politics, he acted during his whole life with the Tory party,—disliking Ireland, even to virulent prejudice, he was the first and most effectual vindicator of her rights and liberties; and, charitable and benevolent to the extreme limits of a moderate revenue, he lay under the reproach of avarice and parsimony. An admirer of paradoxes, like Dr. Fuller, might have found points in his history as well as opinions, capable of being placed in strong contrast. The first writer of his age was disgraced at college; the principal supporter of Queen Anne's last administration, whose interest had made many a prelate, was himself unable to attain that dignity; and he who in his writings exhibited a tone of the

most bitter misanthropy, was in active life a steady patriot, a warm friend, and a bountiful patron. He had also this remarkable fate as a political writer, that, although his publishers were in four instances subjected to arrest and examination,—although large rewards were twice offered for discovery of the author of works generally and truly ascribed to him,—yet he never personally felt the grasp of power;

> "For not a Judas could be found,
> To sell him for three hundred pound."

In allusion to this circumstance, he once said, he was three times near being hanged, and that people supposed he could bring in the Pretender in his hand, and place on him the crown.

While Swift stooped to partisanship, it was not to be expected that he should decline any of the arts by which a Court party may be maintained. Accordingly we find him regular in his attendance upon Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite; and after reading the contemptuous notices that occur in some of his Whig letters as "one of the Queen's dressers, who, by great intrigue and flattery, had gained an ascendant over her," it is very edifying to find him writing periodical accounts of the progress of her pregnancy, and "praying God to preserve her life, which is of great importance to the nation," &c.

No part of Swift's character is more admirable than his zeal in assisting and bringing forward all who seemed to cultivate literature with success. He relieved the necessitous, he supported the dependent, and insisted that more distinguished genius should receive from his powerful friends that kindness and distinction to which it was so well entitled. Nor was the benefit of Swift's protection limited to literary characters. All his friends, and even the friends of those friends, had the benefit of his intercession. He made the fortune of Barber the printer, who became afterwards lord-mayor of London, and a man of great wealth. He recommended Dr. Freind to be physician-general to the army in Spain. In short, he laid the basis of the fortunes of upwards of forty persons; and, as is frequently the case, "he found himself able to forward the interest of every one, excepting only his own." When in their intimacy the ministry called him Jonathan, and he retorted that he supposed they would leave him Jonathan as they found him, the expression in-

directly implied expectation as well as reproach; nor did all the kindness and complacence of the lord-treasurer prevent Swift from expressing peevishness on the delay which occurred in making some honourable provision for his future life.

Alluding to the charge of "base perfidy," and such-like unbecoming expressions, made use of by Lord Brougham, in his sketch of Sir Robert Walpole, and to the language employed by Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, it has been well said: "But *Swift is dead*,—as Jeffrey well knew when he reviewed his works." Mr. Wilde has this stinging passage upon another writer, who, taking things for granted, has fallen into many mis-statements: "The last libeller of Swift, Mr. William Howitt, has laboured with great ingenuity, in his *Homes and Haunts*, to traduce the character and revive the worst stories ever told of the eccentric Dean, and has even made one or two abortive efforts to be witty at his expense. . . . . With the epithets of 'selfish tyranny,' 'wretched shuffler,' 'contemptible fellow,' &c., showered upon him by Mr. Howitt, we need not interfere; they sufficiently explain the tone and character of his book. Swift seems to have had a presentiment of such writers when he penned the following lines:

> 'Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
> Be this my motto and my fate.'"

SWIFT'S MISANTHROPY.

When Pope had completed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Swift wrote to him, congratulating him on the drudgery of translation, and at the same time exhibiting that vein of misanthropy which, as Warton said, dishonoured him as a man, a Christian, and a philosopher:—

"I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under the necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,)

soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell), and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, (though not in Timon's manner,) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind until all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence, you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point."

Pope, without formally stating his dissent from his friend, contrived to show him that he disapproved of his view of human nature; his reply concludes with these words: "I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit, is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend."

Yet, in Swift's correspondence, the misanthrope is frequently lost in the good-natured man, as in his letters to Gay and Dr. Sheridan. Lord Orrery often heard Swift say, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow till I have finished it." By which expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases or polished paragraphs: his letters, therefore, are the truer representations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections, and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character in a very high degree.

Swift says of himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke: —"All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or coach-and-six."

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which

left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance; upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Yet, at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped as a liberator the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. The most famous statesman, and the greatest poets of his day, had applauded him, and done him homage; and at this time writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says: "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called to the best, *and not to die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

Pope relates that when B—— told Swift he loved him more than all his friends and relations, the Dean made him no manner of answer, but said afterwards, "The man's a fool." Pope once said to him, "There's a lady, Doctor, that longs to see you, and admires you above all things." "Then I despise her heartily!" said he.

Charles Fox had a theory about Swift, that he could not have written the heaps of nonsense he entertained his friends with, unless he had been at heart a good-natured man. All, at any rate, were agreed as to his wonderful and unequalled fascination in society, at such times as he pleased to exert it.

Mr. Monck Mason may be considered to have vindicated Swift from "personal envy, faction, and national prejudice. In fact, the reputation of Swift had been again and again rendered next to infamous by Scotch compliments, buried under Johnson's criticisms, and absolutely damned by Irish panegyric.—*Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vol. vi.

SWIFT AT MOOR PARK.

Moor Park and House lie at the base of the hills which bound the heaths towards Farnham, in Surrey; and near a place of earlier celebrity, Waverley Abbey. The house is a spacious mansion of three stories; and near its east end is the sun-dial, beneath which the heart of Sir William Temple was buried: his body was interred in Westminster Abbey. The park and gardens were much altered early in the present century: the latter were in the formal Dutch style, and were the great delight of William Cobbett, who when a boy

many a time walked over from Farnham to see the stately gardens. At the entrance of the Park, near the Waverley gate, is a cottage, where Swift is said to have first seen Stella, and where, the people in the neighbourhood tell you, Jonathan used to sleep when he resided at Moor Park with Sir William Temple. The age of the cottage, however, scarcely supports this fame; and, were it old enough, Swift is not likely to have slept there.

Many depreciatory sketches have been drawn of the kind of life Swift led at the household of his great patron; and irksome as much of it was, in this service Swift laid in a store of knowledge for his after-life, which was, indeed, rough-hewn here. Mr. Thackeray, who is not very tender towards Temple, concedes that Swift's initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during his reckless career at Dublin, were got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after-life what quantities of books he devoured there; as well as of describing the garden-seat which he devised for his study.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition: mild Dorothea, his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

> "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate."

As for Dorinda, his sister,—

> "Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humbled tribe mourned for the quickening soul
> That furnished life and spirit through the whole."

"Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like the Temple livery nor those twenty pound wages."—(*Thackeray.*)

* * * * * *

Doubtless, "the hard work at the second table" suggested to Swift these "Thoughts on Hanging," in his *Directions to Servants*.

"To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you: there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and making a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

"The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities: either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community: deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the Court; let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate: mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell; you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place. . . . . ."

SWIFT'S BENEVOLENCE.

Soon after Swift had left Moor Park, and accepted the prebend of Kilroot, as described at p. 9, Sir William Temple was anxious that he should return: he hesitated, when his resolution was determined by a circumstance characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion, he became acquainted with a clergyman, who proved to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a-year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for his new friend.

When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that his benefactor had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, prevailed upon him to accept the black mare; and thus, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moor Park, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary.*

Mr. Monck Mason has, though with regret, thrown a good deal of doubt on the authenticity of this affecting anecdote; proving that the clergyman was neither an old man, nor that he had any family, and that Swift returned to Moor Park long before he resigned the prebend. Still, the anecdote, in the main, is probably true. Upon this transaction, long after Swift's death, malice or madness endeavoured to fix a construction fatal to his reputation. This was a charge of criminality towards a farmer's daughter, in consequence of which Swift resigned, and quitted the kingdom. Sir Walter Scott has taken great pains to disprove this atrocious charge, and has, upon the authority of the Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, of Donaghadee, stated the first circulator of the calumny to have been the Rev. Mr. P——r, a successor of Dean Swift in the prebend of Kilroot. He told the tale at the Bishop of Dromore's, who committed it to writing: his authority he alleged to be a Dean Dobbs, who informed him that the informations were in existence. But Mr. P——r subsequently denied most obstinately ever having promulgated such a charge; and whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to his tergiversation so acutely as to derange his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P——r died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics, established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P——r thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions, or credulity, it has been supposed that this inexplicable figment did really originate with Dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake, by the initial letters, J. S., upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Smedley (to whom, indeed, the tale has been supposed properly to belong), or to John Smith, as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that during all his public life, in England and Ireland, where he was the butt of a whole faction,

* The Dean was a tolerable horseman, fond of riding, and a judge of the noble animal which he chose to celebrate, as the emblem of moral merit, under the name of Houyhnhnm.

this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane.

SWIFT AND SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

It was believed by the Dean's friends that the office of *flapper* was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of Newton. The Dean told Mr. D. Swift that Sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that, if you asked him a question, "he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round, and round, and round," (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) "before he could produce an answer."

The Dean used also to tell of Sir Isaac, that his servant having called him one day to dinner, and returning, after waiting some time, to call him a second time, found him mounted on a ladder placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand, and his head reclined upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction, that he was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to jog him, before he could awake his attention. This was precisely the office of the *flapper*.

Though Swift disliked mathematics, it was not for want of capacity for that science. Sheridan one day gave him a problem to solve. He desired Sheridan to leave the room; and in about half an hour the Dean called out to him, *heureka, heureka*. Sheridan assured Mrs. Whiteway that Swift had resolved the problem in the clearest manner, though he, who was himself a good mathematician, had chosen, on purpose, a very difficult one.

The ardent patriot had not forgotten the philosopher's opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor, who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by the mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of Sir Isaac Newton's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount.

Swift's intimacy with Miss Barton, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, will be found noticed at p. 119.

PERSON OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser, and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of a person they supposed Julius Cæsar was? He was answered, that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin-faced. "Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress; and five feet seven inches high:" an exact description of Philips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt anybody while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said: "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high; not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding-sleeves."—*Dr. Young, in Spence's Anecdotes.*

THE DEAN OUTWITTED.

Lord Carteret was distinguished by a readiness of wit, with which he could retort and parry even the attacks of Swift. Of this we have already seen a classical instance at p. 49. And it is said, that, about the time when the proclamation was abroad against the Drapier's fourth letter, the Dean visited the castle, and having waited for some time without seeing the lord-lieutenant, wrote upon one of the windows of the chamber of audience these lines:—

> "My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task,
> For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Under which Carteret wrote the following happy reply:—

> "My very good Dean, there are few who come here,
> But have something to ask, or something to fear."

On some such occasion, when Carteret had parried, with his usual dexterity, a complaint or request of Swift, he exclaimed, "What, in God's name, do you do here? Get back to your own country, and send us our boobies again!"

The following additional instances are related of the Dean being overmatched.

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, taking advantage of a fine frosty morning, set out together to walk to a seat Lord

Bathurst had about eleven miles from London. Swift, remarkable for being an old traveller, and for getting possession of the best room and bed, pretended, when they were about half way on their journey, that he did not like the slowness of their pace; adding that he would walk on before them, and acquaint Lord Bathurst with the object of their journey. To this proposal they readily agreed; but as soon as the Dean was out of sight, they dispatched a horseman by a private road, (suspecting their friend's duplicity,) to inform his Lordship of their apprehensions. The man arrived in time to deliver his message before Swift made his appearance. Lord Bathurst then recollecting that the Dean had never had the smallpox, thought of the following stratagem. Seeing him come up the avenue, his Lordship met him, and expressed his happiness at seeing him; "but I am mortified at one circumstance," continued Lord Bathurst, "as it must deprive me of the pleasure of your company: smallpox is raging in the house. I beg, however, that you will accept of such accommodation as a small house at the bottom of the avenue will afford you." Swift was forced to comply with this request; and in this solitary situation, fearful of speaking to any person about him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, however, Arbuthnot and Parnell, with Lord Bathurst, went down to release him, by informing him of the deception, and telling him that the best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift felt much chagrined, but deemed it prudent to join in the laugh against himself: they all adjourned to the mansion, and there spent the evening most joyously.

At an inn, seeing a cook scraping a piece of mutton, Swift asked how many maggots she had got in it? "Not so many as are in your head," answered the wench smartly. The Dean was angry, and complained to her mistress.

Alderman Brown having undergone Swift's raillery in silence, for some time, at dinner, suddenly looked up from his plate, on observing Swift take apple-sauce to the wing of a duck, and exclaimed, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose."

The Dean asked Kenny, a Carmelite priest, "Why the Catholic Church used pictures and images, when the Church of England did not?" "Because," answered the priest readily, "we are old housekeepers, and you are new beginners." Swift was so surprised and incensed that he left the room.

THE DEAN AND THE SURGEON.

During his residence at Cavan, Swift was tormented with an ulcerous shin, when he sent for a surgeon belonging to the barracks, to dress his wound. The young man entered with fear and trembling, for all men stood in awe of the Dean. "Look ye, sir," said Swift, raising his leg from the stool on which it was extended, "my shin is very badly hurt; I have sent for you, and if you can cure it, by —— I'll advertise you. Here's five guineas for you, and you need look for no more; so cure me as fast as you can." The surgeon succeeded; and the Dean, who liked both his skill and his modesty, was kind to him, often asked him to dinner, and when the cure was completed, made him a compliment of five guineas more. In a letter to Mrs. Whiteway he says, the shin cost him but three guineas; the rest he probably set down to benevolence.

THE DEAN'S PARSIMONY.

Pope relates: "Dr. Swift has an odd blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. 'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that just comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in; 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the Doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How come you to leave all the great lords, that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?'—'Because we had rather see you than any of them.'—'Ay, any one that did not know you as well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?'—'No, Doctor, we have supped already.'—'Supped already! that's impossible: why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet.'—'Indeed we have.'—'That's very strange: but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see, what should I have had? a couple of lobsters? and that would have done very well, two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time, only to spare my pocket?'—'No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.'—'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drunk

with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two are four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a-piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you I am determined.' This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of everything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged me to take the money."—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

Delany informs us, in like manner, that when Lady Eustace, or other women of rank, dined at the Deanery, Swift allowed them a shilling a-head to provide their own entertainment; and used to struggle hard that only sixpence should be allowed for the brat, as he called Miss Eustace, afterwards Mrs. Tickell. When he dined with his poorer friends, he insisted upon paying his club, as at a tavern.

BENEFICIAL HOAX.

The execution of one Elliston, a noted street-robber, gave Swift an opportunity of practising a stratagem, which put an end, for many years, to the practice of street robbery; for, being received as genuine by the companions of the sufferer, they really believed, as there asserted, that he had left *a list of their names* to be proceeded against, if they did not relinquish their evil courses. The piece is as follows:—

"Now, as I am a dying man," Elliston is made to say, "I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man (and indeed the only honest man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the principal places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths: I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the Government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it."

SWIFT'S BONHOMMIE.

Captain Hamilton, of Castle-Hamilton, a plain country gentleman, but of excellent natural sense, came upon a visit at Market-Hill, while the Dean was staying there. "Sir Arthur Acheson, hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive

him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the Dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way upon entering the house, exclaimed, 'that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate as to choose that time for his visit.'—'Why so?'—'Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at.' Swift then stepped to the captain, from behind Sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, 'Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes*, or *no*, properly?'—'Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that.'—'Then give me your hand,—depend upon it, you and I will agree very well.' The captain told Mr. Sheridan he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time."

INGRATITUDE TO SWIFT.

The Dean now experienced the height of unpopularity. All who had favoured the high-church interest were involved in a sweeping charge of Jacobitism, of which calumny Swift had his share. Libels on libels were showered against him; the rabble insulted him as he walked the street; and even young men of rank forgot his station and their own so far as to set the same example of wanton brutality. Nor was this the worst evil of his situation. His former friends, including many who owed him civility and gratitude, paid court to the opposite party, by treating him with rudeness and insult. He was obliged to secure his papers against the searches of government; and a packet addressed to him by the Duke of Ormond's chaplain was seized by a messenger.

Among the Dean's false friends Sir Thomas Southwell, one of the commissioners of the revenue, often mentioned as a friend in Swift's Letters and Journal, distinguished himself, by answering Swift, when he had addressed him on some ordinary occasion of business, "I'll hold you a groat, Mr. Dean, I do not know you." Afterwards, when created Lord Southwell, he expressed regret for his conduct during the heat of party, and attempted to regain Swift's acquaintance, by saluting him with great politeness. But the Dean retorted his rudeness, prefaced by his own cant phrase, "I'll hold you a groat, my lord, I do not know you."

Swift seems, therefore, for some time, to have been secluded from the society of the great, powerful, and distinguished; and the companion of Oxford and Bolingbroke, of Prior, Pope, Gay, had to select his society from the men of kindred taste in his own order, with a few of more elevated rank, who either had the sense and spirit to "forsake politics for wit," or were not disinclined to high-church politics.

Among this troop of friends were the Grattans, seven brethren of high honour. The eldest lived on his paternal fortune. One was a physician, one a merchant, and afterwards lord mayor of Dublin; one was head-master of a free-school, with a large appointment, and the remaining three were clergymen. "Do you not know the Grattans?" said Swift to Lord Carteret, when he came over as lord-lieutenant; "then pray obtain their acquaintance. The Grattans, my lord, can raise 10,000 men." This was one of the instances in which Swift showed his desire of enhancing the importance of his friends.

WHY SWIFT DID NOT MARRY.

Lockier notes: "Though the Dean is the best of company, and one of the liveliest men in England of his age, he said (when in no ill-humour), 'The best of life is but just tolerable; 'tis the most we can make of it.'" Mr. Singer adds: "He observed that it was very apt to be a misfortune to be used to the best company; and gave as a reason for his not marrying, that he had always been used to converse with women of the higher class, and that he might as well think of marrying a princess as one of them. 'A competence enables me, single as I am, to keep as good company as I have been used to, but with a wife of this kind and a family, what should I have done?'"

Mr. Mason, who altogether doubts the facts of the Dean's marriage, says: "I attribute Swift's refraining from marriage, partly to the natural coldness of his temper, of which his life and writings furnish us with incontestable proofs, and partly to the small prospects of gratification which he could promise to himself from the sight of a healthful progeny. It was, perhaps, the consideration of these matters that induced him to make a resolution of leading a life of celibacy, which he appears to have formed at a very early period; and these motives, doubtless, urged him to adopt, in place of natural

heirs, that part of the community, whose pitiable and helpless condition rendered them the fittest objects of his parental affection and philanthropic care."

Lord Orrery has these notes upon the Dean's treatment of women. "If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures.

"You must have smiled to have found in his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night."

DID SWIFT EVER LAUGH?

Johnson asserts that the Dean stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter. "I cannot recollect," says Pilkington, "that ever I saw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleasantry passed, which might have excited it, he used to suck in his cheeks to avoid laughing."

Lord Orrery tells us that Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could never soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene; but when the sternness of visage was increased by rage, it was scarcely possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity.

LORD ORRERY'S "REMARKS."

The real cause of Lord Orrery's treatment of Swift originated in a letter that had been found unopened by Swift's executors among his papers. The letter was indorsed "This will keep cold." Lord Orrery had also learned, that when he sent the paper-book to Swift on his birthday, the Dean, on reading the words "Dear Swift," in the first line, exclaimed with great indignation at this familiarity, "Dear Swift? Dear Swift? Boy! Boy! Pshaw! Pshaw! What does the boy mean? *Friend? Friend? Sincere Friend?*" Lord Orrery's servant, who waited in the hall, is thought to have heard these expressions, and reported them to his master.

Orrery first broached the figment that Swift might be the natural son of Sir William Temple, which was morally impossible.

The following epigram was handed about on the publication of the *Remarks*:—

A sore disease this scribbling ——is,
His Lordship of his Pliny vain,
Turns Madam Pilkington in ——es,
And now attacks the Irish Dean.
Libel his *friend* when *laid in ground?*
Pray, good Sir, you may spare your hints,
His *parallel* I'm sure is found,
For what he writes *George Faulkner* prints.*
Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
Sure *after death* resentment cools,
And his last act bespoke *their* favour,
He founded hospitals for fools.

THE DEAN AND HIS SERVANTS.

Swift meditated the publication of his well-known *Instructions to Servants*, on which, though it only exists as a fragment, he had bestowed much pains and observation. He himself was a kind but a strict master.

The story is well known of his commanding "Sweetheart," as he called his cookmaid Mary, to carry down a joint of meat and do it *less*, and on her alleging that was impossible, his grave request, that when in future she choosed to commit a fault, he hoped she would choose one which might be mended. Upon another occasion, hearing one of his servants, in the act of undressing, express a luxurious wish that he could ride to bed, the Dean summoned the man upstairs, commanded him to fetch a horse from the paddock, and prepare him for a journey, and when the poor fellow reported that the horse was ready, "Mount him then, sirrah," said the Dean, "and ride to bed."

He had dined one day in the country, and on going away, the servant of the family brought him his horse. As the man held the steed, the Dean called to his own man, and asked him whether it would not be proper to give something to the servant for his trouble? The man assented, and the Dean asked him what he thought would be proper to give the man, and whether half-a-crown was too much? "No, sir!"—"Very well," replied Swift, and gave the man the half-crown. When the board-wages of the week came to be paid, he stopped the half-crown, and read his servant a lecture; telling him it was his duty to attend him, and not leave him to the care of others; that he brought him to the house, that he might not give trouble to others; and pressed his argument by

* A printer that owed his rise and fortune to Dr. Swift.

supposing he would not in future be quite so generous of his master's money.

Sometimes he chose to mix in the mirth of his domestics. Once finding that his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, had, according to custom, on his birthday, made an entertainment for the neighbours, he requested to know at whose expense the treat was provided; and understanding that he himself was the founder of the feast, he sat down among the guests, and partook of their cheer with great humour.

The Saturnalia at the Deanery was the servants at table, and the masters waiting upon them. The butler represented the Dean, whom he sent to the cellar in quest of some particular wine, when, affecting to be discontented with it, he commanded Swift to bring another sort. The Dean obeyed and decanted the bottle at the sideboard, while the butler abused him in his own style, and charged him with reserving some of the grounds for his own drinking. The Dean did not altogether relish the jest, but it was carried on some time longer; when the tables were removed, the scene reversed, an entertainment served up to the proper guests, and everything conducted by the very servants who had partaken of the Saturnalia. An exaggerated and distorted version of this anecdote, related that the Dean, unable to endure the raillery of the butler, put an end to the Saturnalia and drove the servants out of the room. This is altogether incorrect.

"SHUT THE DOOR."

Swift had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maid-servants he left to his housekeeper, and that form being over, he acquainted them that he had but two commands to give them—one, *to shut the door whenever they came into a room;* the other, to *shut the door after them whenever they went out of a room.* One of these maid-servants requested permission of the Dean to go to her sister's wedding, which was to take place at about ten miles' distance from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but lent the servant one of his horses, and directed that a man-servant should ride before her. The maid, in her joy at this favour, forgot to shut the door when she left the Dean's room; in about a quarter of an hour after she had left the house, the Dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, to overtake the maid and her escort, and oblige them

to return immediately. This was done, and the girl came into the Dean's presence with the most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honour's commands.—"Only to shut the door after you," was the reply. But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted the maid to resume her journey.

THE DEAN'S FOOTMAN.

One morning, as Swift was standing at the window of his study, he observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants at the door, which the man at first refused in a surly manner. The Dean, who pitied the poor suitor, finding that the man did not bring the paper, again looked out of the window; the day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her post. The Dean now grew impatient, and was about to ring the bell, when he saw the servant cross the street, and again refuse to take charge of the paper. The Dean now threw up the sash, and demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal," cried the angry Dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. The poor woman was relieved, and the servant forthwith was turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct: "The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused, but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this reproof, that the man became reduced to beggary; after which the Dean forgave him, and through another written character, equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

Meanwhile there is evidence to show that Swift did not fail to mark good conduct in a faithful servant. In the cathedral of St. Patrick, at Dublin, he caused to be erected a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Here lieth the Body of Alexandre McGee, servant to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His Grateful Master caused this Monument to be erected in memory of his Discretion, Fidelity, and Diligence, in that humble station. Ob. Mar. 24, 1721-2, ætat. 29."

CARLOW CHURCH.

Upon Swift's visiting Carlow, the rector conducted him over the town and neighbourhood, showing him all the objects of interest there. On returning to the glebe, Swift, pointing to the church, inquired what building it was, and why he had not been shown it? "Oh," said his conductor, "it is only the parish church; but it is really so dilapidated, and in such bad order, that I did not think it worth your inspection." At this Swift expressed his regret; but said he knew a cheap way of repairing it. "Why don't you give it," said he, "to the Papists? you know they would repair it, and then you could take it from them afterwards." This fine stroke of satire is related by Mr. Wilde as hitherto unpublished. Was it on this occasion (he asks) Swift said

> A high church and a low steeple,
> A poor town and a proud people.

THE ECLIPSE HOAX.

Swift was everywhere received by the common people with the most profound respect, and used to say they should subscribe forty shillings a-year to keep him in hats, so numerous were the bows which he received and regularly returned. Upon one occasion he made a ludicrous experiment on the public belief in his authority. A number of persons having assembled round the Deanery to see an eclipse, Swift became tired of their noise, and commanded the crier to make proclamation that the eclipse was put off by command of the Dean of St. Patrick's. This extraordinary enunciation was received with great gravity, and was the means of dispersing the assembled gazers.

SWIFT'S LOVE OF LOW LIFE.

During his mother's lifetime, Swift scarcely ever failed to pay her an annual visit. He often went in a waggon, but more frequently walked from Holyhead to Leicester, London, or any other part of England. Lord Orrery tells us that "he generally chose to dine with waggoners, hostlers, and persons of that class; and he used to lie at night at the houses where he found written over the door, 'Lodgings for

a penny.' He delighted in scenes of low life. The vulgar dialect was not only a fund of humour for him, but I verily believe was acceptable to his nature; otherwise I know not how to account for the many filthy ideas and indecent expressions (I mean indecent in point of cleanliness and delicacy) that will be found throughout his works."

Johnson says: "This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity; some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps, with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have deeply fixed in his heart the love of a shilling."

A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOUR.

Lord Orrery relates that Swift dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, and was attacked and teazed by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated squire, who happened to sit next to him: he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and then on a sudden called out to the Mayor, "My Lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulder,—he has been worrying me this half hour, and I desire you will order him to be taken off."

A BEGGARS' WEDDING.

Swift, being in the country, on a visit to his friend, Dr. Sheridan, learned that a beggars' wedding was about to be celebrated in the neighbourhood. Sheridan played well upon the violin, and Swift proposed that he should go to the place of the wedding disguised as a blind fiddler, while Swift attended him as his man. Thus accoutred, they joined the party, and were received with acclamation. They had plenty of good cheer, and never was a more joyous wedding seen. The beggars told stories, played tricks, cracked jokes, sang and danced; and the fiddler and his man, when they left, were well remunerated. Next day, the Dean and Sheridan walked out in their usual dress, and found many of their late companions hobbling about upon crutches, or pretending to be blind, and piteously supplicating charity. Sheridan distributed among them the money he had received; but the Dean, who hated all mendicants, fell into a violent passion, telling them his adventure of the preceding day, and threatened to send every one of them to prison. This had such an effect, that the blind opened their eyes, and the lame threw away

their crutches, running off as fast as their legs could carry them.

WORTH OF A RHYME.

One of Swift's *rhymes* on Bettesworth is said to have been suggested by this circumstance. A porter brought a burden to the Dean's house while he was busy with the poem, and labouring to find a rhyme for this uncommon name, the more anxiously, that Bettesworth exulted in the idea of its being impossible. The porter's demand being considered as exorbitant, he wiped his forehead, saying, with the humour of a low Irishman, "Oh! your reverence, my sweat's worth half-a-crown." The Dean instantly caught at the words, "Ay, that it is,—there's half-a-crown for you."

"NABOTH'S VINEYARD."

"I'll send for your husband," said the Dean to Mrs. Pilkington, "to dine with us, and in the meantime we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's Vineyard." "Where may that be, sir?" said she. "Why, a garden," said the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of."

THE DEAN SETS UP HIS CARRIAGE.

In 1741-2, upon the reported disgrace of Lord Orford, Swift set up an equipage. The Dean used formerly to say, that he was the poorest man in Ireland who was served in plate, and the richest who kept no carriage. The account of his setting up one is thus given by Bishop Rundle, in a letter preserved in the British Museum.

"As soon as Dean Swift heard that Lord Orford was dismissed from power, he awakened with one flash of light from his dreaming of what he once was, and cried, I made a vow that I would set up a coach when that man was turned out of his places; and having the good fortune to behold that day, long despaired of, I will show that I was sincere: and sent for a coachmaker. The operator comes, had one almost ready,—it was sent home,—horses were purchased,—and the Dean entered the triumphant double chariot, supported by two old women and his daily flatterer, to entertain him with the only music he had an ear to hear at this age; they made up the *partie quarrée*, and, with much ado, enabled his decrepit reverence to endure the fatigue of travelling twice round our great square, by the cordial and amusement of their fulsome commendations, which he calls facetious pleasantry. But the next packet brought word (what lying varlets these newswriters are!) that Lord Orford's party revived, &c. Swift sunk

back in the corner of the coach, his under jaw fell; he was carried up to his chamber and great chair, and obstinately refused to be lifted into the treacherous vehicle any more, till the newswriters at least shall be hanged for deceiving him to imagine that Lord Orford was *bonâ fide* out of power, though visibly out of place. Now he despairs of seeing vengeance taken on any, who, odd fellow! he thinks more richly deserve it; and since he cannot send them out of the world with dishonour, he intends soon to go out of it in a pet."—Letter signed Thomas Derry, dated March 20, 1741-2. MSS. Birch, 4291.

The Bishop is incorrect in supposing that Swift laid aside the equipage which was thus set up. It appears from Wilson's affidavit, (*Swift's Works*, vol. xix. p. 259, note,) that Swift, in July, 1742, had a carriage of his own.

SWIFT AND THE BISHOP OF KILMORE.

Josiah Hort, Bishop of Kilmore, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, was the author of *A New Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille*, for the publication of which Faulkner, the bookseller, was imprisoned. His not having indemnified the publisher excited the ire of Dean Swift in the following satire, published anonymously some years ago, but since found in MS., and acknowledged by Dean Swift, in his own hand:—

"An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of Divine Service to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset, on his coming to Town:—

> 'Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
> When told that the Duke was just come to town—
> His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
> He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
> To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
> Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.'"
>
> Wilde's *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, 1849.

THE DEAN AND LADY BURLINGTON.

Scott relates an anecdote, which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested. The last time Swift was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was but newly married. The Earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady nor mention his name. After dinner said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, "She

should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. Swift's first compliment to her ladyship when he saw her again was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great good-humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you if you please." From this time he conceived a great esteem for her.

HOW SWIFT TRIED HIS COMPANY.

Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. "For," said he, "I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him "he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate." "Why then," said the Dean, "you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, —— take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said, he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."—Sheridan's *Life of Swift.*

THE DEAN AND THE PILKINGTONS.

Mrs. Pilkington was one of the Dean's female coterie, and perhaps surpassed all the party in wit and genius not less than in levity. Her husband was a clergyman, and a needy author, from whom a separation took place by mutual consent.

Mrs. Pilkington's acquaintance with Swift commenced by her sending him verses on his birthday. She was afterwards introduced to him by a lady, whom he asked if she was her

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daughter, and when informed that she was Mrs. Pilkington, he said, "What, that poor little child married! God help her, she is early inured to trouble." The next Sunday the Dean engaged Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at St. Patrick's church, when Mrs. Pilkington was struck by observing that Dr. Swift went through the whole service himself without once looking into a book. After church he was surrounded by poor people, and gave to all but one old woman with dirty hands, to whom he said that "though a beggar, water was not so scarce but that she might have washed them." He afterwards invited the Pilkingtons to supper, handed Mrs. Pilkington to the coach, and slipped into her hand the exact sum of money that she and her husband had given at the offertory in the morning, as well as the coach-hire.

The Rev. Thomas Pilkington was originally introduced by Dr. Delany to the notice of Dean Swift, and obtained a humble post in his cathedral. He had talent and vivacity, but was totally devoid of principle, and imposed upon Dr. Swift, who, on Pilkington's going to England, gave him a letter of recommendation to his old friend Barber, then Lord Mayor of London, who made Pilkington his chaplain. Swift also gave him introductions to Pope, Bolingbroke, and other friends. But Pilkington grew impudent and profligate, and Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Mayor Barber complained to Swift of the discredit that had been occasioned by his recommendation.

Mrs. Pilkington did not turn out much better than her husband: she was clever. For a short time she kept a pamphlet and print shop in Pall Mall; in 1746 we find her in a more lowly locality—in White Lion-street, Seven Dials, at the sign of the Dove, in "a pretty decent room" for which she paid three pounds a-year: here she advertised that she drew petitions and wrote letters "on any subject except the law."

SWIFT TO A FAVOURED FAIR CORRESPONDENT.

The Dean, in a playful letter to Mrs. Pendarves, dated 1734, writes:

A pernicious heresy prevails here [in Dublin] among the men, that it is the duty of your sex to be fools in every article except what is merely domestic; and to do the ladies justice, there are very few of them without a good share of that heresy, except upon one article, that they have as little regard for family business as for the improvement of their minds!

I have had for some time a design to write against this heresy, but have now laid those thoughts aside, for fear of making both sexes my enemies: however, if you will come over to my assistance, I will carry you about among our adversaries and dare them to produce one instance where your want of ignorance makes you affected, pretending, conceited, disdainful, endeavouring to speak like a scholar, with twenty more faults objected by themselves, their lovers, or their husbands. But I fear your case is desperate, for I know you never laugh at a jest before you understand it; and I much question whether you understand a fan, or have so good a fancy at silks as others; and your way of spelling would not be intelligible.

* * * * * *

Nothing vexes me so much with relation to you, as that with all my disposition to find faults, I was never once able to fix upon anything that I could find amiss, although I watched you narrowly; for when I found we were to lose you soon, I kept my eyes and ears always upon you, in hopes that you would make some *boutade*. It is, you know, a French word, and signifies a sudden jerk from a horse's hinder feet which you did not expect, because you thought him for some months a sober animal, and this has been my case with several ladies whom I chose for friends; in a week, a month, or a year, hardly one of them failed to give me a *boutade;* therefore, I command you will obey my orders, in coming over hither for one whole year; after which, upon the first *boutade* you make, I will give you my pass to be gone.

Next year, 1735, the Dean writes to the same lady, from Dublin:

I had some intention to go to Bath, but I had neither time nor leisure for such a journey; those times are past with me, and I am older by fourscore years since the first time I had the honour to see you. I got a giddiness by raw fruit when I was a lad in England, which I never could be wholly rid of, and it is now too late, so that I confine myself entirely to a domestic life. I am visited seldom, but visit much seldomer. I dine alone like a king, having few acquaintance, and those lessening daily. This town is not what you left it, and I impute the cause altogether to your absence.

It was impossible to answer your letter from *Paradise*—the old Grecians of Asia called every fine garden by that name; and, besides, when I consulted some friends, they conceived that, wherever you resided, that must needs be a paradise. Yet this was too general a direction if you were in a humour of rambling, unless the post-office had constant intelligence of your stages. With great submission I am sorry to find a lady make use of the word *paradise*, from which you turned us all out as well as yourselves; and pray tell me freely how many of your sex bring it along with them to their husband's houses? I was still at a loss where this Paradise* of yours might be, when Mrs. Donellan discovered the secret; she said it was a place (I forget in what shire)

---

* "Paradise." Sir John Stanley's villa at North End was called "Paradise;" but there was another place where Mrs. Pendarves was staying with her mother, which was also called Paradise.

where K. Charles 1st in his troubles used to ride because he found good watering for his horse! If that be all, we have ten thousand such paradises in this kingdom, of which you may have your choice, as my bay mare is ready to depose.

It is either a very low way of thinking, or as great a failure of education in either sex, to imagine that any man increases in his critical faculty in proportion to his wit and learning; it falls out always directly to the contrary. A common carpenter will work more cheerfully for a gentleman skilled in his trade than for a conceited fool who knows nothing of it. I must despise a lady who takes me for a pedant, and you have made me half angry with so many lines in your letter which look like a kind of apology for writing to me. Besides, to say the truth, the ladies in general are *extremely* mended both in writing and reading since I was young; only it is to be hoped that, in proper time, *gaming and dressing*, with some other accomplishments, may reduce them to their native ignorance. A woman of quality, who had excellent good sense, was formerly my correspondent, but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up in a Court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female; and I know several others of very high quality with the same defect.

* * * * * * *

I believe, madam, I am mistaken, and think myself to be in your company, where I could never be weary; no, it is otherwise, for in such a case I would rather choose to be your silent hearer and looker-on. But whether you may not be tired for the three minutes past is a different question; the surest way is to put an end to the debate by concluding by assuring you that I am, with the truest respect and esteem, &c.,

JONATH. SWIFT.*

SWIFT AND RABELAIS.

Swift was a great admirer of Rabelais; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went so far as to say that "Swift had stolen all his humour from Cervantes and Rabelais."

Among the Dean's books, sold by auction, 1745, was an edition of Rabelais' works, with remarks and annotations in his own hand. This, could it be recovered, would be a work of no little interest, considering that the germ, both of the *Tale of a Tub*, and of *Gulliver's Travels*, may be traced in the works of the French Lucian. Swift was not, indeed, under the necessity of disguising his allegory with the buffoonery and mysticism affected by Rabelais; but the sudden and wide digressive excursions, the strain of extraordinary reading and uncouth learning which is assumed, together with the general style of the whole fable, are indisputably derived from the humorous philosopher of Chinon. A strange passage which Quevedo has put into the mouth of a

* Selected from the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, edited by Lady Llanover, vol. i. 1861.

drunken bully, may, in the opinion of Mr. Theophilus Swift, have suggested the noted ridicule on Transubstantiation.

Pope and Swift differed much in their estimate of Rabelais. Pope tells us: "Dr. Swift was a great reader and admirer of Rabelais; and used sometimes to scold me for not liking him enough. Indeed, there are so many things in his works in which I could not see any manner of meaning driven at, that I never could read him over with any patience." Again he says: "Rabelais has written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. 'I will write something [says he] that they shall take notice of!' and so sat down to writing nonsense. Everybody allows that there are several things without any manner of meaning in his *Pantagruel*. Dr. Swift likes it much, and thinks there are more good things in it than I do."

Swift is characterized by Coleridge, as the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place. Can anything beat his remark on King William's motto (*Recepit, non rapicet*), "that the receiver was as bad as the thief?"

Swift could laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair; though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, "the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place."

Voltaire (*Lettres sur les Anglais*, Let. 22,) says: "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas à la vérité, la gaité du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manguent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien entendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays."

LOVE OF TEASING—IRONY.

The Dean was fond of pranks which bordered on childish sports. It will hardly be believed that he sometimes, by way of exercise, used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the large apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with his whip in his hand, till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise. It is said that there was an old gentleman, a Scot, or of Scottish extraction, settled in the north of Ireland, whom he used to tease with some story of the dirt and poverty of his country, till the old man, between jest and earnest, started

up with his cane uplifted, when Swift, in great seeming terror, would run away to hide himself.

In 1733, the Dean composed his celebrated *Rhapsody*, in which the ironical praises which he bestowed on the monarch, queen, and royal family, were taken in such good part, that he assured Dr. King he received *a message of thanks*. "*The Rhapsody*," says the Doctor, "might have continued to Swift the favour it had acquired him, if Lord Harvey had not undeceived Queen Caroline, and taken some pains to teach her the use and power of the irony."

There was found among Swift's papers a bitter epigram which he himself had written, with this characteristic endorsement:—"A wicked treasonable libel. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him."

But the inimitable piece of irony by which Swift, in one of his tracts on Ireland, proposes to relieve the distresses of the poor, by converting their children into food for the rich, has never been equalled in any age or country. The grave, formal, and business-like mode in which the calculations are given; the projector's protestation of absolute disinterest in the success of his plan; the economy with which he proposes the middling class should use this new species of food; and the magnificence which he attaches to the idea of a well-grown fat yearling child roasted whole, for a lord-mayor's feast; the style of a projector, and the terms of the shambles, so coolly and yet carefully preserved from beginning to end; render it one of the most extraordinary pieces of humour in our language. A foreign author was so much imposed upon by the gravity of the style, that he quoted it as an instance of the extreme distress of Ireland, which appeared to equal that of Jerusalem in its last siege, since a dignitary of the church was reduced to propose, as the only mode of alleviating the general misery, the horrid resource of feeding upon the children of the poor.

Mrs. Pilkington relates that she saw Swift cut the leaves out of a handsomely bound book of poems, and put them into the chimney-grate, saying, he would give them what they wanted greatly—*fire*—and that she was employed by him to paste into the cover the letters of his friends. Now, among Dr. Lyons' papers, there are actually the folio boards of a book which has suffered this operation, and in the inside, a list, in Swift's hand, of the letters which had been pasted in to supply the original contents.

PUNS AND PROVERBS.

Swift's fondness for puns is well known. Perhaps, the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down with her mantua a Cremona fiddle, is the best ever made:

Mantua, væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

To an elderly gentleman who had lost his spectacles, the Dean said: "If this rain continues all night, you will certainly recover them in the morning betimes:

Nocte pluit tota—redeunt spectacula mane."

Here is legitimate wit. A man of distinction, not remarkable for regularity in his private concerns, chose for his motto, *Eques haud male notus*. "Better known than trusted," was the Dean's translation, when some one related the circumstance.

Swift had an odd humour of making extempore proverbs. Observing that a gentleman in whose garden he walked with some friends, seemed to have no intention to request them to eat any of the fruit, Swift observed, "It was a saying of his dear grandmother,

Always pull a peach
When it is within your reach;"

and helping himself accordingly, his example was followed by the whole company. At another time he framed an "old saying and true," for the benefit of a person who had fallen from his horse into the mire:—

"The more dirt,
The less hurt."

The fallen man rose much consoled.

He threw some very useful rules into rhyming adages. Sheridan quotes two. One was a direction to those who ride together through the water:—

"When through the water you do ride,
Keep very close, or very wide."

Another related to the decanting of wine:—

"First rack slow, and then rack quick,
Then rack slow till you come to the thick."

ANGLO-LATIN AND ANGLO-ENGLISH.

Swift left a manuscript collection of *jeux d'esprit* of that particular class invented by himself, and designated Anglo-Latin and Anglo-English; in which Latin or English sentences are so contrived as, by adopting a different combination of the syllables, to make other sentences in English. The following is an example:

Ire membri meta citi zeno fures at nans a citra velle do verto Itali.
I remember I met a citizen of yours at Nantes as I travelled over to Italy.

THE DEAN'S VERSES.

Swift's poems are not, properly speaking, poetry, nor is Swift a poet; his imagination is not of the kind which produces poetry; it is not filled with the beauty and magnificence of nature, but with the petty details of artificial life; he is a satirist of the first class; as a poetical describer of manners, he has never been excelled: as a poetical humourist he almost stands alone; indeed the most delightful of his poems are those in which he expresses the notions and uses the language of some assumed character, as in "Mrs. Harris's Petition." In this species of humour he had no model, and, with the exception of Thomas Hood, no imitator has ever approached him. Of the general style of his poems, Dr. Johnson remarks that "the diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression or a redundant epithet. All his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—they consist of proper words in proper places."

THE LAST EPIGRAM.

The last thing the Dean wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he was taking exercise during his mental disease:

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine!

SWIFT AND ADDISON.

Swift, writing to Addison, says: "I read your character in Mrs. Manly's noble *Memoirs of Europe*, [a scandalous lampoon,

in which Addison is introduced under the name of Maro.] It seems to me as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where about once in five hundred times they happen to be right."

In the same letter to Addison, Swift says: "I do not desire to hear from you till you are out of [*the*] hurry at Malmesbury [his election]. I long till you have some good account of your Indian affairs, so as to make public business depend upon you and not you upon that."

Addison wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of his Remarks on Italy, which he presented to Swift, the following brief but emphatic testimony:

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift, The most Agreeable Companion, The Truest Friend, And the Greatest Genius of his Age, This Book is presented by his most Humble Servant the Author." This precious autograph is in the collection of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury.

SWIFT AND DR. JOHNSON.

Boswell notes: "Johnson seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift, for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he said he had not. He said to-day, 'Swift is clear, but he is shallow. In coarse humour he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour, he is inferior to Addison. So he is inferior to his contemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the *Tale of a Tub* was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi*.'" To which Mr. Croker adds, "There probably was no opportunity for what could be, in strictness, called *personal offence*, as there was no *personal intercourse* between Swift and Johnson, but the editor agrees with Mr. Boswell in suspecting there was some such cause for Johnson's otherwise 'unaccountable prejudice.' . . . . What could Johnson mean by calling Swift '*shallow?*' If *he* be *shallow*, who in his department of literature is profound?"

POPE, SWIFT, AND BYRON.

When Pope, at the age of five-and-twenty, complained of being weary of the world, he was told by Swift that he "had

not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it." But far different was the youth of Pope and of Byron;—what the former had but anticipated in thought, the latter had drunk deep in reality; at an age when the one was but looking forth on the sea of life, the other had plunged in, and tried its depths. Swift himself, in whom early disappointments and wrongs had opened a vein of bitterness that never again closed, affords a far closer parallel to the fate of our noble poet, as well in the untimeliness of the trials he had been doomed to encounter, as in the traces of the havoc which they left in his character.—Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. i. p. 265.

HAZARDING A CRITICISM.

Scott, *following the example of Dr. Wharton*, says:—"To the drama, Swift was so indifferent, that he never once alludes to the writings of Shakspeare; nor does he appear to have possessed a copy of his works." The best reply to this haphazard annotation is:—

In the following places Swift refers to Shakspeare, and doubtless there are many others.—In vol. iii., page 11, he alludes to Henry VIII.—In vol. vii., page 233, to Julius Cæsar.—In vol. ix., page 227, to Hamlet.—In vol. xiv., page 252, to Macbeth.—In vol. xv., page 257, to Henry V.—In vol. xvi., page 57, where he advises Mr. Drapier to use translation as a bridle to his genius, which employment, he says, will teach him to write like a modest man, he manifestly alludes to the following passage of the *Merchant of Venice*:—

> ——"pray thee, take pains,
> To allay with some cold drops of modesty
> Thy skipping spirit."

In vol. ix., page 396, he calls him "the great Shakspeare," and afterwards, in the same passage, says he was "an excellent poet." These passages prove sufficiently that Swift was not only well acquainted with the works of the sublime British bard, but likewise that he greatly admired him, which, to use Fluellen's language, is "a phrase a little variations" from Scott's. The same editor relates, what is indeed "wonderful to be told," that Swift was not possessed of a copy of Shakspeare's Works. The only foundation, however, for this assertion, is, that there does not appear one among his books sold after his decease.

ODD BLUNDER.

The following oddity is attributed both to Swift and Lockier:—"In the coffee-house yesterday I received a letter, in which there was one word which consisted of but one

syllable, and that syllable of but one letter, and yet the fellow had contrived to have three false spellings in it." The solution is *Eye* instead of I.

THE DEAN'S CONVERSATION.

The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings, concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a Sheriff's feast, who, amongst other toasts, called out to him, "Mr. Dean, the trade of Ireland!" He answered quickly: "Sir, I drink no memories!"

Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things . . . and who cried out—"You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!" "Do you so," says the Dean, "take my advice, and sit down again!"

Dr. Young says: "Swift had a mixture of insolence in his conversation."

THE DEAN'S VERISIMILITUDE.

Swift seems, like the Persian dervise, to have possessed the faculty of transfusing his own soul into the body of any one whom he selected;—of seeing with his eyes, employing every organ of his sense, and even becoming master of the powers of his judgment. Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new journey to Paris, Mrs. Harris, Mary the cook-maid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politician who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as they are in appearance from the Dean of St. Patrick's. Each maintains his own character, moves in his own sphere, and is struck with those circumstances which his situation in life, or habits of thinking, have rendered most interesting to him as an individual.—Scott's *Life*.

SWIFT'S WEEKLY RHYME.

The Dean, in a letter to Dr. Thomas Sheridan, says: "Here is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them!

Sunday's a pun day:
Monday's a dun day:
Tuesday's a news day:
Wednesday's a friend's day:
Thursday's a cursed day:
Friday's a dry day:
Saturday's the latter day."

SWIFT'S BROADSIDES—PUNCH.

Some of the Dean's best pieces appeared in the form of broadsides, and were originally printed for private distribution; many of them, particularly the satirical and political poems, were given into the hands of ballad-singers, hawkers, and newsvenders, and were sung through the streets of London and Dublin. Others were posted on the walls. Mr. Wilde possesses a large collection of these broadsides. One relates to a personage who has acquired great literary celebrity since Swift's time—namely, Punch—his "Petition to the Ladies;" and underneath the heading, in the Dean's handwriting, we find this sentence, "Written upon Secretary Hopkins refusing to let Stretch act without a large sum of money." This broadside concludes with "Punch cum sociis."

GRUB-STREET.

Swift delighted in "Grub-street." Thus, in his *Journal to Stella:* "I have this morning sent out another Grub-street." "Grub-street has but ten days to run, then an Act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every sheet a halfpenny." "Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money." Swift also wrote some homely "Advice to the Grub-street Verse-writers;" but it has been significantly hinted that had it not been for Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb, of Grub-street parentage, it is believed we should never have heard either of the Brobdingnagians or Lilliputians.

"HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES."

Swift proposed to clear the world of some of its greatest nuisances by confining them in one vast receptable, for which purpose he devised his "Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables," wherein he says, by a plain computation, it is evident that two hundred thousand persons will be daily provided for; and the allowance for maintaining this collection of incurables may be seen in the following account:

		For the Incurables.			*Per day.*
Fools,	being .	20,000	at one shilling	each .	£1000
Knaves	,, .	30,000	,,	,, .	1500
Scolds	,, .	30,000	,,	,, .	1500
Scribblers	,, .	40,000	,,	,, .	2000
Coxcombs	,, .	10,000	,,	,, .	500
Infidels	,, .	10,000	,,	,, .	500
Liars	,, .	30,000	,,	,, .	1500
Envious	,, .	20,000	,,	,, .	1000
Vain	,, .	10,000	,,	,, .	500
Total maintained	.	200,000	Total expense	.	£10,000

From whence it appears that the daily expense will amount to such a sum as, in 365 days, comes to £3,650,000

WRITING ENGLISH.

Swift laid down several rules for writing our language; Pope considered them the best he had ever heard, although three in four of them were not thoroughly well grounded. The Dean in a letter to Mr. Hooke, observes: "one of the greatest difficulties in our language lies in the use of the *relatives*, and the making it always evident to what *antecedents* they refer." This is strangely neglected in the present day.

The following (says Hooke) is an instance of what Swift used to call the Parson's style: "That were not of it." growth, or at least, made free of Rome." It should be—"That were not of the growth of Rome, or, at least, made free of it."

Swift was out of humour with many words coined in his own time;—"a common foible with elderly men, who seem to think that everything was in perfection when they entered the world, and could not be altered but for the worse."—*Walpole.*

ON PSYCHE.

Mrs. Sican (or *Sycon*), one of Swift's female wits, had her name transformed by the Dean into Psyche, in the following verses:

At two afternoon, for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire;
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns a whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with *prudence* takes care of the *main*.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit,
For her taste is almost as refined as her wit.

To oblige a good friend she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

SWIFT'S MEMORY.

Mrs. Pilkington tells us that Swift took down a *Hudibras* one day, and ordered her to examine him in the book, when, to her great surprise, she found he remembered every line, from beginning to end of it.—(*Memoirs*, vol. i.) Mrs. Pilkington is a lady, whose word is to be taken *cum multis granis;* nor is it very likely she would ever have heard the Dean repeat a whole volume through; but if Swift knew any author entire, Butler is likely to have been the man. His style of writing is evidently the origin of Swift's.—*Leigh Hunt.*

SWIFTIANA.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning.

I forget whether advice be among bad things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon: that and time ought to have been there.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense: it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times; for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Anthony Henley's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in: and these are always at the mouth; as people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards and pretences to foretel events.

A person was asked at Court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

It is with religion as with paternal affection: some profligate wretches may forget it, and some, through perverse thinking, may not see any reason for it; but the bulk of mankind will love their children.

It is with men as with beauties: if they pass the flower, they lie neglected for ever.

Courtiers resemble gamesters; the latter finding new arts unknown to the older.

Monday is parson's holiday.

We were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking, little thinking.

Swift, in the *Examiner*, defends aristocracy on its true grounds, but with a fierceness quite equal to his brilliant wit. "A pearl," says he, writing of the positions from which great men have come, "holds its value though it be found on a dunghill; *only that is not the most probable place to look for it.*"

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This Swift once said to Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerk in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

Dr. Young relates: "I'll send you my bill of fare," said Lord B., when trying to persuade Dr. Swift to dine with him.—"Send me your bill of company," was Swift's answer to him.

I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, [says Swift,] and had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish.

Lord Masham made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot with their hollow sides down, then

put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are thus boiled in their own liquor, and not mixed with water.

THE DEAN'S LAST ILLNESS.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own, although none of them are said to have been insane. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germaine, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a "fulness of blood to the head."

It is also remarkable that the last sufferings of Sir Walter Scott present a striking parallel to the case of Swift in nearly every particular except in point of duration. When Scott was in his fifty-eighth year, he first began to feel those premonitory symptoms of incipient disease of the brain under which Swift laboured from the time he was twenty-three. Many of Sir Walter's symptoms, in the two closing years of his life, resemble those of Swift; and the *post mortem* symptoms were very much alike.—Wilde's *Closing Years, &c.*

On the Wednesday after Swift expired, there appeared in No. 157 of the *Dublin Courant*, the Dean's memorable Verses on his own Death, wherein is this passage on account of the complaints of our neighbours:

"Yet should some neighbour feel a pain,
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send,
What hearty prayers that I should mend;
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed."

THE SKULLS OF SWIFT AND STELLA.

In 1835, in making some alterations in the aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, several coffins were exposed, and amongst others, those of Swift and Stella, which lay side by side. The British Association for the Advancement of Science was then holding its meeting in Dublin, and the skulls of Swift and Stella were removed from their coffins, and were carried to most of the learned Societies in the city. "The University, where Swift had so often toiled, again beheld him, but in another place; the Cathedral which heard his preaching,—the Chapter-house which heard his sarcasm,—the Deanery

which resounded with his sparkling wit, and where he gossiped with Sheridan and Delany,—the lanes and alleys which knew his charity,—the squares and streets where the people shouted his name in the days of his unexampled popularity,—the mansions where he was the honoured and much-sought guest,—perhaps the very rooms he had often visited,—were again occupied by the dust of Swift!"—Wilde's *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.*

Casts and drawings were made of the skulls; and that of Swift was carefully examined by Mr. Hamilton, of Dublin, who says:

On looking at Swift's skull, the first thing that struck me was the extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out as the *organs of wit, causality, and comparison, being scarcely developed at all;* but the head rose gradually, and was high from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philo-progenitiveness, amativeness, &c., appeared excessive.

"Although the skull, phrenologically considered, might be thought deficient, yet its capacity was, in reality, very great, capable of containing such a brain as we might expect in so remarkable a genius; a section of it exceeding that of an ordinary skull in a very remarkable manner, particularly in its transverse diameter."

Mr. Hamilton adds, that "the cranium, in its great length in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection—resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of North-Western Europe which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."

A cast was taken of the interior of the cranium, which is of exceeding interest, inasmuch as it accurately represents the enormous development of the vessels within the cranium, resembling the cast of a recent brain much more than that of the interior of a skull.

Prior to the above date (1835,) Swift's skull had been pronounced by a phrenologist to be very common-place indeed,—nay, from the low frontal development, almost that of a fool; and in the measurements of the cranium given in the *Phrenological Journal*, we find amativeness large and wit small! with similar contradictions to the well-known character of his genius. But all these discrepancies were endeavoured to be accounted for by the fact, that the skull then presented was not that of Swift, the wit, the caustic writer, and the patriot,—but that of Swift, the madman and the fool; and to explain this it has been asserted, that the skull had collapsed or fallen in some places! No such change exists; and Esquirol, one of the highest authorities on the subject, has found, from long

observation, that the skull previously normal, does not alter its form or capacity from long-continued insanity or imbecility.

Thus, concludes Mr. Wilde, the circumstance of Dean Swift's head exhibiting small intellectual and large animal propensities—little wit and great amativeness—has not yet been accounted for by the votaries of phrenology.

THE DEAN SHAVING.

The quality or talent of humour is often, as Pope remarked in the case of Wycherley, the last to leave a man. At the time Swift was writing to Pope in a strain of gloom and despondency, we find this characteristic note to his cousin, Mrs. Whiteway, concerning a box of soap and a brush which had been sent to him by his cousin, Mr. D. Swift:

"Mr. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended: for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu.

"I am ever, &c.

"JON. SWIFT.

"Oct. 3rd or 4th, or rather, as the butler says, the 2nd, on Tuesday, 1738."

The Dean was then in his seventy-first year.

SWIFT AND MACAULAY—A PARALLEL.

The opening of Lord Macaulay's *History of England* has too great a resemblance to the opening paragraph of Swift's *Four Last Years of Queen Anne*. Let our readers judge. Here is Macaulay:—

I purpose to write the History of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our Sovereigns and their Parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall narrate how

the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how one country, from a stage of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European Powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, &c.

Here is Swift:—

I propose to give the public an account of the most important affairs at home, during the last session of Parliament, as well as of our negotiations of peace abroad—not only during that period, but some time before and since. I shall narrate the chief matters transacted by both houses in that session, and discover the designs carried on by the heads of a discontented party—not only against the Ministry, but, in some manner, against the Crown itself. I likewise shall state the debts of the nation; show by what mismanagement, and to serve what purposes, they were at first contracted; by what negligence or corruption they have so prodigiously grown; and what methods, &c.

We are not, we are told, to mistake resemblances for thefts; but here the marks of imitation are too great to be accidental. Perhaps Swift's opening paragraph was ringing, unconsciously, in Macaulay's ears whilst he was framing and elaborating his own well-turned sentences.—*Peter Cunningham, F.S.A.*

Lord Macaulay, it will be seen by referring to p. 54, did not scruple to suspect the Dean of having borrowed "one of the happiest touches" in *Gulliver's Travels.*

CHARACTER OF LORD OXFORD.

Swift said of this truly great statesman: "The Lord Treasurer is the greatest minister I ever knew: regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions, and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company, he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who had no business at all." Yet Swift knew the great foible of his friend, and in his frank and familiar manner occasionally told him of his fault, which appears to have been a sort of indolent procrastination, rather than negligence.

On somebody's saying of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it, Lord Oxford's answer was, "You don't know how far the good people of England will bear"—a reply as applicable at the present moment as on the day Lord Oxford uttered it.

Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford commenced in October, 1709; in a poem, 1713, he says:

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend.

And in the same year:

My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor took his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there.
A canon! that's a place too mean,
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean.

Swift's political service to Lord Oxford is well expressed in the saying that "he oiled many a spring which Harley moved."

THE DEAN AND MISS BARTON.

Among the admirers of the beautiful Miss Barton, the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, was Swift, who frequently visited her, and on one occasion "at her lodgings." She resided in the house of her uncle, until her marriage with Mr. John Conduitt, M.P., of Cranbury, in Hampshire.

Miss Barton, (or Mrs. Barton, as she is called,) is often mentioned in Swift's Letters to Stella, with the same disregard for her affection that suffered the Dean to mention other of his female friends. Thus we find:

"1710, Sept. 28. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings."

[This is the only place where Swift speaks of Mrs. Barton's lodgings, and it is important to observe that Newton was at that very time removing from Chelsea to St. Martin's-street, so that Mrs. Barton was, probably, occupying lodgings for a short time while the house was preparing for her uncle. It is quite clear, also, from the extracts dated October 9, 25, and November 28, 1711, that Mrs. Barton was living at Newton's house, in Leicester Fields.—*Note: Appendix to Sir David Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton*, vol. ii. p. 492.]

Next, we find the following entries:

1710. Nov. 30.—To-day I dined with Mrs. Barton alone.
1710. Dec. 19.—I visited Mrs. Barton.

1711. Jan. 23.—I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment.

1711. March 7.—Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner, and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that S. & D. [Stella and Dingley] used, when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

1711. April 3.—I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton. I love her better than anybody here, and see her seldomer. Why really now, so it often happens in the world that when one loves a body best—psha, psha, you are so silly with your moral observations.

1711. May 29.—Pr'ythee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffee-house; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Harley, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, &c.

1711. July 6.—An ugly rainy day; I was to visit Mrs. Barton.

1711. Oct. 14.—I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton: it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother (who had been drowned) only for form, and he was a sad dog.

1711. Oct. 25.—I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour.

1711. Nov. 20.—I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germaine; never saw the like. They turn all this affair of pope-burning into ridicule, and indeed they have made too great clatter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults.

1711. Nov. 28.—I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady, but I have taken another lodging hard by in Leicester Fields.

Thus we see how Swift esteemed and loved Mrs. Barton: yet, there is a scandalous story that she resided with Lord Halifax as his mistress.—(See Brewster's *Life of Newton*, vol. ii.)

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF SWIFT.

Mr. Hannay, in his *Satire and Satirists*, shrewdly notes: "I doubt if even Swift's writings give us a fair notion of his powers; and incline to lay more stress on the personal impression made by him." "You best understand what a magnetism of force, of intellect, and of character, was about Swift, when you see how people wrote to him." Compare the following: "Sir, That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish; as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered when the names of kings, Lord-lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament-politicians, will be forgotten."—Carteret, (in 1735.) "Adieu! no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do."—Bolingbroke, (1734.) "You have overturned and supported ministers, you have set kingdoms

in a flame with your pen."—Bathurst, (1730.) By-the-bye, good Lord Bathurst seems to have understood the humour of Swift's *Modest Proposal*, &c., (for roasting children, *see* p. 105, *ante*) perfectly; and in a letter to the Dean, says that Lady Bathurst and he thought of beginning with their youngest boy. It was not a satire on matrimony, but on English government of Ireland. Swift has been unfairly suspected of paying court to the Duchess of Queensberry; the court was on the side of the Duchess.

There are so many points of Swift's history upon which we are not yet satisfactorily informed, that it is hard to make up one's mind upon the precise character of the man. Books, and tracts, essays and reviews, innumerable, have been written upon the Dean's shortcomings and excellences; yet in the multitude of books there is not always most truth; and it is a wicked practice of the world—when they do not *know* anything to *think* the worst. But, we are improving in these matters, and one of the latest views of Swift's character appears, to our thinking, the fairest: it has neither the savage scorn of the assailant who gets up his case for working upon the passions of his readers or his audience, like a piece of stage-effect; nor has it the prudery and nicety which seek to over-estimate trifles, and magnify specks of character into huge transgressions; but it has the manliness and straightforwardness of a writer who has not taken for granted, but has conscientiously examined his subject, and employed honest means for arriving at the truth. Such is the merit of the following brief summary of Swift's character, by Mr. James Hannay, in his very able volume of lectures, *Satire and Satirists:*

His [Swift's] "misanthropy," and the endless "Stella and Vanessa" controversy, are the two features about Swift which have most affected his reputation with posterity. He is the fiercest, and, take him all in all, the greatest of all the satirists:—and as for his scorn for the world, it did not prevent him loving and honouring his friends, from Pope down to Gay; it did not hinder him from being loved by the poor, whose gratitude may be set against whatever ill effect the story of his freaks of rudeness may have upon your opinion. I have not presumed to speak of him without making myself acquainted with these stories, and the other stories about him. I read him first years ago, when I had no possible interest in believing on one side or the other, and long before I dreamt that I should lecture upon him; and all I can say is, that an image of his general greatness of mind and character impressed itself upon me; upon which there might be specks, perhaps, the result of disease and misfortune, but not such as to warrant any one in maintaining that Swift was, taken all in all, a bad and unlovable man.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

BIRTH OF STEELE—HIS ANCESTRY.

RICHARD STEELE, the humourist, whose family on his father's side were English, but he had an Irish mother, was born on the 12th of March, 1671, in Dublin, where his father held the office of private secretary to the first Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mrs. Steele was a Miss Devereux, of the county of Wexford;* who is described by her son, in the *Tatler*, No. 181, as "a very beautiful woman, and of a very noble spirit."

Steele was the grandson of William Steele, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland under the Cromwells, and who was born at Sandbach, in Cheshire, in a moated house called Giddy Hall, long since removed. He was the eldest son of Richard Steele, of Sandbach, who was himself the second son of Thomas Steele, of Weston, in the same county. William was early removed by his father to Finchley, in Middlesex, where he resided in 1631, the year of his admission into Gray's Inn. He was called to the Bar in 1637, and was returned Member of Parliament for the port of Romney in 1640. In consequence of the zeal he displayed in all the proceedings against the king, he early secured the favour of Cromwell and the Parliament, by whom he was appointed Attorney-General for the Commonwealth; Recorder of London; Chief Baron of the Exchequer in England; and, lastly, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which post he filled until the Restoration. He married Elizabeth Godfrey, by whom he had one son, Richard. According to another authority (Noble's *Cromwells*), he was married (probably a second time) to the widow of Michael Harvey, youngest brother of Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. He died in Dublin, and was buried in St. Werburgh's churchyard in that city. His son Richard, also a member of the bar, was admitted into the King's Inns, Dublin, on the 11th June, 1667; was secretary to the Duke of Ormond, and the father of Sir Richard Steele, as above stated. Sir Richard was twice married: by his first wife he had no issue; by his second wife he had two sons, Richard and Eugene, both of whom died before their father; and two daughters—one of whom, Elizabeth, was married to Baron Trevor, who left but one daughter named Diana. Hence this branch of the family became extinct. The second brother of Lord Chancellor Steele was

* Nichols, however, infers the lady's name to have been Gascoigne.

named Lawrence, who was one of the clerks of the Irish House of Commons between the years 1662 and 1679. From him have descended the "Steeles of Rathbride," whose pedigree is given in detail in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, of which family Dr. Wm. Edward Steele, of Dublin, is a member. Of George Steele, the third brother of the Chancellor, nothing whatever appears to be known.—*Communications by Dr. Steele to Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., Nos. 291 and 295.

STEELE LOSES HIS FATHER.

When in his fifth year, Steele had the misfortune to lose his father; and that his death sorely touched the affectionate boy was narrated by him in after-life, in the *Tatler*, No. 181, wherein he thus describes this loss as his earliest recollection and his earliest grief.

"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground, whence he never would come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

STEELE AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

The Duke of Ormond, the patron of Steele's father, was one of the Governors of the old school of Charter-house, near Smithfield, where, as soon after his father's death as he could be entered, Richard Steele was sent as gown-boy. Respecting him the following entries exist in the books of the Charter-house; for which information Dr. Steele is indebted to the kindness of the present Principal of that institution:—

"Nov. 17th, 1684. Richard Steel, admitted for the Duke of Ormond" (*i.e.* nominated by him); "aged 13 years, on 12th March last;" and "Nov. 1st, 1689, Richard Steel elected to the University." (Here we see the name has not a final *e*.)

Mr. Thackeray, who was himself educated upon this noble institution, has speculatively sketched Steele's schoolboy life. He says:

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charter-house School; and have no doubt, it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, the boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory, engagements with the neighbouring lollipop vendors and piemen—exhibited an early fondness for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend.—*Lecture on English Humourists.*

The writer admits that he has "no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life;" but he reasons upon the child being father of the man; adding, "if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the word *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain." There is, however, presumptive evidence that Steele was not so bad a boy as here sketched—"from his ready scholarship of after years, as well as from the kind expressions long interchanged between him and its old head-master, Dr. Ellis, he may be assumed to have passed fairly through the school. Of his positive acquisitions only one is known, but it is by far the most important. Not the glory of his having carried off every prize and exhibition attainable, if such had been his, would have interested him half so much as the fact that here began his friendship with Joseph Addison."—Forster's *Biographical Essays*.

Mr. Thackeray, pursuing his theory, regards Addison as Steele's head-boy at his school, adding:

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gown-boy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head-boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages: fagged for him and blacked his shoes; to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon and a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.—*Lecture.*

STEELE AND ADDISON AT OXFORD.

The friendship of the two Carthusians which was commenced in the monastic courts, playing-green, and wilderness of good old Thomas Sutton's "greatest gift in England,"—was transplanted to the academic groves of Merton and Magdalen, at Oxford. Mr. Forster has thus touchingly embellished this college companionship:

The son of the Dean of Lichfield was only three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority, and through life Steele never lost the habit of looking up to his friend. He went himself to Oxford in 1692, at the head of that year's postmasters for Merton; but his intercourse with the scholar of Magdalen had not ceased in the interval. "Pleasant traces are left for us which connect the little fatherless lad with visitings to Addison's father, who loved him. Like one of his own children, he loved me, exclaimed Steele, towards the close of his life. Those children, too, apart from his famous schoolfellow, he thanks for their affection to him; and among the possessions of his youth, retained until death, was a letter in the handwriting of the good old Dean, giving his blessing on the friendship between his son and me." The little black-eyed dusky-faced lad had made himself popular at the Lichfield deanery; and he brought away from it we will not doubt, that first ineffaceable impression which remained alike through the weakness and strength of his future years, that religion was a part of goodness, and that cheerfulness should be inseparable from piety.—*Essays.*

Steele passed three years at Oxford: his companionship with Addison ripened into a memorable friendship; although Merton is not so popularly associated with Steele as is Magdalen with his brother essayist, in the famous "Addison's Walk." Steele left Oxford with the love of "the whole society," but without a degree, after writing a comedy, which, however, he burnt, upon a friend telling him it was not worth keeping.

Steele long cherished his love of the venerable seat of learning: fourteen years afterwards, in his 39th *Tatler*, Mr. Bickerstaff thus records his visit to Oxford: "Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and

learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among these happy people that you should see an earl walk bareheaded to the son of the meanest artificer in regard to seven years' more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philosopher, who has, by many years' experience in the world, learned to contemn everything but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenuous youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges."

Again, in the forty-fifth *Tatler*, Steele publishes to the world that puppet-shows are permitted at Oxford; and inserts a letter from a correspondent "from Mother Gourdon's, at Hedington, near Oxon," complaining of some indecencies of Punch, who disturbs a soft love-scene with his ribaldry. Then follow some curious speculations as to the antiquity and chronology of Punch, tracing it to Thespis and his cart, the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus.

Somewhat later, there was witnessed at Oxford a performance of the puppet by one who grew to be a prince of humourists: Murphy believes that Foote *acted Punch* in disguise during his student career at Worcester College, in Oxford, 1737-40.*

* We imagine the Punch of 1709 in full play at Oxford: there were then more *pitches* than now for his theatre: of course he could not be tolerated in college, notwithstanding his supposed classical origin. "The Broad" would afford verge enough for the spectators; we imagine the cracked voice of the old hook-nosed libertine, and the shriek of his Judy, re-echoing through one of the many lone spots and leafy corners of the time-worn city; and, curiously enough, should the reader step into the Bodleian Library, and examine its MS. treasures, he will there find, in a French romance of the fourteenth century, an illuminated drawing of a puppet-show executed with great distinctness, the figures bearing an almost exact resemblance to the modern figures of Punch and Judy.

STEELE ENLISTS IN THE HORSE GUARDS.

The burning of his first comedy appears to have fed the flame of Steele's patriotism: he was already a hot politician, and entering heartily into the struggle of which the greatest champion now sat on the English throne, he resolved to throw a sword, if not a pen into the scale, and plant himself behind King William III. against Louis XIV. Steele's friends interfered, and a rich relative of his mother, who had named him heir to a large estate in Wexford, threatened to disinherit him if he took that course. He took it, and was disinherited; giving the express reason, many years later, that when he so cocked his hat, put on a broadsword, jack-boots, and a shoulder-belt, and mounted a war-horse, under the unhappy Duke of Ormond's command, he had mistaken his own genius, and did not know that he could handle a pen more effectively than a sword. Failing to obtain a commission, Steele entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards; and we picture him with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, "all mounted on black horses, with white feathers in their hats, and scarlet coats richly laced," marched by King William in Hyde Park, in November, 1699, and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people, and above a thousand coaches. "The Guards had just got their new clothes," the *London Post* said: "they are extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finest body of horse in the world."

Steele's wit, vivacity, and good-humour speedily rendered him such a favourite, that the officers of his regiment were desirous to have him among themselves, and obtained for him a cornetcy, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lord Lucas's Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, to whom he acted as private secretary. He now plunged deeply into the fashionable gaieties and vices of the town. During this course of dissipation, being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he had often repented, and which he more often repeated, he wrote for his own admonition, a little book called the *Christian Hero*, which is not, as it has been described, "a valuable little manual" of religious exercises for ease in "the intervals snatched from the orgies of voluptuousness." Mr. Forster has better characterized it as "not a book of either texts or

prayers. There was nothing in it that a man conscious of all infirmities might not write; but there was also that in it which must have made its writer more conscious of his powers than he had been till then, and which influenced his future perhaps more than any one has supposed." He sets out by correcting the disregard of religion and decency in the men of wit of that age; and he shows, from Scripture, what the Christian system is; handling it with no theological pretension, but as the common inheritance vouchsafed to us all. In this book we see the practical and gentle philosophy of the *Tatler*, not less than its language, anticipated by Captain Steele: the spirit of both being a hearty sympathy with humanity; a belief that it is not possible for a human heart to be averse to anything that is human; a desire to link the highest associations to the commonest things; that mirth can exist with virtue; that life's road may be smoothed by the least acts of benevolence as well as the greatest; and the lesson so to keep our understandings balanced, that things shall appear to us "great or little as they are in nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident and fortune."

Captain Steele dedicated his little book to Lord Cutts, dated it from the Tower Guard, and wound it up with a parallel between the French and the English King, not unbecoming a Christian soldier.

But it is said that the officers of Lucas's, and the gentlemen of the Guards laughed at Steele; indeed, his alternate sinning and repenting made them merry at his expense. His griefs and most solemn and tender emotions were strangely interrupted: as, by the arrival of a hamper of wine, "the same as is to be sold at Garraway's, next week," upon the receipt of which he sent for three friends, and they fell to instantly, "drinking two bottles a-piece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning." He acknowledged that after the publication of the *Christian Hero*, in 1701, he was not thought so good a companion, and he found it necessary to enliven his character by another kind of writing.

STEELE'S FIRST PLAY.

Steele had now discovered what he best could do; and his transition from the soldier to the wit led him from the Tower to the St. James's coffee-house. Here Congreve now sat in

the chair just vacated by Dryden, and he showed unusual kindness to his new and promising recruit. In a letter of this date he talks cordially of Dick Steele, no trifling distinction: "I hope I may have leave to indulge my vanity," says Steele, "by telling all the world that Mr. Congreve is my friend."

Steele's first dramatic production, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, was played at Drury Lane, in 1702, with Cibber, Wilks, Norris, and Mrs. Oldfield in the cast. With much lively humour, Steele had combined in this comedy a moral purpose superior to that of most of the dramatic pieces of the time. There were many Guardsmen and Fusiliers in the house on the first performance, and their fellow-soldier's success was complete. One character, a widow, who is hoaxed with her husband's supposed death, is a masterpiece of comedy. The lawyers and undertakers are the butts in the piece; imagine Sable the undertaker reviewing his regiment of mourners, and talking thus about their duty:

"Ha, you!—A little more upon the dismal [*forming their countenances*]; this fellow has a good mortal look,—place him near the corpse: that wainscot-face must be o' top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—But I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder—that hale, well-looking puppy! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and twenty, shillings a week to be sorrowful?—and the more I give you I think the gladder you are!*"

Steele began another comedy, the *Tender Husband*, which Addison heightened with his exquisite humour: he wrote the prologue, and to him the piece was dedicated. In 1704, Steele came upon the town with another comedy, his *Lying Lover*, which, as he, some years later, told the House of Commons, was damned for its piety, so dull did the Town think it. With this strange incident, closed for the present Captain Steele's dramatic career. Steele had affairs of much greater importance to take up his time and thoughts: he soon after received from the minister, Harley, the office of Gazetteer, and with it the post of Gentleman-Usher in the household of Prince George.

STEELE'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

Shortly before this, Steele married the sister of a planter in Barbados, and received with her a moderate fortune; but he was left a widower not many months after.

The maiden name of Sir Richard Steele's first wife is not given by his biographers. That she was known after some fashion to her successor, appears from the letter in which Miss Scurlock informs her mother of her engagement to Steele, whom she goes on to describe as "the husband of the person whose funeral [she] attended." And so Steele himself, in his letter to Mrs. Scurlock, the mother, tells her, in allusion to his means of living, of a certain estate in Barbados, which had devolved upon him in right of his deceased wife. Nichols, in his edition of *Steele's Letters*, confesses that he was never able to discover the maiden name of the lady; but he generously adds, that at least nothing is known against her reputation; in fact, that the concealment of her name was the result of mere accident. It is, however, known that she had succeeded unexpectedly to the Barbados estate in consequence of the death of her only brother, who had been captured by a French privateer on his way to England, and died abroad. Steele soon got rid of the estate, the sale of which was negotiated by Rowland Tryon, his attorney, in 1708.—*Communicated by Mr. Robert Reece to Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 292.

STEELE'S SECOND COURTSHIP.

This was not a very long one; but the *billets*, though few, do not lack intensity. Once accepted, his letters are incessant. He writes to her every hour, as he thinks of her every moment of the day. He cannot read his books, he cannot see his friends, for thinking of her. When Addison and he are together at Chelsea, he steals a moment while his friend is in the next room, to tell the charmer of his soul that he is only and passionately hers. Here are a few of the letters:

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

"*Aug.* 14, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"I came to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another time of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write; and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb; and the highest happiness, as well as highest grief, seizes us too violently to be expressed by our words.

"You are so good as to let me know I shall have the honour of seeing you when I next come here. I will live upon that expectation, and meditate upon your perfections till that happy hour. The vainest

woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions which I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance, motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation; I know not what to say, but that I love you with the sincerest passion that ever entered the heart of man. I will make it the business of my life to find out the means of convincing you that I prefer you to all that is pleasing upon earth.

"I am, Madam, your most obedient,
"most faithful, humble servant,
——— "R STEELE."

"*Lord Sunderland's Office*, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"With what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms I am denied to approach. In a word, you must either give me a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore, say the day in which you will take that of

"Madam, your most obedient,
"most devoted, humble servant,
——— "R. STEELE."

"*Aug.* 22, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"If my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think and to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! how is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity: to grant it would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire, of beauty. If you would consider aright, you will find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I would enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, the life which you bestow on me shall be no more my own.

"I am your most devoted, most obedient servant,
"R. STEELE."

"*Aug.* 30, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair companion, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love to bless the rights he has ordained—and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other.

"I am for ever your faithful servant,

"RICH. STEELE."

Some few hours afterwards, apparently, Mistress Scurlock received the next letter—obviously written later in the day!

"*Saturday night* [*Aug.* 30, 1707].

"DEAR, LOVELY, MRS. SCURLOCK,—

"'I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I love best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you.*

"RICH. STEELE."

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

"*Sept.* 1, 1707.

"MADAM,—

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As to me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning, 'what news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'she is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I had been last at Hampton Court?' I replied, 'it will on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Prythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love,

A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who could live, to live without thee?

"Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

"I am ever yours,

"RICH. STEELE."

Two days after this he expounds his circumstances and prospects to the young lady's mamma. He dates from "Lord Sunderland's office, Whitehall," and states his clear income,

at 1025*l.* per annum. "I promise myself," says he, "the pleasure of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you." The happy day was fixed at last; and "on Tuesday come se'nnight," the 9th of September, 1707, the adorable Molly Scurlock became Mrs. Richard Steele.

STEELE AFTER MARRIAGE.

There are traces of a tiff about the middle of the first month; Mrs. Steele being prudent and fidgetty, as he was impassioned and reckless. In her fortune of 400*l.* a-year, her mother had a life-interest; while Steele had certainly over-estimated his own income; and a failure in his Barbados estate made matters worse. However, he found his establishment larger than was prudent. Mrs. Steele had a town-house in Bury-street, St. James's—on the west side, over against No. 20: it was pulled down in 1830. Within six weeks of the marriage, her husband bought her a pretty little house at Hampton Court, which he furnished handsomely, and called the Hovel, by way of contrast to the Palace, by the side of which it stood. Mrs. Steele drove her chariot and pair; upon occasion, even her four horses. She had Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her own "women," and an additional boy, who could speak Welsh when she went down to Carmarthen.

STEELE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

There are preserved in the British Museum some four hundred letters of Steele's second courtship and marriage; which epistolary Correspondence was published, illustrated with literary anecdotes, by John Nichols, in 1788.

The letters contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, and reconciliations of the pair; they have all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where Steele is waiting for the proof-sheets of his *Gazette*, or his *Tatler;* some are written from the tavern; or a money-lender's; some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with Burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue (as he calls his wife): some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning: some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail.—(*Thackeray.*)

Within five weeks after their marriage, Steele writes to his wife the following letter of excuse for absenting himself from home:

Oct. 16, 1707.

DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,—

Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a school-fellow from India, by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concern your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

In the next letter he writes from an old haunt,

Eight o'clock, Fountain Tavern, Oct. 22, 1707.

MY DEAR,—

I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*.

In the next, he does "not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend to some business abroad." Then he writes from the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, Jan. 3, 1707-8, as follows:

I have partly succeeded in my business, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband, &c.

Within a few days he writes from a Pall Mall tavern:

DEAR WIFE,—

Mr. Edgecombe, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley, have desired me to sit an hour with them at the George, in Pall Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed, &c.

Next month, he is waiting in Gray's Inn, to dine with Jacob Tonson, in order to get him to discount a bill; and he desires that, if the man who has his shoemaker's bill calls, he is to be told that he means to call on him as he comes home: this is signed "Your most humble, obedient servant, &c."

Matters were now getting worse; Steele found it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and he writes:

Tennis-court Coffee-house, May 5, 1708.

DEAR WIFE,—

I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, at Charing-cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning, &c.

However, his prospects brightened, and in a few days she calls for him in her coach at Lord Sunderland's office, with his best periwig and new shoes in the coach-box, and they enjoy a cheerful drive together. Mr. Forster has selected from the Correspondence some curious instances of the shifts to which Steele and his wife are subjected in the midst of their false grandeur. Just as he is going to dine with Lord Halifax, he has to inclose her a guinea for her pocket; and in a day or two after she has driven in her chariot and four to Hampton Court, he has to send her a small quantity of tea; and just as he and Addison are going to meet some great men of the State, he has to send her a quarter of a pound of black tea and the same quantity of green.* On the day when he had paid Addison back his first thousand pounds, he sends for her immediate use a guinea and a-half; and the day after he has ridden in Addison's coach and four, he sends his dearest Prue sevenpennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny!

Mrs. Steele, it must be owned, kept a tight rein upon her husband, who found her abundant exercise for her thrift and scrutiny; she kept every scrap of his letters, and exacted from him with great success accounts of all he might be doing in his absence from her. He thinks it hard, he says, in one of his letters, that because she is handsome, she will not behave herself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but that he must be continually giving her an account of every minute of his time; and the excuses and apologies which we have quoted were an exception to the habits of the age that should prove the rule, although they are in Steele's case taken as a rule to prove against him the exception. This ingenious defence is set up by Mr. Forster, who certainly pleads successfully in this instance for the shortcomings of Steele's domestic virtue. Irregular as he was, and easy and good-natured in allowing himself to be carried off by friends to all sorts and times of gaiety, he never seems to have neglected to send to his wife to prevent inconveniencing her, telling her not to sit up for him, &c.: in this way he appears to have been ever sinning, but always striving to extenuate his offending irresolution and easy lapses into dissipation. He was ever seeking to propitiate his dear and adorable wife,

* Yet, this is not quite so trifling a matter as it appears. The prices of Tea in London in 1728 were as follows: "The man at the Poultry has Tea of all prices,—Bohea from thirteen to twenty shillings, and green from twelve to thirty."—*Mrs. Delany's Correspondence.*

the dearest being on earth. When any interesting news reached him for his *Gazette*, he sent it off immediately to her. He was always writing to her, and telling her, to counteract any evil impression his irregularities might produce, that he was "yours, yours, ever, ever," and he actually sent her a letter for no other purpose than to assure her that he is sincerely her fond husband. Here is a real tale of his affection for her: he had a touch of the gout, which he exasperated by coming down stairs to celebrate her first birthday since their wedding; but it is his comfort, he tells her mother, as he hobbles about on his crutches, to see his darling wife dancing at the other end of the room.

Sometimes, when he was absent, he wrote to promise that he would go to bed sober. He wrote to her as many letters as there were posts, or stage-coaches, to Hampton Court; and then he got Jervas, the painter, to fling another letter for her over their garden-wall, on passing there at night to his own house. He encouraged her visits to him at his *Gazette* office; and when her gay dress came rustling in, and with it "the beautifullest object his eyes can rest upon," he forgot all his troubles. In short, he was her passionate adorer, her enamoured husband; but in her letters there is too much loving banter and pleasant raillery, which to some would look like neglect and want of love, and she acts more like a peevish beauty than a good wife.

Upon one occasion, to show that in his gayest moments she was never absent from his thoughts, he told her that on dining the day before with Lord Halifax, they had drank to "the beauties in the garden," meaning Prue and an old schoolfellow then on a visit to her.

But these connubial illustrations are endless. Here is one which, in our time, would have been of *Mrs. Caudle's* mintage. Steele is found excusing his coming home, being "invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's." "Dear Prue," he says on this occasion, "do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous."

The following curious note dates April 7th, 1710:—

"I inclose to you ['Dear Prue'] a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of 23*l.* of Lewis's, which will make up the 50*l.* I promised for your ensuing occasion.

"I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy

as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness . . . . . would not be amiss."

THE IRISH UNDER-SECRETARYSHIP.

At the close of 1708, just at the time that an execution for rent was put into Steele's house, in Bury-street, and his wife's confinement was approaching, there came a suggestion from Addison which was at once to bring back happiness to them all. Wharton had become Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison received the appointment of Secretary, when his instant suggestion was that Steele should put in his claim for the Under-Secretaryship which this would vacate. Letters extending over some five or six weeks show that Steele continued to hope, and that the two friends were working together to fulfilment. It was not extinguished even so late as Addison's farewell supper; where he "treated" before his departure, and Steele helped him in doing the honours to his friends. But he was doomed to experience what Addison himself proved during the reverses of some twelve months later, that "the most likely way to get a place is to appear not to want it:" and three weeks after the supper he wrote to a friend that his hopes for the Under-Secretaryship were at an end, but he believed "something additional" was to be given to him. However, in a few weeks, occurred an incident which was of more importance to him than all the state dignities or worldly advantages his great friends could give or take away; and this was brought about by his own genius.

STEELE STARTS "THE TATLER."

In the spring of 1709, Steele formed his most celebrated literary project, which originated in his access to early and authentic foreign news opened by his appointment of Gazetteer, which he received from Harley, at the request of Maynwaring. The *Tatler* was to be on a plan quite new, and to appear on the days when the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to include remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on

popular preachers. Addison's contributions to the *Tatler* did not begin until October, 1709, when eighty numbers had been issued. In dedicating the first volume to Maynwaring, Steele speaks of the "sudden acceptance" of the work, its extraordinary success, and its subscription including every name "now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom." He describes his design to be "to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour," which was remarked by Johnson, three quarters of a century afterwards, as its most happy distinguishing feature. In the papers preceding number 81, (which, therefore, are Steele's) "there is hardly a trait that does not flash upon us of the bright wit, the cordial humour, the sly satire, the subtle yet kindly criticism, the good-nature and humanity, which have endeared this delightful book to successive generations of readers."

The poetry of the *Tatler* was dated from Will's Coffee-house, then the rendezvous for the wits and the poets. It was named after William Urwin, its proprietor, and was situated at No. 1, Bow-street, at the corner of Great Russell-street, Covent Garden; the coffee-room was on the first floor, the ground floor being occupied as a shop. It was Dryden who made Will's the great resort of the wits of his time. Swift, in his *Rhapsody on Poetry*, sings:

> Be sure at Will's the following day,
> Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
> And if you find the general vogue
> Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
> Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
> Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.

In two of the early *Tatlers*, the house is thus described:

> This place [Will's] is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils upon the turn of expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the turn of the game.—*The Tatler*, No. 1.

> In old times we used to sit upon a play after it was acted, but now the entertainment's turned another way.—*The Tatler*, No. 16.

But the Trumpet, in Shire-lane, was the general meeting-place of the *Tatler's* club.

The *Tatler* dated his politics from the St. James's, in

Pall Mall: he enumerates the charges he was at to entertain his readers, and assures them that "a good observer cannot even speak with Kidney [keeper of the book-debts] without clean linen."

Addison had not been consulted about the *Tatler;* but as soon as he heard of it, he determined to give his aid. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. "I fared," he says, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "The paper," he says elsewhere, "was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it."

Steele supported the Whigs in the *Tatler*, and received from the minister, for his services, a long promised Commissionership of Stamps; but he shortly after lost his place of Gazetteer. This entailed upon Steele a change in the conduct of his paper; and on the 2nd of January, 1710-11, appeared the last number of the *Tatler:* "its sudden cessation," wrote Gay, "was bewailed as some general calamity, and by it the coffee-houses lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together." He adds that the author's reputation had really risen to a greater height than he believed any living author's ever was before him.

Lord Macaulay writes, however, in this depreciatory spirit of Steele's qualifications for his new enterprise:

"He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far."

This, to say the least of it, is a very grudging estimate of the merits of the founder of our Periodical Literature. Indeed, even Lord Macaulay's brilliant reputation does not justify this license of speech.

"THE SPECTATOR" STARTED.

This celebrated paper was established by Steele to replace the *Tatler*, and he is known to have had an interview with Harley in the interval before the new design was matured. On Thursday, the 1st of March, 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, which, from day to day, without a single intermission, was continued through 555 numbers, up to December 6, 1712. "It certainly is very pretty," wrote Swift to Stella, after some dozen numbers had appeared: "Mr. Steele seems to have gathered new life, and to have a new fund of wit." He had the powerful help of Addison: each nobly bore his part; and whatever we have seen in the *Tatler* of Steele's wit, pathos, and philosophy, reappeared with new graces in the *Spectator*. Mr. Forster asks: "in the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity?"

Among the details of this memorable literary companionship, it is remarked that Addison's care and Steele's indifference in regard to *corrections of the press* seem to express not badly the different temperaments of the men. Addison was so nice that he would even stop the press when nearly the whole impression of the *Spectator* was printed, to insert a new preposition or conjunction. Steele sent all papers to press: they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective writers, but they all passed through Steele's hands to the printer; and one who worked in the printing-office told Mr. Nichols that the compositors were often "out of copy," for which Steele was responsible. But in these cases, Steele was with difficulty to be found, and when found he frequently wrote hastily what was needed in a room at the printing-office; and upon one occasion he wrote a particular paper at midnight, and in bed, whilst a messenger waited to carry it to the press.

In illustration of Steele's share may be enumerated the series of twenty-two consecutive *Spectators*, which Steele daily contributed from the 6th to 31st of August, 1711, including the short-faced gentleman's experiences; the seven papers he inserted in the series of Sir Roger de Coverley; numerous sketches of Clubs; and essays which Mr. Forster

names: "so long as these and many others survive, there will be no need to strike him [Steele] apart, or to judge him aloof from his friend." Mr. Forster continues:

Nothing in England had ever equalled the success of the *Spectator*. It sold, in numbers and volumes, to an extent almost fabulous in those days; and when Bolingbroke's stamp carried Grub-street by storm, it was the solitary survivor of that famous age. Doubling its price, it yet fairly held its ground, and at its close was not only paying Government 29*l.* a-week on account of the halfpenny stamp upon the numbers sold, but had a circulation in volumes of nearly ten thousand. Altogether, it must often have circulated, before the stamp, thirty thousand, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day.—Forster's *Essays*, p. 191.

The following is the first advertisement of the *Spectator*:

This day is published,

A paper entitled THE SPECTATOR, which will be continued every day. Printed for Sam. Buckley at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane.—*Daily Courant*, March 1, 1711.

The above names form the imprint to the *Spectator's* early papers. From No. 18 appears, in addition, "Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand." From the date, August 5, 1712 (No. 449), Jacob Tonson's imprint is appended. About that time he removed from Gray's Inn Gate to "the Strand, over against Catherine-street."

The St. James's in Pall Mall was the *Spectator's* head-quarters; in his 403rd number, he gives this picture of the company in the coffee-room:

I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.—*Spectator*, No. 24.

Some *Spectators* are dated from *Squire's Coffee-house* in Fulwood's-rents, Holborn, adjoining Gray's Inn Gate; it has been handsome and roomy, but was subsequently let in tenements. Here also was *John's*, one of the earliest coffee-houses; and Ned Ward's (*London Spy*) punch-house: Ward died here in 1731.

In Spence's *Supplemental Anecdotes* Chute notes: "I have heard Sir Richard Steele say, that though he had a greater share in the *Tatler* than in the *Spectator*, he thought the news article, in the first of these, was what contributed much to their success.—He confessed he was much hurt that Addison should direct his papers in the *Spectator* to be printed off again in his works. It looked as if he was too much concerned in his

own fame, to think of the injury he should do the pecuniary interests of an indigent friend; particularly as in the *Spectator* itself they were sufficiently ascertained to be his by the mark *Clio*."

It must be remembered, says Macaulay, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature was a rarity. Nay, there was, doubtless, more than one knight of a shire whose country seat did not contain ten books, receipt-books, and books on farriery included. In these circumstances, the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

Samuel Buckley, the publisher, had eventually an innocent hand in the discontinuance of the *Spectator*. He was the writer and printer of the first daily newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, and having published on the 7th of April, 1712, a memorial of the States-General, reflecting on the English Government, he was brought in custody to the bar of the House of Commons. The upshot was some strong recollections respecting the licentiousness of the press (which had been commented on in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament) and the imposition of the half-penny stamp on periodicals. To this addition to the price of the *Spectator* is attributed its downfall.—*Notes to Sir Roger de Coverley*, by W. H. Wills, 1852.

Nevertheless, Steele grew uneasy and restless: his thoughts took the direction of politics. "He has been mighty impertinent of late in the *Spectators*," wrote Swift to Stella, "and I believe he will very soon lose his employment." This Steele would not have cared for. He found his plan could not be continued to work well: so he closed the *Spectator*, and announced a new daily paper, the *Guardian*, for the following March.

"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY."

Steele owned that the notion of adopting in the *Spectator* this name to the type of the country squire of the reign of Queen Anne, originated with Swift. Its truthfulness and finish are the work of several hands. First is Swift's suggestion; then "the outlines were imagined and partly traced by Sir Richard Steele; the colouring and more prominent lineaments were elaborated by Joseph Addison; some of the background was put in by Eustace Budgell; and the portrait was defaced by either Steele or Thomas Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated. "The sum of amount in hard figures stands thus: Sir Roger de Coverley's adventures, opinions, and conversations occur in thirty of the *Spectator's* papers. Of these, Addison wrote twenty, Budgell two, and

Steele eight; if it be certain that he was the author of the obnoxious portion of No. 10; which has also been attributed to Tickell." In the words of an accurate critic, Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them; and is, in truth, the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are familiar. "The literary habits of Addison and Steele were those of close partnership. What Steele's impatient genius planned, Addison's rich taste and thoughtful industry executed: what were, and would perhaps have ever remained, dreams in Steele's brain, came out distinct realities from under Addison's hand."—Wills's *Notes to Sir Roger de Coverley.*

We think the writer does but scant justice to Steele: he was somewhat more of a practical genius than merely to plan and leave others to execute: his share in the *Spectator* proves the reverse. Steele wrote No. 2 of the *Spectator*, introducing "the first of our society, a gentleman of Worcestershire descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley." Conjectures were free as to the original of his character, and Budgell asserted that most of the characters in the *Spectator* were conspicuously known; but it was not until 1783, when Tyers named Sir John Packington, of Westwood, Worcestershire, that any prototype of Sir Roger was definitely pointed out: it has, however, been shown that the resemblance only holds good to any extent in both baronets, Sir Roger and Sir John, living in Worcestershire.

The account of the *Spectator* himself, and of each member of his club was most likely fictitious; for the *Tatler* having been betrayed into personalities, gave such grave offence, that Steele determined not to fall again into a like error. And the *Spectator* emphatically disclaims personality in various passages. In No. 262, he says: "When I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable, every letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real." In another place:—"I would not make myself merry with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character."

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

This paper, No. 107 of the *Spectator*, is by Steele. Its text is—the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. In Sir Roger's time it was usual for gentlemen to curse offending footmen, and to assail

female servants with the coarsest abuse. On the other side, dependents took their revenge to the fullest extent:—sometimes by subtle artifice, at others by reckless dissipation and dishonesty. Swift's *Directions to Servants* is, every word, founded on fact: some of its experiences being evidently drawn from Swift's own drinking, cheating, and cringing man, Patrick. Steele, in his *Spectator*, shows that most of the vices of servants are due to the ill-conduct of their masters, which the example of Sir Roger, in this paper, is meant, in all kindness, to correct. "All dependents," he observes, "run in some measure into the measures and behaviour of those whom they serve,"—a fact which he thus humorously illustrates:—

Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at window if she did not bring up some more mild beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased on hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in and cried the House was rising. Down came all the company together, and away: the ale-house was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the Marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an Earl, three quarts to my new Lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.*

Steele appears to have paid almost as much attention to the improvement of servants as did Swift. No. 96 of the *Spectator* and No. 87 of the *Guardian* are devoted to this subject. And the *Spectator*, No. 224, contains the advertisement of a Society for the encouragement of good Servants "at the office in Ironmonger-lane."

"THE GUARDIAN" STARTED.

This new paper was commenced in March, 1713, and extended to one hundred and seventy-five numbers, or two volumes. It ranks in merit between the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. Addison, (who was busy with his *Cato*,) did not for some time contribute; but he carried the services of the

* Upon this passage, the Rev. James Townley wrote the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, first acted at Drury-lane, in 1759.

young poet, Pope, whose surpassing merit Steele at once recognised. "He submitted verses to him, altered them to his pleasure, wrote a poem at his request, and protested himself to be more eager to be called his little friend, Dick Distich, than to be complimented with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand." — (*Forster.*) He was recreated with "the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele, in his liveliest and freest humours, darts about him," but he did not foresee the consequence.

Among the contributors was Tickell, who, in a paper, pronounced Ambrose Philips to be the first pastoral poet of the age. This was galling to Pope, who had, however, previously expressed a similar opinion. Pope considered Tickell's to be unfair criticism, and Pope turned the whole into ridicule by sending to the *Guardian* an additional essay on the pastoral writers, in which he institutes a comparison between himself and Philips, to whom he awards the palm, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity, and deviate into downright poetry! Steele, either inadvertently, or not wishing to disoblige Pope, inserted this ironical paper, which so imposed upon Ayre, that in his Life of Pope he says: "the performances are very different, but Sir Richard Steele has pretended to compare them;" elsewhere he says that Steele had a great partiality and personal friendship for Philips.

Steele abstained from politics in the *Guardian* for several years; but falling into a controversy with Swift, in the *Examiner*, Steele patriotically resigned the emoluments which he held from Government, in order that he might enter the House of Commons.

STEELE IN PARLIAMENT.

In 1713, Steele, partly through his political influence in the *Guardian*, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Stockbridge, in Hampshire;* but in March of the same year, a motion was made to expel him for having "maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House

* Swift tells a story of Steele's misfortune at Stockbridge. "There was nothing," writes the Dean, "to perplex him, but the payment of a 300*l.* bond, which lessened the sum he carried down, and which an old dog of a creditor had intimation of, and took this opportunity to recover."

of Hanover is in danger under Her Majesty's administration." The Whigs rallied to his support, and his friend Addison prompted him throughout his eloquent and temperate defence in a speech of nearly three hours. Lord Finch, who owed gratitude to Steele for having repelled in the *Guardian* a libel on his sister, then rose to make his maiden speech in defence of her defender: he was overcome by bashfulness, and sat down, crying out, "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." The young lord was loudly cheered, took heart, and rose again, when he made a telling speech. But it did not save Steele, who was expelled by a majority of nearly 100 in a house of 400 members.

Steele, however, re-entered Parliament through the interest of the Duke of Newcastle, for Boroughbridge: he took part in the debates, and spoke well, mindful of his own maxim—never to lose control over himself. This was, however, a dull period for oratory! the House consisting, as Steele wittily describes it, very much of silent people oppressed by the choice of a great deal to say; and of eloquent people ignorant that what they said was nothing to the purpose. It was his ambition to speak only what he thought; and the sincerity of his opinions never yielded to party or its prejudices. But he was a generous opponent. "I transgressed, my lord, against you," said he to Harley, "when you could make twelve peers in a-day; I ask your pardon when you are a private nobleman." Mr. Forster concludes his spirited sketch of Steele's career as a politician as follows:

> Walpole had befriended Steele most on the question of his expulsion, and he admired him more than any other politician, yet he alone in the House spoke against Walpole's proposition about the Debt, "because he did not think the way of doing it just." Addison was the man he to the last admired the most, and, notwithstanding any recurring coolness or difference, loved the most upon earth; but on the question of Lord Sunderland's Peerage bill, he joined Walpole against Addison, and with tongue and pen so actively promoted the defeat of that mischievous measure, that we may even yet, on this score, hold ourselves to be his debtors.—*Essays*, p. 198.

The Duke of Newcastle meanly punished his opposition to the Peerage bill by depriving him of his Drury-lane appointment; a loss which Steele estimated at 10,000*l.*; but he had it restored to him by Walpole on his return to office. Lastly, Steele, in a letter to his wife, declares that he had "served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven;"

but he was then, thanks to his brother Whigs, "not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court."

Defoe thought little of Steele's oratory, and upon hearing him speak in the House, said wittily but ill-naturedly, "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*."

STEELE'S PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

When in parliament Steele attacked every attempt to give power to the Church independent of the State; he held that all eagerness in clergymen to grasp at exorbitant power was but popery in another form. A further remark made by him in the course of his argument is well worth attention and reflection in the present day:

"I am now brought [he says] by the natural course of such thoughts, to examine into the conduct of Christians, and particularly of Protestants of all sorts. One thing drew on another, and as little conversant as I have heretofore been in such matters, I quickly found that Christianity was neither unintelligible nor ill-natured; that the Gospel does not invade the rights of mankind, nor invest any men with authority destructive to society; and (what was the most melancholy part of the whole) that Protestants [he is speaking of the extreme High Church party] must be reduced to the absurdity of renouncing Protestant as well as Christian principles, before they can pretend to make their practices and their professions consistent. This I resolved to represent; and have done it, without regard to any one sort of them more than another. I am more and more persuaded, every day, that it is fitting to understand Religion, as well as to admire it."

STEELE'S "MULTIPLICATION TABLE."

Among Steele's many airy schemes, this was certainly, as far as its title implies, a promising one for a projector. It was thus communicated in a letter from Steele to Addison, dated June 24, 1712:

Allow me, Sir, to acquaint you with a design, (of which I am partly the author,) though it tends to no greater a good than that of getting money. I would not hope for the favour of a philosopher in this matter, if it were not attempted under all the restrictions which you sages put upon private acquisitions. The first purpose which every good man is to propose to himself is the service of his prince and country; after that is done, he cannot add to himself, but he must also be beneficial to them. This scheme of gain is not only consistent to that end, but has its very

being in subordination to it; for no man can be a gainer here but at the same time he himself, or some other, must succeed in their dealings with the Government. It is called "The Multiplication Table," and is so far calculated for the immediate service of Her Majesty, that the same person who is fortunate in the lottery of the State may receive yet further advantages in this table. And I am sure nothing can be more pleasing to her gracious temper than to find out additional methods of increasing their good fortune who adventure anything in her service or laying occasions for others to become capable of serving their country, who are at present in too low circumstances to exert themselves. The manner of executing the design is by giving out receipts for half guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate bearer to certain sums in the table, as is set forth at large in proposals printed on the 23rd instant. There is another circumstance in this design which gives me hopes of your favour to it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that the benefit is made as diffusive as possible. Every one that has half-a-guinea is put into the possibility, from that small sum, to raise himself an easy fortune; when these little parcels of wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again into the redonation of Providence, we are to expect that some who live under hardships or obscurity may be produced to the world in the figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not but this last argument will have force with you, and I cannot add another to it but what your severity will, I fear, very little regard; which is, that I am,

Sir, your greatest admirer,

RICHARD STEELE.

Some progress was made in this scheme, as appears from the following Advertisement appended to No. 417 of the *Spectator*, oddly enough, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination:"

"Whereas the proposal called the Multiplication Table is under an information from the Attorney-General; in humble submission and duty to Her Majesty, the said undertaking is laid down, and attendance is this day given, at the last house on the left hand, in Ship-yard, Bartholomew-lane, in order to repay such sums as have been paid in the said table, without deduction."

How the projector fared is thus told in Swift's Works, vol. xv. p. 312, 8vo edit. 1801: "Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery, directed against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectator*, and I will never offer a word in his behalf."

SIR RICHARD STEELE AND THE PLAYERS.

Upon the accession of George I. Steele's prospects brightened. He was made Surveyor of the Royal Stables; was

placed in the commission of peace for Middlesex; and on going up with an address from that county, was knighted. The supervision of the Theatre Royal (then a Government office, entitling to a share in the patent, worth 700*l.* or 800*l.* a-year,) became vacant, and upon the earnest petition of the players, Steele was named to the office. He was delighted, and the players remembered when the services of a criticism in the *Tatler* used to fill their theatre when nothing else could. All owed something to Richard Steele, who, on one occasion, good-naturedly permitted Dogget to announce the *Tatler* as intending to be present at his benefit. Accordingly, a fictitious Isaac Bickerstaff was dressed, and occupied a box over the pit during the performance of three acts of *Love for Love*, to the delight of the crowded house.

Steele's kindness and genius as a critic of players in the *Tatler* were exemplary: the most humble as well as the highest obtained his good word. An instance occurs in his notice of a small actor in Betterton's time; and who, Steele tells us, spoke the prologue to the play introduced in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, "with such an air as represented that he was an actor; and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, that the actors on the stage were made to appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive."

STEELE AND ADDISON AT THE KIT-KAT CLUB.

Upon Addison's return to England, he found his friend Steele established among the wits; and they were both received with great honour at Will's and the St. James's, and at the Trumpet, in Shire-lane.

They were also members of the famous Whig Club—the *Kit-Kat*, which met in Shire-lane, at the house of Christopher Kat, the maker of the mutton-pies which formed a standing dish at the club suppers: these pies were called Kit-Kats; the portraits of the members were all painted for old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, and secretary of the club, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, on canvases of uniform size, thirty-six inches by twenty-eight, since known among portrait-painters as kit-kat size. Pope, however, says that each member gave Tonson his own portrait. A writer in the *National Review*, No. 8, remarks:

It is hard to believe, as we pick our way along the narrow and filthy

pathway of Shire-lane, that in this blind alley, some hundred and fifty years ago, used to meet many of the finest gentlemen and choicest wits of the days of Queen Anne and the first George. Inside one of those frowsy and low-ceiled rooms, Halifax has conversed and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed. The Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Sir Robert Walpole, Granville, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh,—all belonged to the Kit-Kat.

The reviewer omits Steele, who stands first in the list of members given by Pope, 1730.—(*Spence's Anecdotes*, Supplement.) The members subscribed in 1709 four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies. Soon after that they broke up. Its toasting-glasses, each inscribed with a verse to some reigning beauty of the time, were long famous.

In the British Portrait Gallery, at Manchester, in 1857, Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury, the present representative of Jacob Tonson, contributed a few of the forty portraits of the members of the Kit-Kat Club, namely, Tonson himself, Lord Somers, Dryden, Vanbrugh, Congreve, *Steele*, and Addison.

Steele did not spare the abuses of the chocolate-houses, which preceded the clubs, in his day. The *National Reviewer* also states:

Steele, who had no doubt bled but too freely, devoted many numbers of the *Tatler* to the exposition of these chocolate-house sharpers, and ran no slight risk of assassination from some of the Aces and Cutters he showed up. But Honest Dick was known to be a master of his weapon, and a true Irishman in his defiance of danger; so he carried home his skinful of claret unpinked from many a heavy bout at Button's with Addison, Brett, and Budgell, to poor Mrs. Steele in Bury-street.

There are two slips here which should be corrected. Steele left Bury-street in the same year that Button's was established; and Mrs. Steele became Lady Steele three years after.

A MEDICAL CONFESSION.

A confession, frankly made by Sir Samuel Garth, physician to George I., and a member of the Kit-Kat Club, has been preserved: perhaps the truth it reveals is as conspicuous as its humour. Garth, coming to the Club one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced, he forgot them. Sir Richard Steele was of the party, and reminding him of the visits he had to pay, Garth immediately pulled out his list,

which amounted to fifteen, and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

A GREAT WHIG MEETING.

Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, accompanied Steele and Addison to a Whig celebration of King William's anniversary; when Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him—as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next Bishop Hoadly, whispered him—*Do laugh. It is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair, and sent home. Nothing could serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. Next morning Steele sent the indulgent Bishop this couplet:

> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

STEELE AT "BUTTON'S."

After the death of Dryden, who made Will's Coffee-house the great resort of the wits of his time, Addison transferred it to Button's, on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden, over against Tom's. It was kept by Daniel Button, who had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, and was, accordingly, patronized by Addison. It was established in 1712, and was supported by Steele, in the *Guardian*,* in No. 85 of which we find Button addressing Mr

* The Lion's Head was removed to the Shakspeare Tavern, under the Piazza: and in 1751 was placed in the Bedford Coffee-house adjoin-

Ironside, entreating him to do him justice, he having noticed Will's Coffee-house with a sort of preference: the letter has a postscript—"The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed." In the 98th *Guardian* it is announced that a Lion's Head will be set up at Button's as a letter-box, and Button is to "instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secresy."

Addison usually met his party at Button's, and dined there. Steele was frequently one of the party, and Villiers-street was handy to Russell-street. Button's continued in vogue till Addison's death, and Steele's retirement into Wales. It well bespeaks their *clubable* influence to learn that Button's then ceased to exist.

THE TATLER'S CLUB, AT THE TRUMPET IN SHIRE-LANE.

Shire-lane, *alias* Rogue-lane, which (falleth into Fleet-street by Temple Bar) has lost its old name—it is now called Lower Serle's-place. This change of name is a common process in the moral purgation of a place, and if the morals of Shire-lane have been mended thereby, we must not repine. But this process will not efface the recollection, that at the upper end of the lane was the Trumpet public-house, where the *Tatler* (Steele) met his club. At this house in the lane he dated a great number of his papers, and received many interesting visitors; and hence it was that he led down into Fleet-street, across the road to Dick's Coffee-house, the immortal deputation of "Twaddlers" from the country.

The *Tatler's Club* set is immortalized in his No. 132. Its members are smokers and old story-tellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoted the thoughts tranquilly bedward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff because he found himself the leading wit among them. There is old Sir Jeffrey Notch, who has had misfortunes in the

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ing, as the letter-box of the *Inspector*. In 1804, it was bought by Mr. Richardson, of Richardson's Hotel: it was sold by his son to the Duke of Bedford, and is preserved to this day at Woburn. The Lion's Head is etched in Ireland's *Illustrations of Hogarth*: it is boldly carved, and bears these lines from Martial:

"Cervantur magnis isti Cervicibus ungues:
Non nisi delictâ pascitur ille ferâ."

Curiosities of London.

world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart, by no means to the general dissatisfaction; there is Major Matchlock, who served in the last civil wars, and every night tells them of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem; there is honest old Dick Reptile, who says little himself, but who laughs at all the jokes; and there is the elderly Bencher of the Temple, and next to Mr. Bickerstaff, the wit of the company, who has by heart the couplets of *Hudibras*, which he regularly applies before leaving the club of an evening, and who, if any modern wit or town frolic be mentioned, shakes his head at the dulness of the present age and tells a story of Jack Ogle. As for Mr. Bickerstaff himself, he is esteemed among them because they see he is something respected by others; but though they concede to him a great deal of learning, they credit him with small knowledge of the world, "insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me philosopher; and Sir Jeffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the scholar say to it?'"

STEELE AND SWIFT QUARREL.

We have already seen how Jonathan Swift, "the gentleman in boots just come out of the country," was introduced to Steele and Addison at the St. James's coffee-house.* They now frequently met at Lord Halifax's "good dinners;" and never was Swift so intimate as now with Steele and Addison. We have him dining with Steele at the George, when Addison entertains; with Addison at the Fountain, when Steele entertains; and with both at the St. James's when Wortley Montagu is the host. The intimacy had been strengthened into a sort of co-partnery in a very notable pleasantry. Swift had lately launched the wonderful joke against Partridge, the astrologer, and which was turned to a memorable use by Steele.† Swift predicted Partridge's death on the 29th of March; and in casting out for a whimsical name to give to the assumed other astrologer who was to publish this joke, his eye caught a sign over a blacksmith's house with Isaac Bickerstaff underneath. Out, accordingly, came Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, followed very

* See p. 38, ante. † See, also, pp. 24-25, ante.

speedily by an account of the accomplishment of the first of them upon "the 29th instant." Partridge was fool enough to take the matter up gravely, declared in a furious pamphlet that he was perfectly well, and they were knaves who reported it otherwise. Bickerstaff retorted most divertingly; and Steele was foremost in contributing to the entertainment. Congreve, affecting to come to the rescue, took up Partridge's cause, complaining that he was twitted for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses. All this, heightened in comicality by its contrast with the downright rage of Partridge, who was continually advertising himself not dead, and by the Company of Stationers actually proceeding as if in earnest he were, so contributed to make Mr. Bickerstaff talked about, far and wide, that Steele afterwards spoke with no exaggeration when he gave Swift the merit of having rendered his name famous through all parts of Europe.

Swift is thought to have been admitted by Steele to the secret of the forthcoming *Tatler:* he was still lingering in London, and Steele was in constant communication with him, (all Swift's letters and packets being addressed to him at the Gazette office, for the friend's privilege of so getting them free of postage:) and with the Doctor, Steele may probably have advised before using Mr. Bickerstaff's name. Generally, Swift wrote in the *Tatler* as a correspondent; but occasionally Steele surrendered Mr. Bickerstaff's chair to him. The friendship of Swift and Steele lasted till the autumn of 1710, when Jonathan proved false to his old associate: the Whigs were now overthrown, and Swift having cast his fortunes against his old friends, was dining with Harley; and before the same month was closed, the Gazette was taken from Steele. Swift now affected to feel surprise at Steele's coolness to him: he had never been invited to Bury-street since he came over from Ireland; he complained that during this visit he had not seen his wife, "by whom he is governed most abominably. So what care I for his wit?" he adds, "for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head." Nevertheless, the two friends soon met at the St. James's, at the coffeeman's christening, where Steele and Swift sat together over a bowl of punch until very late indeed. Soon after this, Swift, at the request of the new Lord Treasurer, Harley, refused to give any more help to the *Tatler*.

But Swift quarrelled with Steele about 1713. The Dean

says Steele attacked him in the *Guardian*, and that he called him an infidel, but this is not proved by the *Guardian*. There must have been some more serious grounds of quarrel than these; and a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (2nd S., No. 106,) suspects Steele to have written a gross pamphlet against the Dean, entitled *Essays, Divine, Moral, and Political*. Swift had his revenge in the venomous pamphleteering fashion of that day; and from that time to the hour of Steele's death they were enemies.

Some account of their public controversy will be interesting. In the *Guardian*, No. 120, Steele had attacked the ministers for negligence in enforcing that stipulation of the treaty of Utrecht which respected the demolition of Dunkirk; and being then about to be elected member of Parliament for Stockbridge, he pursued the subject in a pamphlet, entitled *The Importance of Dunkirk Considered*, in a letter to the bailiff of that borough. Swift, with less feeling of their ancient intimacy than of their recent quarrel, appears readily and eagerly to have taken up the gauntlet. His first insulting and vindictive answer is, *The Importance of the Guardian Considered*, in which the person, talents, history, and morals of his early friend are the subject of the most acrimonious raillery; and where he attempts to expose the presumption of Steele's pretensions to interfere in the councils of princes, whether as a publisher of *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, and the occasional author of a *Guardian*; or from his being a soldier, alchymist, gazetteer, commissioner of stamped papers, or gentleman-usher. Besides this diatribe, there appeared two others, in which Swift seems to have had some concern. One was, *The Character of Richard Steele, Esquire, with some Remarks by Toby*. Swift was the supposed author of this piece, which is, however, with more probability, ascribed to Dr. Wagstaffe, under his directions. Steele is thought to have ascribed it to Swift: in the *Englishman*, No. 57, he says: "I think I know the author of this, and to show him I know no revenge, but in the method of heaping coals on his head by benefits, I forbear giving him what he deserves, for no other reason but that I know his sensibility of reproach is such, that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language he has given me." Swift took this allusion to himself and admitted that he was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man could be, but that he had been used to such treatment ever since he unhappily began to be known, and had now grown hardened.

A ludicrous paraphrase on the first ode of the second book of Horace is entirely of Swift's composition.

Steele did not condescend to retort these personalities. He was then engaged, with the assistance of Addison, Hoadly, Lechmere, and Marshall, in the composition of the *Crisis*, intended to alarm the public men upon the danger of the Protestant succession, and the predominating power of France. This treatise is little more than a digest of the acts of parliament respecting the succession, mixed with a few comments. Extraordinary exertions were made to obtain subscriptions, and it was plain that the relief of the author's necessities was the principal object of the publication. This did not escape Swift, who published his celebrated comment under the title of "The Public Spirit of the Whigs,

set forth in their generous encouragement of the author of *the Crisis;* with some observations on the seasonableness, candour, erudition, and style of that treatise." In this pamphlet, Steele is assailed by satire as personal and as violent as in the former. Thus he is compared with John Dunton, the crack-brained projector, and the compiler of the *Flying Post*, to whom he must yield—to Dunton in keenness of satire and variety of reading, and to the compiler in knowledge of the world and skill in politics;—yet has other qualities enough to denominate him a writer of a superior class to either;—provided he would a little regard the propriety and disposition of his words, consult the grammatical part, and get some information on the subject he intends to handle," &c.

However, Steele remained unmoved, and his only reply was moderate and dignified. In defence of himself and his writings before the House of Commons, among several passages in former publications, from which he claimed the honours due to a friend of virtue, he quoted the favourable character given in the *Tatler* of the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, and of its author, with the following simple and manly comment:—"The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time: we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still."

STEELE'S COTTAGE AT HAVERSTOCK HILL.

Steele, with all his indulgence in the dissipation of a town life, appears to have been fond of fresh air and the country. His residence at Hampton Court was to be close to the palace stables, of which he was surveyor, though he was evidently fond of the locality; and his removal to Bloomsbury-square may not have been merely dictated by fashion; for this was not only then a fashionable quarter of the town, but was noted for its "good aire," and had its fine gardens and view of the country, as far as Haverstock Hill, where, about midway between Camden Town and Hampstead, Steele tenanted a cottage in the year 1712. In the same cottage, in 1701, had died Sir Charles Sedley, "the satirical wit, comedian, poet, and courtier of ladies." In Steele's time this dwelling must have been a country retreat, as there were not then more than a score or two of buildings between it and Oxford-road, and Montague House, and Bloomsbury-square. In the cottage was an apartment called "the Philosopher's room," probably the same in which Steele used to write. On the opposite side of the road, the notorious Mother or Moll King built three substantial houses; and in a small villa behind them lived her favourite pupil, Nancy Dawson. In Hogarth's "March to Finchley," Steele's cottage and Mother King's houses are seen in the distance. Hampstead was then a fashionable resort, and had its chalybeate waters, its concerts and balls,

raffles at the wells, races on the Heath, and music-house at Belsize; the Lower Flask tavern is made by Richardson Clarissa Harlowe's retreat; and at the Upper Flask met the Kit-Kat Club in the summer months. Gay, Akenside, and Shakspeare Steevens were among the literary celebrities of Hampstead.

STEELE'S QUARREL WITH ADDISON.

Steele became gradually estranged by various causes from his friend, Addison. He considered himself as one who, in evil days, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble, and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favours to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison Under-Secretary of State; while the editor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the author of the *Crisis*, the member for Stockbridge, who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was, at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre. Steele himself says, in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, "incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;" and everything seems to indicate that, of these resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new kind of quarrel arose upon the Bill for Limiting the Number of Peers. Steele took part with the Opposition, Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the *Plebeian*, vehemently attacked the Bill; and Addison in the *Old Whig*, answered Steele's arguments. In the controversy was one calumny, which was often repeated, and never contradicted, until it was exposed by Lord Macaulay. It is asserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, that Addison designated Steele as "Little Dicky." This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the *Old Whig*,

and was therefore excusable. Now it is true that the words "Little Dicky" occur in the *Old Whig*, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words "Little Isaac" occur in the *Duenna*, and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Sheridan's Little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's Little Isaac with Newton. If we apply Little Dicky to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was the nickname of Henry Norris, an actor of remarkably small stature, but of great humour, who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*.

Such is Lord Macaulay's account of the affair in a paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, wherein, as Mr. Forster truly remarks, "a magnificent eulogy of Addison is built upon a a most contemptuous depreciation of Steele," as follows:

Addison tried, with little success, to keep Steele out of scrapes; introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and though, by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by help of a bailiff. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this:—A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of *Bayle's Dictionary*, and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of ladies and gentlemen assembled, the fiddles are playing, the table is groaning under champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriffs' officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Now Pope noted in Addison that he was always for moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man; but this does not prove that

he provoked Addison's scorn and contempt. It is quite true that some coldness and estrangement did grow between Steele and Addison as time went on; but it was never so complete as Macaulay wished to convey. Steele, only six months after Addison's death, asserted that there never was a more strict friendship than between himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing: the one waited and stemmed the torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they had thus lived for some years last past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met, "they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other." As to the substance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant expression of his hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better for the mortification *he* has undergone.

Thus, we see, that Steele, by his opposition to the Peerage bill became embroiled in a quarrel with Addison, which arose during a war of pamphlets, in which Joseph took the side of the ministry. He forgot his dignity so far as to speak of Steele as "Little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets;" and it is highly creditable to Steele, that, notwithstanding so gross an insult, he retained both the feeling and language of respect for his antagonist, and was content with administering a mild reproof through the medium of a quotation from the tragedy of *Cato*. Dr. Johnson laments this controversy "between these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study." . . . "But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instabilities of friendship." Notwithstanding this contest, Steele continued to speak with uniform respect of his friend, with whom he would assuredly have been reconciled if another year of life had been spared to Addison.

STEELE'S JOURNEY TO EDINBURGH.

In 1716, Steele received the appointment upon the Forfeited Estates Commission in Edinburgh, "to inquire of the estates of certain traitors, and popish recusants, and of estates

given to superstitious uses, in order to raise money out of them for the use of the public." Their first and most prominent object was to appropriate the lands of the Scottish nobles and gentlemen who had taken part in the late insurrection for the House of Stuart. Four out of the six Commissioners were Englishmen; and among these was Sir Richard Steele.

Mr. Robert Chambers has, in the third volume of his valuable *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, thus described the difficulties which the Commissioners had to encounter:

> It was a matter of course that strangers of such distinction should be honoured in a city which received few such guests; and doubtless the Government officials in particular paid them many flattering attentions. But the Commissioners very soon found that their business was not an easy or agreeable one. There was in Scotland plenty of hatred to the Jacobite cause; but battling off its adherents at Sheriffmuir, and putting down its seminaries, the episcopal chapels, was a different thing from seeing an order come from England which was to extinguish the names and fortunes of many old and honourable families, and turn a multitude of women and children out of house and home, and throw them upon the charity of their friends or the public. Most of the unfortunates, too, had connexions among the Whigs themselves, with claims upon them for commiseration, if not assistance; and we all know the force of the old Scottish maxim—eternal blessings rest on the nameless man who first spoke it!—*bluid is thicker than water.*

These English Whig gentlemen soon discovered how hard it was to turn the forfeited estates into money, or indeed to make any decent progress at all in the business they came about. The general result was that they quitted Edinburgh, leaving the whole matter to be disposed of by further acts of the legislature.

One can hardly imagine Sir Richard Steele's fitness for the above office; however, this want might not be any bar to his receiving the appointment. Steele does not appear to have attended the business of the Commission in Edinburgh during the year 1716, but given his time, as usual, to literary and political pursuits in London; and to a project for bringing fish "alive and in good health" to the metropolis. It was reported that he would get no pay for the first year, as he had performed no duty; "but," Mr. Chambers good-humouredly says, "those who raised this rumour must have had a very wrong notion of the way that public affairs were then administered." Steele tells his wife, May 22, 1717, in one of his fond letters to her, that "five hundred pounds for the time the Commission was in Scotland is already ordered me." Mr. Chambers, in more grave humour observes: "It

is strange to reflect that payment of coach-horses, which he, as a man of study, rarely used, and condemned as vain superfluities, was among the things on which was spent the property wrung out of the vitals of the poor Scotch Jacobites."

When the second year's session of the Commissioners was about to commence, it was proposed that Steele should go at the first; but he dallied on in London, scheming about his journey, which, it must be admitted, was not an easy one in 1717. He tells his wife: "I alter the manner of taking my journey every time I think of it. My present disposition is to borrow what they call a post-chaise of the Duke of Roxburgh, (Secretary of State for Scotland.) It is drawn by one horse, runs on two wheels, and is led by a servant riding by. This rider and leader is to be Mr. Wilmot, formerly a carrier, who answers to managing on a road to perfection, by keeping tracks, and the like." Next it was: "I may possibly join with two or three gentlemen, and hire a coach for ourselves." On the 30th of September, he tells Lady Steele: "The Commission in Scotland stands still for want of me at Edinburgh. It is necessary there shall be four there, and there are now but two; three others halt on the road, and will not go forward till I have passed by York. I have therefore taken places in the York coach for Monday next." On the 20th of October: "After many resolutions and irresolutions concerning my way of going, I go, God willing, to-morrow morning, by the Wakefield coach, on my way to York and Edinburgh." And now he did go, for his next letter is dated on the 23rd from Stamford, to which place, two days' coaching had brought him.

"An odd but very characteristic circumstance connected with Steele's first journey to Scotland was," says Mr. Chambers, "that he took a French master with him, in order that the long idle days and evenings of travelling might be turned to some account in his acquisition of that language, which he believed would be useful to him on his return. 'He lies in the same room with me [writes Steele]; and the loquacity which is usual at his age, and inseparable from his nation, at once contributes to my purpose, and makes him very agreeable.' "

STEELE'S RECEPTION IN EDINBURGH.

Sir Richard was in Edinburgh on the 5th of November, 1717; and we know that, about the 9th, he set out on his

return to London; because, on the 11th, he writes to his wife from Ayton on the third day of his journey, one (a Sunday) had been spent in inaction on the road. "I hope," says he, "God willing, to be at London, Saturday come se'nnight;" that is to say, *the journey was to take a fortnight.* Thus, we find him writing on the 15th from Pearce Bridge, in the county of Durham, with his limbs much better than usual after his seven days' journey from Edinburgh towards London. He tells us on this occasion: "You cannot imagine the civilities and honours I had done me there, and [I] never lay better, ate or drank better, or conversed with men of better sense than there."—*Steele's Correspondence.*

Brief as his visit had been, Steele was evidently pleased with the men he met in the Scottish capital. The business he came about was a disagreeable one; but his name was a celebrated one in British literature, of which he had recently established a class; he was personally good-natured, gay and social, and his Scottish hosts could separate the great essayist from the Whig partisan and servant of the ministry. "Allan Ramsay," says Mr. Chambers, "would be delighted to see him in his shop 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd head.' Thomson, then a youth at college, would steal a respectful look at him as he stood amongst his friends at the Cross. From 'Alexander Pennecuik, gentleman,' a bard little known to fame, he received a set of complimentary verses, ending thus:

"'Scotia . . . . . .
Grief more than age hath furrowèd her brow,
She sobs her sorrows, yet she smiles on you;
Tears from her crystal *lembics* do distil,
With throbbing breast she dreads th' approaching ill,
Yet still she loves you, though you come to kill,
In midst of fears and wounds, which she doth feel,
Kisses the hurting hand, smiles on the wounding STEELE.'"

Sir Richard spent part of the summer of 1718 in Edinburgh in attendance upon the business of the Commission. We find him taking a furnished house for the half-year beginning on the 15th of May, (the Whitsunday term in Scotland;) but on the 29th July, he had not come to take possession; neither could he say when he would arrive, till this "great affair" was finished. He promised immediately thereupon to take his horses for Scotland, "though I do not bring my coach, by reason of my wife's inability to go with me." "I shall," he adds, "want the four-horse stable for my saddle-horses."

DEATH OF LADY STEELE.

In the spring of 1717, Lady Steele visited Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, to look after her family estate there. Sir Richard about this time was much occupied in London with a project for conveying fish alive, by which he assured his wife, he firmly believed he should make his fortune; but, like most of his other schemes, this did not succeed.

Steele's fondness for his children and his wife is playfully expressed in the two following letters written by him to her in Wales:

Hampton Court, March 16, 1716-17.

DEAR PRUE,—

If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post. . . . . Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer; and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service.

March 26, 1717.

MY DEAREST PRUE,—

I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of telling me enow of the continual pain in your head. . . . . When I lay in your place, and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.

For this tender passion towards you, I must be contented that your *Prueship* will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher. . . . .

In one of her latest letters, when illness kept them apart, one in London, the other at Hampton Court, her happening to call him *good Dick* so delights him, that he tells her he could almost forget his miserable gout and lameness, and walk down to her. Not long after this, her illness terminated fatally. She died on the morrow of the Christmas-day of 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in that part of the south transept not included in Poet's Corner: a grave-stone is placed over her remains.

STEELE AGAIN IN SCOTLAND.

Sir Richard renewed his official visit to Edinburgh in the

year 1719, after Lady Steele's death, (1720 and 1721): in the latter year we find this allusion to some party of pleasure. He writes to Mr. James Anderson, the editor of the *Diplomata Scotiæ:* "Just before I received yours, I sent a written message to Mr. Montgomery, advising that I designed the coach should go to your house, to take in your galaxy, and after call for his star," referring, probably, to the female members of Mr. Anderson's and Mr. Montgomery's families. In the ensuing month, he writes to Mr. Anderson from the York Buildings Office in London, regarding an application he had had from a poor woman named Margaret Gow. He could not help her with her petition; but he sent a small bill representing money of his own for her relief. "This trifle," he says, "in her housewifery hands, will make cheerful her numerous family at Collingtown."

"These," adds Mr. Chambers, "are meagre particulars regarding Steele's visits to Scotland, but are at least serviceable in illustrating his noted kindheartedness—

'Kind Richy Spee, the friend of a' distressed,'

as he is called by Allan Ramsay, who doubtless made his personal acquaintance at this time."

STEELE AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

When in Scotland, Sir Richard had interviews with a considerable number of the Presbyterian clergy, with the view of inducing them to agree to a union of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches—a "devout imagination," which one would have thought very few such interviews would have required to dispel. He was particularly struck with James Hart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, an excellent man and most attractive preacher. What most impressed Steele was, the good humour and benevolence of Hart in his private character, and the severe style in which he launched forth in the pulpit on the subject of human nature, and the frightful punishments awaiting the great mass of mankind in another state of existence. Steele called him, on this account, "the Hangman of the Gospel."

THE MENDICANTS' FEAST.

While in Edinburgh, Steele gave a proof of his benevolent humour by assembling all the eccentric-looking mendicants of the Scottish capital in a tavern in Lady Stair's Close, and

there pleasing the whimsical taste of himself and one or two friends by witnessing their enjoyment of an abundant feast, and observing their various oddities. Nor was the effect upon Steele temporary or evanescent; for he afterwards confessed that from this mendicants' feast he had drunk in enough of native drollery to compose a comedy.

"THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE."

Steele, in one of his journeys to Scotland, soon after he had crossed the Border, near Annan, observed a shepherd on a hill-side, and reading a book. He and his companions rode up, and one of them asked the man what he was reading. It proved to be the Bible. "And what do you learn from this book?" asked Sir Richard. "I learn from it the way to Heaven." "Very well," replied the Knight, "we are desirous of going to the same place, and wish you would show us the way." Then the shepherd, turning about, pointed to a tall and conspicuous object on an eminence, at some miles' distance, and said: "Weel, gentlemen, ye maun just gang by that tower." The party, surprised and amused, demanded to know how the tower was called. The shepherd answered, "It is the *Tower of Repentance.*"

It was so in verity. Some centuries ago, a Border cavalier, in a fit of remorse, had built a tower, to which he gave the name of *Repentance.* It lies near Hoddam House, in the parish of Cummertrees, rendered by its eminent situation a conspicuous object to all the country round.—Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland.*

SPECULATION AT YORK BUILDINGS.

The reader, we dare say, will remember the picturesque water-gate at the south end of Buckingham-street, in the Strand, facing the Thames. This is all that remains of the stately York House, which the Duke of Buckingham borrowed for the entertainment of foreign princes. His Grace pulled down the old house, and erected a large and temporary structure, sumptuously fitted up, which he used for state occasions: "his noble soul," Pepys tells us, appeared "in every place, in the doorcases and the windows." The Duke sold the house and gardens in 1672: the mansion was taken down and the gardens cleared, and upon the site were erected

"York Buildings." Harley, Earl of Oxford, was living here in 1708; and a dozen years later, we find Sir Richard Steele residing here upon an extravagant scale, in a house in Villiers-street. The "Buildings" appear to have been a focus for speculators; and Steele projected here a sort of nursery for the stage, which required large premises; and possibly, he may have fitted up for this purpose, some portion of Buckingham's structure that may have been spared. Here he gave a sumptuous entertainment to some two hundred guests, amusing them with dramatic recitations. Addison assisted, and wrote an epilogue for the occasion, in which we can relish the sly humour of these lines:

> "The Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
> To watch the public weal, though not his own."

It was in fitting up the theatre, which was opened with this entertainment, that Steele was outwitted by his carpenter by retaliation much more moderate than that which characterizes the builders' *strikes* of our times. The theatre was nearly completed, and before it was opened, Steele was anxious to try whether the place was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly, he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was "unaccustomed to public speaking," and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and, after a moment, the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past me and my men have been a-working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we wont drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

Steele resided in Villiers-street after his wife's death, from 1721 to 1724: Mr. Peter Cunningham, in searching the rate-books of St. Martin's, found, in 1725, the word "gone" written against Steele's name.

"THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS."

After Steele's serious failure in the *Lying Lover*, in 1704, he did not reappear as a dramatist till 1722, when he pro-

duced his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, the most successful of his productions, and so carefully written that Parson Adams thought it as good as a sermon. There is a theatrical *on dit* that George I. gave Steele 500*l.* for this piece. Dr. Drake says of it, in his oracular manner:

> The great, the appropriate praise of Steele is to have been the first who, after the licentious age of Charles II., endeavoured to introduce the Virtues on the stage. He clothed them with the brilliancy of genius; he placed them in situations most interesting to the human heart; and he taught his audience not to laugh at, but to execrate vice, to despise the lewd fool and the witty rake, to applaud the efforts of the good, and to rejoice in the punishment of the wicked.

In his preface to the *Conscious Lovers* (published after its representation,) Steele records that at one of its early performances, a general officer in a front box was observed to be weeping at the scene between Indiana and her father; when Wilks, the comedian, observed that he was certain the officer would fight ne'er the worse for that.

STEELE RETIRES TO WALES.

We have seen that on various trying occasions Steele's political virtue stood firm; and it is only justice to add that when overwhelmed with debt, he evinced unceasing anxiety to retrieve his fortunes. Nor were his embarrassments solely the result of extravagant living: he was altogether of a speculative turn of mind, and living in an age of bubble schemes, he fell a victim to its perils. "No man's projects for fortune," says Mr. Forster, "had so often failed, yet none were so often renewed. Indeed the art of his genius told against him in his life, and that he could so readily disentangle his thoughts from what most gave them pain and uneasiness, and direct his sensibility at will, to flow into many channels, had certainly not a tendency to favour the balance at his banker's."

Upon the authority of a Bishop, we find it stated that when Steele's affairs became involved shortly before his death, he retired into Wales solely for the purpose of doing justice to his creditors, at a time when he had the fairest prospect of satisfying their claims to the uttermost farthing.* Steele owed his property in South Wales to his wife, the only

* See Bishop Hoadly's *Works*, vol. i. p. 19.

daughter and heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq.; and he appears to have lived partly at *Tylgewyn* (the White House) —a clean farm-house half way between Caermarthen and Llangunnor church, which is situate on a hill commanding one of the most pleasing views in Wales. A field near the house is pointed out as the site of Steele's garden, in the bower of which he was accustomed to write.

In Steele's three years' retirement in Wales, his two little daughters were his greatest solicitude; amid failing health and growing infirmities he was never tired of superintending their lessons, or of writing them gay and entertaining letters, as from friend or playfellow. Mr. Forster concludes his delightful essay with this graceful sketch of the closing scenes of Steele's earthly pilgrimage:

He had survived much, but neither his cheerful temper nor his kind philosophy. He would be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were at their rural sports, and with his pencil give an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer. That was the last thing seen of Richard Steele. And the youths and maidens who so saw him in his invalid chair, enfeebled and dying, saw him still as the wits and fine ladies and gentlemen had seen him in his gaiety and youth, when he sat in the chair of Mr. Bickerstaff, creating pleasure for himself by the communication of pleasure to others, and in proportion to the happiness he distributed increasing his own.

What a touching picture does this scene afford of the artless simplicity of rustic life contrasted with the waste of existence—the wear and tear of reckless dissipation—which embitter whole years as a fitful fever. Our painters love to transfer to their canvas such scenes of enjoyment as the dance upon the village green and kindred pleasures of pastoral life; when to these is added man returning to the simplicity he had long outlived—as we see in Steele among his humble neighbours in Wales—how is the moral pointed and the tale adorned!

DEATH OF STEELE.—HIS BURIAL-PLACE.

Before Steele had carried into effect his honest intentions, death overtook his frame, enfeebled by dissipation and excess. He died September 1, 1729, at the age of fifty-eight, it is said, in the house now the Ivy Bush Hotel, the principal inn in Caermarthen.—(See Cliff's trustworthy *Book of South Wales*, p. 237.)

His funeral, according to his own desire, was strictly private. The entry stands thus in the Register:

1729
Sep. 4, S^r^ Richard Steel.

He is buried in the chancel of St. Peter's Church, at Caermarthen, in a vault belonging to the Scurlock family. The church is visited for its monuments: there are effigies of a warrior in plate-armour, with knightly insignia and heraldic honours; there are grotesque figures and other memorials, but none so suggestive as the church being the burial-place of Richard Steele. A more fitting resting-place for his remains would have been in Westminster Abbey, beside his wife "Prue;" his genius and his conjugal love would then have been together commemorated.

Dr. Hoadly, the Bishop of Bangor, was a steady friend of Steele's, and consented ultimately to act as executor and guardian to his children.

MONUMENT TO STEELE.

There is no monument to Steele's memory in St. Peter's Church; but in Llangunnor Church there is a plain monumental tablet, with the following inscription:

This stone was erected at the instance of William Williams, of Ivy Tower, owner of Penddaylwn Vawr, in Llangunnor; part of the estate there once belonging to the deservedly celebrated Sir Richard Steele, Knight, chief author of the essays named Tatlers, Guardians, and Spectators; and he wrote the Christian Hero, the Englishman and the Crisis, The Conscious Lovers, and other fine plays. He represented several places in Parliament; was a staunch and able patriot; finally an incomparable writer on morality and Christianity. Hence the ensuing lines in a poem called the Head of the Rock:

Behold Llangunnor, leering o'er the vale,
Pourtrays a scene t'adorn romantic tale;
But more than all the beauties of its site,
Its former owner gives the mind delight.
Is there a heart that can't affection feel
For lands so rich as once to boast a Steele?
Who warm for freedom, and with virtue fraught,
His country dearly lov'd, and greatly taught;
Whose morals pure, the purest style conveys,
T' instruct his Britain to the last of days.

Communication of W. Spurrell, Caermarthen;
Notes and Queries, No. 56.

CHARACTERISTICS, PERSONAL TRAITS, AND OPINIONS.

STEELE was famed as a wit before Pope came upon the town, and in those days a young poet who could say he had dined with him was not without claims to consideration. The reader of Pope will remember his laugh at Ambrose Philips:

> "When simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
> First sought a poet's fortune in the town:
> 'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
> To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele."

Steele had a real love and reverence for virtue, Pope told Spence. He had the best nature in the world, and was a man of almost boundless benevolence, said Young. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lived much with all the wits, and knew no one with the kind nature of Steele. "It is his admitted weakness to have yielded to the temptation which yet he never lost the strength to condemn; but we know who has said that, if at all times to do were as easy as to teach what is good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."—Forster's *Essays*.

Dr. Young said: "Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world: even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased."

Mr. Forster's life of Steele is a protest against Lord Macaulay's somewhat contemptuous pity. Mr. Forster presents him to us as a man who, with some irregularities—which have, as he thinks, been exaggerated—was possessed of a far more fearless and disinterested temper, and of a genius not much less admirable than that of his great contemporary Addison, whom Lord Macaulay and Mr. Thackeray agree in representing as having been his kind, watchful, and somewhat depreciatory monitor. There is great generosity and kindness in Mr. Forster's views on the subject; but the old objection always recurs—there is evidence both ways. Steele may have been a scamp, or he may not. It is a question of fact which no one now can really settle.*

* *Saturday Review*, June 12, 1858.

CHARACTER OF DICK EASTCOURT.

Eastcourt, the comedian, was a man of wit as well as a mimic; he was caterer of the Beef-steak Club, and, as a badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold about his neck fastened to a green ribbon. He was a great favourite with Steele, who thus introduces him in the *Spectator*, No. 358:

The best man that I know of for heightening the real gaiety of a company is Eastcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents, but which, taken from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it.

And in the *Spectator*, No. 468, August 27, 1712, we find:

I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter t'other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed out the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable.

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit, in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that con-

dition as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellences, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it; and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion, to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others, he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me in when I displeased him. *It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me,* BUT WHAT ARGUES A DEPRAVITY OF MY WILL.

* * * * * *

Poor Eastcourt! Let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves; and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

* * * * * *

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance or a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——

Leigh Hunt has well remarked, that Sir Richard Steele's own fineness of nature was never more beautifully evinced in any part of his writings, than in this testimony to the merits of poor Dick Eastcourt!

STEELE AND WHISTON.

Mr. Forster has taken considerable pains to set Steele in a true light, and to correct several popular misapprehensions of his character. Every public man is liable to this sort of misrepresentation by duller men than himself; and not the least valuable portion of the labours of the biographer consists in setting his readers right upon such points. Here is one of Mr. Forster's instances: "On the day after his [Steele's] speech in the House of Commons interceding for mercy to the South Sea directors, Mr. William Whiston, for whom also he had interceded formerly when in straits hardly less difficult, met him at Button's. 'Why, Sir Richard,' said the worthy man, 'they say you have been making a speech in the House for the South Sea directors.' 'Well,' said he, quietly, 'they do say so.' To which Whiston, who confesses that he had been a little nettled personally some time before, by a ludicrous remark of Sir Richard's, made the somewhat illogical reply, 'Then how does this agree with your former writing against the scheme?' 'Mr. Whiston,' rejoined Steele, 'you can walk on foot, and I can not.' Of course, the dull man tells the anecdote by way of showing that Steele could change his opinions for his interest, but this is not the construction any well-informed reader will put upon it. To look after his own interest at any time was the very last thing Steele ever thought of doing; and as to the matter in question, it was notorious that in speaking for Lord Stanhope and the other misguided men, he discharged himself only of a debt of kindness that could have no effect, save such as might be unfavourable, upon his own fortune. It was simply his wit and good breeding that politely had declined debate, and left Mr. Whiston in enjoyment of his own sordid fancy."

DENNIS ATTACKS STEELE, AND STEELE REPLIES.

The furious critic, John Dennis, in a whimsical pamphlet, fell foul of poor Steele as Sir John Edgar, of the county of —— in Ireland, and proceeded to describe him "as of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the

picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told he was ugly, than he was by any reflection made upon his honour or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honourable family: certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Herald's Office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and above all, his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue."

Of course, this fierce personality was not to be borne; and Steele replied to Dennis with equal severity to his, but tempered his reply with a great deal of humour. He says to the old churl, who, on his portrait is marked as "the Critick,"—

"Thou never did'st let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him. . . . .

"Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly, vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obeyed out of fear, from your ill-nature pictured there; not from any other motive. Your height is about some five feet five inches. You see I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimension with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you. . . . .

"Your doughty paunch stands before you like a firkin of butter, and your duck-legs seem to be cast for carrying burdens.

"Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself; and while they bark at men of sense, call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species; and hatest the sight of a fool but in thy glass."

Steele had been kind to Dennis, and once got arrested on account of a pecuniary service which he did him. When John heard of the fact—"S'death!" cries John; "why did not he keep out of the way as I did?"

The "Answer" concludes by mentioning that Cibber had offered ten pounds for the discovery of the authorship of Dennis's pamphlet; on which, says Steele,—

"I am only sorry he has offered so much, because the *twentieth part* would have over-valued his whole carcase. But I know the fellow that he keeps to give answers to his creditors will betray him; for he gave me his word to bring officers on the top of the house that should make a hole through the ceiling of his garret, and so bring him to the punishment he deserves. Some people think this expedient out of the way,

and that he would make his escape upon hearing the least noise. I say so too; but it takes him up half-an-hour every night to fortify himself with his old hair trunk, two or three joint-stools, and some other lumber, which he ties together with cords so fast that it takes him up the same time in the morning to release himself."

BISHOP HOADLY AND STEELE AT BLENHEIM.

Dr. Hoadly and Steele were invited to Blenheim, and sat next each other at a play got up for the amusement of the great Duke of Marlborough, now in declining health and years; when, as the Bishop and the critic of the *Tatler* both observed how well a love-scene was acted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, Captain Fishe, "I doubt this fish is flesh, my Lord," whispered Steele. On going away, they had to pass through a host of laced coats and ruffles in the hall; and as the Bishop was preparing the usual fees, "I have not enough," cried Steele, and addressing the footmen, told them he had been much struck by the good taste with which he had seen them applauding in the right places, upstairs, and invited them all free to Drury-lane theatre, to whatever play they might like to bespeak.

STEELE'S HOMAGE TO WOMEN.

"It was Steele, [says Mr. Thackeray, in one of the most fascinating pages of his *Lectures*], who first began to pay a manly homage to the goodness and understanding, as well as the tenderness and beauty of women. In his comedies, the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour and strength which should win the good will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion." What can be more delightful than the following:

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, "that creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her." And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry

Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.—*Tatler*, No. 206.

"It is this ardour, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that 'to have loved her was a liberal education.' 'How often,' he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, 'how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form than my wife.' His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness: he would have been nothing without that delightful weakness."

STEELE AND ADDISON FRIENDS.

Mr. Thackeray has cleverly portrayed the two friends in strong contrast:—Addison dismal in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, and young Captain Steele cutting a much smarter figure.

Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school-days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked overnight at the "Devil," or the "Garter." Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold grey eyes following Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall, to dine with the guard at St. James's, before he turns, with his sober face and threadbare suit to walk back to his lodgings.

It was to this lodging that Pope paid a visit of homage. He asked Walter Harte to ascend three pair of stairs, and enter a small top room above a small shop in the Haymarket. When they were within the room, Pope said to Harte, "In this garret Addison wrote his *Campaign*."

"POOR DICK."

There are certain characters which are *killed by compassion*, their good qualities being hidden under the sort of sympathetic reproach conveyed by the prefix of "poor." Addison says of Steele, "I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him." "Formerly, as now," says Mr. Forster, "these expressions have been pointed to a sense not exactly intended by them." The "poor Dick" has been repeatedly lavished since; but we must take the liberty to add, with a feeling and for a purpose far less worthy. It is our belief that no man so much as Steele has suffered from *compassion*. It was out of his own bitter experience, he shrewdly called it, himself, the best disguise of malice, and said that the most apposite course to cry a man down was to lament him. Yet he is, after all, too hardy a creature to be so discountenanced and undone. Steele says:

He is never mortified but when truth, honour, and reason are against him; which, as soon as he perceives, he, without ceremony, or taking leave, runs to the side on which they appear. Hence it is, that he passes all his days under reproach from some persons or other; and he is, at different times, called a renegade, a confessor, and a martyr, by every party. This happens from his sticking to principles, and having no respect to persons; and it is his inward constancy that makes him vary in outward appearance. It is therefore unlucky for those who speak of this kind of character with ridicule, that all the great who ever lived were such.

Whoever reads Macaulay's estimate must agree that whatever praise he gives to Steele is always in the way of condescension; and he cannot bring himself to state a virtue in him which he does not at the same time extenuate with its equal vice or drawback.

MODES OF DYING.

The 11th *Tatler*, with a truth and spirit not to be surpassed, remarks that any doctrine on the subject of dying, other than that of living well, is the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. A tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his exit; but in real life, and by noble spirits, it will be

done decently, without the ostentation of it. Commend me, exclaims Steele, to that natural greatness of soul expressed by an innocent and consequently resolute country fellow, who said, in the pains of the colic, "If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again." Honest Ned! And so he died.

STEELE GIVES SAVAGE A DINNER.

In one of the small taverns which formerly occupied the site of Piccadilly Terrace, occurred the following incident, or trick as it has been sometimes termed. It is related by Dr. Johnson, in his affecting Life of Richard Savage, who was pitied, caressed, and relieved by Steele. Johnson proceeds:

Sir Richard Steele having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all the opportunities of recommending him, and asserted that "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father."*

Nor was Mr. Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he sometimes related an instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just idea of his patron's character.

He [Savage] was once desired by Sir Richard [Steele], with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and, after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer this new production for sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

* *The Plain Dealer.*

SAVAGE LOSES STEELE'S FRIENDSHIP.

Under such a tutor as Steele, Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality; and Dr. Johnson says, perhaps many of the misfortunes which the want of those virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life might be justly imputed to so unimproving an example.

But Sir Richard's kindness did not end in common favours. "He proposed to have established Savage in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds. But though he was always lavish of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own intentions; and as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed. In the meantime he was officiously informed that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his house."

Johnson considers Savage's fault to have been rather negligence than ingratitude. But Sir Richard must likewise be acquitted of severity; for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, in whose establishment he has laboured, and whose interest he has promoted?

STEELE AND HIS "LIVERIES."

Savage related to Dr. Johnson that Sir Richard having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries (servants) which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Steele very frankly confessed that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being asked why he did not discharge them, he declared that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they stayed. His friends were

diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt, discharged their attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Such is Johnson's "uncommon fact," as he received it from Savage, and which the Doctor believed.*

In the *Examiner*, No. 11, is this curious parallel: "I have heard of a certain illustrious person who having a *garde du corps* that forced their attendance upon him, put them into livery, and maintained them as his servants: thus answering that famous question, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (Who shall guard your own guards?)—*Juvenal.*"

Savage also told Johnson the story of the bond put in execution against Steele by Addison, which Steele related with tears in his eyes; but to Benjamin Victor, Sir Richard said that certainly his bond on some expensive furniture had been put in force; but that, from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly; and that, taking as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the usual gaiety of temper.

WHO WAS "THE PERVERSE WIDOW."

In Steele's No. 113 of the *Spectator*, which shows us Sir Roger de Coverley in Love, we read, "The Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse." "The notion," says Mr. Wills, "that the perverse widow had a living, charming, provoking original, has been more prevalent and better supported than that respecting any of the rest of the Coverley characters." Both Addison and Steele had suffered from perverse widows, so that the experience of either might have furnished the original. While the Coverley papers were in progress, Addison was courting the Countess Dowager of Warwick; "perhaps," says Dr. Johnson, "with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow."

* We are not inclined to attach much credence to any story related by Richard Savage; more especially after reading Mr. Moy Thomas's very interesting communications to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. vi., upon the romantic tale of Savage's birth, in reply to the question, "Was Richard Savage an impostor?"—of which, Mr. Thomas, after his laborious investigation, has not any doubt.

The result, though different, was not happier than Sir Roger's destiny.

Probability, however, rejects Lady Warwick as the model we seek. To find it we must, it is said, turn to Steele's tormentress. The information on which is grounded the belief that it was Steele's widow is derived from Chalmers, through Archdeacon Nares, to whom it was communicated by the Rev. Duke Yonge, of Plympton, in Devonshire. His attention was first drawn to this subject by a vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey, that the widow of William Boevey, Esq., and who died Jan. 21, 1726, was the original whence the picture of the perverse widow in the *Spectator* was drawn. She was left a widow at the age of 22, and by her portrait, (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life,) appears to have been a woman of handsome, dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th No. of the *Spectator*. She was a person well known, and much distinguished in her day. Mr. Wills has examined the evidence to be traced in the *Spectator*, with this result.

The papers in the *Spectator* which describe the Widow were written by Steele, and Mrs. Boevey was well known to him. He dedicates to her one of the volumes of the *Ladies' Library*, and her character in the dedication corresponds with the character of the Widow in the *Spectator:* indeed, it is almost a parody on that in the dedication. Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady: she reads upon the nature of plants, and understands everything. In No. 118, "her superior rank is such," says Sir Roger, "that I cannot approach her without awe, my heart is checked by too much esteem." In the Dedication occurs: "Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our own sex."

She is described as having a confidant, to whom the Knight has a peculiar aversion: he says, "of all persons, be sure to set a mark on confidants." Mrs. Boevey certainly had a female friend of this description, named Pope; who lived with her more than forty years, whom she left executrix; and who, it is believed in the family, did not execute her office in the most liberal manner.

The communication goes on to state that Mrs. Boevey's residence, Flaxley Abbey, was not far from the borders of Worcestershire; but that there is no tradition in the family of her having such a lawsuit as is described by Sir Roger.

But no true artist copies every trait of his subject, and the verisimilitude is not diminished because the Gloucestershire enslaver was younger and not so litigious as the Worcestershire widow.

Mrs. Boevey was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument to her memory in Westminster Abbey, erected by her executrix. Such is a *précis* of Mr. W. Wills's careful note.

Mr. Kerslake, of Bristol, in an account of an investigation which he made a few years since, gives some interesting particulars of Mrs. Boevey, taken down from the mouth of an aged woman who had been twenty years her waiting-maid. Mrs. Boevey spent an hour or two every night in her closet; she did the same every morning, and was a very early riser. She appears to have kept a sort of debtor and creditor account of her charities, balanced against her expenses in dress, which was also very handsome. She went every winter to London; and often lent money to poor clergymen, and other distressed persons, which was frequently repaid to her in small sums, but oftener given to them altogether. She is also shown to have made anonymous presents of money to indigent nonconformist ministers. Six of the poor children of the village-school dined by turns regularly every Sunday at the Abbey, when Mrs. Boevey heard them say their catechism. During the Christmas holidays, she had the thirty children who were taught at her expense, to dine at the Abbey, upon beef and pudding. After dinner, Mrs. Boevey had them all into the parlour, where she was sitting dressed in white and silver. She showed them her clothes and her jewels, talked pleasantly and with great goodnature to them; and having given to each of them sixpence, she dismissed them. When they left her, they had a harp and fiddle playing in the great hall, where they danced two hours, and went away in good time. At the last of these receptions, Mrs. Boevey was, to all appearance, very well; but she died that very day month.

At Flaxley Abbey, where Mrs. Boevey spent her long and exemplary widowhood, Addison, Steele, and other great wits had been her frequent guests. Here also she afforded an asylum to the learned Dr. Hickes, the deprived Bishop Frampton, and a numerous company of nonjuring clergymen, original portraits of many of whom are still hanging on the

principal staircase. Flaxley is in the Forest of Dean; and it is remarkable that "the Man of Ross," who died two years before Mrs. Boevey, and whose life in many respects so much resembled hers, was so near a neighbour; Ross being within about ten miles of Flaxley.

"THE LADIES' LIBRARY."

The frontispiece to volume three of this work represents a young lady dressed in widow's weeds, opening a book upon a table, upon which also is a skull; her admirers, in long wigs and swords, are thronging round the door. This is a portrait of Mrs. Boevey. The *Ladies' Library* is believed not to have been the work of Sir Richard Steele, though it bears his name: it is thought to have been compiled by the granddaughter of Jeremy Taylor, who married Sir Cecil Wray. Steele got into a hot dispute about this work, through performing a kindly office for the lady. It contained long extracts from Jeremy Taylor's works, then the copyright of one Meredith: he worried Steele, who firmly and finally replied in this admirable letter:

October 26, 1714, *St. James's-street.*

SIR,—

I have a second letter from you. The style of the first was very harsh to one whom you are not at all acquainted with; but there were suggestions in it which might give excuse for being out of humour at one whom you might, perhaps, think was the occasion of damage to you. You mentioned also an orphan, which word was a defence against my warm reply; but since you are pleased to go on in an intemperate way of talk, I shall give myself no more trouble to inquire about what you complain, but rest satisfied with doing all the good offices I can to the reverend author's grandchild, now in town. Thus, leaving you to contend about your title to his writings, and wishing you success, if you have justice on your side; I beg you will give me no more ill-language, and you will oblige, sir, your humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.*

BEAU FIELDING.

The eccentric Beau Fielding, who died in Scotland-yard, London, at the beginning of the last century, was thought worthy of record by Sir Richard Steele, as an extraordinary instance of the effects of personal vanity upon a man not without wit. Before he left England to follow the fortunes of James II., "Handsome Fielding," as he was called, appears to have been

* *Notes and Queries*, No. 297.

insane with vanity. On his return, he added, to the natural absurdities of that passion, the indecency of being old; but this only rendered him the more perverse in his folly. He always wore an extraordinary dress: sometimes he rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, the better to display the nobleness of his person; and his footmen appeared in liveries of yellow, with black feathers in their hats, and black sashes. When people laughed at him, he refuted them, as Steele says, "by only moving." Sir Richard adds he saw him one day stop and call the boys about him, to whom he spoke as follows:

"Good youths,—go to school, and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring. . . . . Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?" "Never such a one as you, noble General," replied a truant from Westminster. "Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee." Swift puts him in his list of Mean Figures, as one who "at fifty years of age, when he was wounded in a quarrel upon the stage, opened his breast, and showed the wound to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a-laughing."

During the height of his magnificence, he carried his madness so far, according to Steele, as to "call for his tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle."—See *Tatler*, Nos. 50 and 51.

STEELE'S VISIT TO DON SALTERO'S AT CHELSEA.

Near the close of the seventeenth century, (in 1695,) one Salter, a barber, opened at No. 18, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, a coffee-house and museum, which continued to exist almost to our own time. Hans Sloane contributed largely to the gimcracks of the collection; and Vice-Admiral Munden, who had been long on the coast of Spain, where he had acquired a fondness for Spanish titles, named the keeper of the house *Don Saltero*, and his house itself as *Don Saltero's*.

The place, however, would, in all probability, have attained little beyond its local fame, had not Sir Richard Steele immortalized the Don and Don Saltero's in the *Tatler*, No. 34, June 28, 1709, wherein he tells us that he was convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world by his journey

for fresh air, no farther than the village of Chelsea, of which he fancied that he could give an immediate description, from the Five Fields, where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the *literati* sit in council. But he found, even in a place so near town as this, there were enormities and persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of; illustratively adds:—

When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eyes was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room, and on the ceiling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic; but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call 'gingivistæ;' in our language tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure but take away, the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter; for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary.

The Don was famous for his punch, and his skill on the fiddle. "Indeed," says Steele, "I think he does play the 'Merry Christ-Church Bells' pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did it rather to show he was orthodox than that he valued himself upon the music itself." The Don drew teeth and wrote verses; he has described his museum in several stanzas—here is the happiest:—

Monsters of all sorts here are seen;
Strange things in nature as they grew so;
Some relicks of the Sheba Queen,
And fragments of the fam'd Bob Crusoe.

Steele plunges into a deep thought why barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. He then maintains that Don Saltero is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant, as he himself asserts, but from the memorable companion of the Knight of Mancha:

And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats-of-mail, his sclopeta, and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collection he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England;* one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox

* Among the curiosities presented by Admiral Munden was a coffin, containing the body or relics of a Spanish Saint who had wrought miracles.

opinions. He shows you a straw hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you "It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat." To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities, as, the china figure of the lady in the glass case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it; both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters-patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife.*

Among the oddities, too, was "A wooden shoe, that was put under the Speaker's chair in the reign of King James II. [in allusion to popery, slavery, and wooden shoes]; a Staffordshire almanack in use when the Danes were in England; a starved cat found between the walls of Westminster Abbey, when repairing." A catalogue was published, of which there were printed more than forty editions. Smollett, the novelist, is among the donors. The curiosities were shown in the coffee-room till August, 1799, when the collection was mostly sold or dispersed; a few gimcracks were left until about 1825, when we were informed on the premises, they were thrown away. The house is now a tavern,—The Don Saltero's Coffee House.—See also, *Tatler*, Nos. 195 and 226.

PORTRAITS OF STEELE.

Among the pictures at the Hall of the Stationers' Company is an admirable portrait of Steele; he wears a velvet cap, and his collar is open; this picture is from the collection of the Earl of Oxford, and is said to have been painted by Kneller; it was presented to the Company by John Nichols.

We have also Kneller's portrait of Steele in the Kit-Kat Collection.

* Babillard says, that Salter had an old grey muff; and that by wearing it up to his nose, he was distinguishable at the distance of a quarter of a mile. His wife was none of the best, being much addicted to scolding; and Salter, who liked his glass, if he could make a slip to London by himself, was in no haste to return.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

BIRTH OF FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE, "the English Aristophanes," was born in the ancient town of Truro, in 1720, of good family. His father was an active Cornish magistrate, receiver of fines for the Duchy, and a joint commissioner of the Prize-office. He sat some time in Parliament for Tiverton, in the adjoining county of Devon. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edmund Goodere, Bart., who represented the county of Hereford for many years; and who, by marriage with the granddaughter of the Earl of Rutland, had connected with his own family the not less ancient stock of the Dinelys, of Charlton, in Worcestershire.

The house in which Foote is said to have been born at Truro, is now the Red Lion Hotel; but Polwhele, also a native, mentions another house in which the humourist first saw the light. He received his early education at the grammar-school of the town.

FOOTE'S BOYHOOD.

Through his Worcestershire family connexion, young Sam was placed in the free grammar-school at Worcester, where had been educated another celebrated wit, Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. Foote was a remarkably quick, observant lad, and a favourite with his master, Dr. Miles. At this early period, his humour, "native and to the manner born," showed itself, and led to his being much talked of. In the school he was foremost in barrings-out, and evinced that restless spirit by which he was characterized throughout his life. He is even said to have experimented with an artificial earthquake for the amusement of his schoolfellows. Still more striking was his natural bent for mimicry of grown-up people, and making fun of them—particularly his superiors. Arthur Murphy found a tradition remaining in the school at

Worcester that the boys often neglected their lessons on a Monday, through young Sam's laughter-moving imitations: he usually dined on a Sunday with some of his relatives in the neighbourhood; and the boy's peculiarities rarely failed to afford him a fresh supply of humorous personifications for the amusement of the school.

FOOTE AT COLLEGE.

In his seventeenth year, Foote was elected scholar of Worcester College, in Oxford: thither he carried his love of ridiculing the authorities, and chose for his butt the provost of his college. This, of course, brought upon him penalties and impositions, but it did not check his humour. The provost was a stiff-necked pedant; and once, when Foote had to receive a reprimand, he presented himself with mock gravity, with a large dictionary under his arm: the Doctor began pompously with a startling long word, when Foote would open his dictionary, and pretending to have found the meaning of the word, would say: "Very well, sir; now please to go on." This infraction of discipline could not be tolerated; and in the third year of his undergraduateship, Foote quitted college, not solely on account of this breach, but also for having driven through the streets of Oxford a coach and six greys, with a freight of gay company, attended by two footmen, and with a ridiculous quantity of lace about his clothes. He was severely reprimanded for this indecorum, and he left the quiet rooms and gardens of Worcester college for the more congenial excitement of London life.

During Foote's studentship, Murphy tells us that he *played Punch* at Oxford in disguise, which might be expected from his success in mimicry.* In one of the vacations, he had paid a visit to Bath, whose gaieties and theatrical tastes must have consorted with Foote's humour: the first theatre had then been built ten years, and gaming was the rage of that day; and some years elapsed before the Bath stage became the nursery for our metropolitan theatres.

A FAMILY TRAGEDY.

Upon quitting Oxford, Foote repaired to the metropolis, and there entered himself of the Temple; his choice of the law

* The mimes of ancient Rome seem to have been nothing but irregular harlequinades, probably the lineal ancestors of our *Punch*.

having been determined by his success in mimicking some justices of quorum at his father's dinner-table. Scarcely had he begun residence in the Temple, when this terrible catastrophe occurred:

A family quarrel of long standing existed between the two brothers of Mrs. Foote, (Sir John Dinely Goodere, and Capt. Samuel Goodere, R.N.), and it had very recently assumed a character of such bitterness, that the baronet, who was unmarried and was somewhat eccentric in his ways, had cut off the entail of the family estate in favour of his sister's issue, to the exclusion of the Captain, who, nevertheless, had seized the occasion of an unexpected visit of his brother to Bristol, in the winter of 1741, somewhat ostentatiously to seek a reconciliation with him; having previously arranged that on the very night of their friendly meeting a pressgang, partly selected from his own ship, the *Ruby* man-of-war, and partly from the *Vernon* privateer, both lying at the time in the King's road, should seize and hurry Sir John into a boat on the river, and thence secrete him in the purser's cabin of the *Ruby*. The whole thing was wonderfully devised to assume the character of one of those outrages far from uncommon in seaports in those days; but as usual, the artifice was overdone. The Captain's publicly-acted reconciliation directed suspicion against him; even among the savage instruments of this dreadful deed, some sparks of feeling and conscience were struck out; and one man, who saw through the crevice in the woodwork of the cabin two of the worst ruffians in the ship strangle the poor struggling victim, swore also, in confirmation of the evidence of others who had witnessed their commander's watch outside the door, at the supposed time of the murder, and his subsequent disappearance inside, that in about a minute after the deed was done, he saw an arm stretched out, and *a white hand* on the throat of the deceased.—Forster's *Essays*.

The captain remained on board the ship with the dead body till he was apprehended. The plea of insanity failed: and Captain Goodere, and the two accomplices, were tried, and hanged at Bristol.

Murphy states that Foote's first production as an author was a version which he wrote of the above transaction —"a pamphlet giving an account of one of his uncles who was executed for murdering his other uncle." It was a sort of defence of the justly-hanged captain—an attempt to lessen the family discredit. Foote certainly wrote the pamphlet for ten pounds, for an Old Bailey bookseller, on condition that his name as its writer should be suppressed. Mr. Forster has seen what purports to be a copy of the pamphlet: it is the recent reprint of a sixpenny pamphlet published in the locality of the murder. It is stated on the title-page to have been written "by the *late* S. Foote, esq.," but the only evidence it bears of his authorship is an allusion

to the writer's relationship to the two brothers, both of whom, however, it does not endeavour to defend: it gives up the captain. It is so wretched a performance as to make it difficult to believe it to have been written by Foote.

Cooke, who wrote the Memoirs of Foote, relates that on the day he took the manuscript of the above pamphlet to the bookseller in the Old Bailey, such was his need, that he was obliged to wear his boots without stockings, and on receiving his ten pounds, he purchased a pair at a hosier's in Fleet-street. On coming out of the shop, he was recognised by two Oxford associates, who bore him off to dinner at the Bedford: as the wine passed round, the state of Foote's wardrobe came within view, and he was asked what the deuce had become of his stockings? "Why," said Foote, quite unembarrassed, "I never wear any at this time of the year, till I dress for the evening; and you see," pulling his purchase out of his pocket, and silencing the laugh of his friends, "I am always provided with a pair for the occasion."

A PLEASANT INTRODUCTION.

Out of the tragical episode just narrated sprung the following strange incident:

Foote, when at the age of one-and-twenty, was introduced to a club of wits, by Mr. Cooke, who translated Hesiod. "This," said Mr. Cooke, presenting Foote, "is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother." This announcement we have seen, was literally true; and Mr. Cooke, who most ingeniously lived in idleness by his wits, thought of nothing in making the strange announcement but Foote's luck and advantage in having come to a portion of the family inheritance by such windfalls as a murder and an execution.

FOOTE FIRST APPEARS ON THE STAGE.

To recruit his wasted fortunes, the tendency of Foote's habits and tastes pointed to the stage; and encouraged by the well-known Delavals, he became enlisted in the service of the public. He joined Macklin, who seceded from Drury-lane, and with the best company he could get, went to the little "wooden theatre" in the Haymarket. Foote chose *Othello* for his opening part; and the Haymarket bill, of the 6th of February, 1744, announced the play—"Othello by a gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage,"—the

character "dressed after the custom of the country." Foote failed in Othello; though, Macklin said, "not but one could discover the scholar about the young fellow, and that he perfectly knew what the author meant." Still, he repeated it three times; and next month he acted it for a benefit at Drury-lane. His next part was Lord Foppington, which was so successful as to make safe his ground in comedy. In 1744-5, he went over to Dublin, to play at the new Smock-alley theatre; and in 1754-6, he was installed as one of the regular company at Drury-lane.

FOOTE'S "HAMLET."

Foote's *Othello* is described as a masterpiece of burlesque; but it fell short of *Hamlet*, which he attempted, in the early part of his life, for his benefit. He went through the play tolerably well until he came to the last act; but in the scene where he quarrels with Laertes—

> What is the reason that you use me thus?
> I lov'd you ever;—but 'tis no matter.
> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew—the dog will have his day—

he entered so much into the quarrel, as to throw himself out of the words, which he jumbled thus: "I lov'd you ever;—but it's no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will bark—no, that's the dog; the dog will mew—no, that's the cat; the cat will—no, the dog; the cat, the dog,—pshaw—pho—it's something about mewing and barking; but as I hope to be saved, ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing more of the matter."

FOOTE AND THE DELAVALS.

Foote is known to have spent three fortunes: the third fell to him from the death of a relation of his mother's, and on the strength of it, he set up a gay carriage, with *iterum, iterum, iterumque* painted on the panel. Foremost among his companions were the Delaval family, in connexion with whom he is mentioned, by Horace Walpole, 13th of March, 1751, as "one Foote, a player." This is the first time he is mentioned by Walpole, who afterwards regarded him with oddly mingled feelings of deference and admiration, dislike and fear.

Foote is said to have been once extricated from his difficul-

ties by a very dishonourable piece of service to the head of the Delavals, Sir Francis, who, being himself of ruined fortune, looked forward to marriage with a rich lady, as the means of repairing it. Foote, discovering a wealthy dame, who was prepossessed with fortune-tellers, got a friend to personate a conjuror, and recommended Sir Francis as a husband. The scheme succeeded, and Foote was rewarded by Sir Francis with an annuity. The story is told with a scandalous addition, by Walpole; Mr. Forster, we perceive, considers the charge to be altogether unfounded.

However, the association with Delaval was not altogether a course of dissipation: it had more intellectual aims; for Foote, in dedicating his comedy of *Taste* to his friend Sir Francis, reminds him how often their conversations had turned to the distinctions between comedy and farce; "for in whatever dissipation the world may suppose our days to have been consumed, many, many hours have been consecrated to other subjects than generally employ the giddy and gay."

When Foote heard of Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days; the third day, Jewel, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time the burial would be? "Not till next week, sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his head." This last word recovered Foote's fancy, and, repeating it with some surprise, he asked, "And what will they get there? I am sure," said he, "I have known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find anything in it."

FOOTE'S PERSONAL SUCCESS.

George Colman the younger has well observed that "the paradoxical celebrity which Foote maintained on the stage was very singular: his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a wooden leg!"

Here are strong evidences of his success, by three of his contemporaries:

"Mr. Foote was a man of wonderful abilities," said Garrick, "and the most entertaining companion I have ever known." "There is hardly a public man in England," said Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." "Sure if ever one person," said Tate Wilkinson, "possessed the talents of pleasing more than another, Mr. Foote was the man."

The secret of this success was in Foote playing characters closely resembling himself, and bringing out the personal wit and humorous peculiarity of the man. What he thus played, he was, or had been. Mr. Forster, in a vein of sound criticism, observes:

He was the graceless son, the adventurer with the handsome leg; he was the flimsy fop and dandy, who made a god of his tailor and scorned essential for non-essential things; he was the very embodiment of the heedless, light-hearted coxcomb, the type of youthful spirits and recklessness let loose upon the world. But what a man is, he does not always look; and (in the plays in which he first appeared) it was Foote's disadvantage that his appearance told against him. In person, he was short, with a tendency to stoutness; his face, even in youth, was round, fleshy, and flat, and his nose had breadth, without strength or delicacy: though he had a pleasing expression of mouth, more refined than in a man of his temperament might perhaps have been looked for; and he had an eye, in whose sparkling depths lay a spring of humour unfailing and perpetual, which would have raised from insignificance or repulsiveness features fifty times as coarse and inelegant.—*Biographical Essays*, pp. 320-21.

We agree with the writer, that whoever looks upon the portrait of Foote, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, (now in the collection of the Garrick Club,) must allow that

though years of indulgence have done their work, and you look on the hardened clumsy features, the settled look, the painful stoop and infirmity of his later life, you see through them still what as a young man Foote must have been—a shrewd, keen, observant, mirthful, thoroughly intellectual man, but not exactly a Sir Harry Wildair, Dick Amlet, or my Lord Foppington. And so the matter seems to have struck himself, notwithstanding the amount of favour he received in such parts; for the expression is attributed to him, "If they won't have me in tragedy, and I am not fit for comedy, what the deuce *am* I fit for?"

FOOTE'S NEW ENTERTAINMENTS.

The question which Foote put as above, he best answered himself *after* he had appeared in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, and given to delighted audiences his version of the celebrated Bayes. Upon this success, there is every reason to believe, Foote shaped his future career.

The *Rehearsal* (now much oftener quoted than read through) had already been altered in representation by Garrick introducing imitations into Bayes, intended for Dryden, but whom Garrick represented as a conceited garret poet going about reciting his own verses. The innovation was condemned by Cibber and Lord Chesterfield; but Garrick's audiences relished the change, more especially his imitations of popular actors of the day. Foote took up Garrick's notion, and worked it out in his own way—bitter sarcasms on the absurdities, and nine-day wonders, and graver matters, as debates in parliament and defeats of the rebels, seasoned with many a sly shaft at great actors on and off the stage—playwrights and players, politicians and persons of high fashion and low repute. That Foote did not injure the original stock upon which he engrafted these novelties is attested by Davies, who says that what Samuel improvised and added to Bayes was as good as the original, but with greater novelty of allusion. In short, Foote equipped himself with wit and character from his own brain as the Bayes of his day; and in the *General Advertiser* of the 22nd of April, 1747, appeared the following announcement of his new venture:

At the Theatre in the Haymarket this day will be performed a Concert of Music, with which will be given *gratis* a new entertainment called *The Diversions of the Morning*, to which will be added a farce taken from the *Old Bachelor* called the Credulous Husband, Fondlewife by Mr. Foote; with an Epilogue to be spoken by the B—d—d Coffee House. To begin at 7.

Great was Foote's success: the little theatre was crowded. The Town had been variously entertained from nearly a century earlier with satirical sketches; but no English performer had hitherto dared to portray living persons upon the stage, with their vices and weaknesses, their very voice and dress, and counterfeit presentment. We have had state pageants in theatres dressed in our time to the very fashion and shade of the robes of royalty—the Coronation of George IV.—for example; but we have had no instance of representations got up to be *laughed at*, such as the *Diversions* of Foote. In the epilogue, the notabilities of the Bedford Coffee House were brought upon the stage in ludicrous dispute: old Dr. Barrowby was lightly handled, but a quack oculist of ill repute was not let off so lightly.

Foote was not to be left to profit exclusively by his success. The actors had a twofold motive for opposing him: he satirized

their imperfections, and kept persons away from their theatre by his own attractiveness: he had used spoken dialogue from Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, and therefore placed himself within the provisions of the licensing act. On the second night, constables from Bow-street were stationed at the doors of the Haymarket Theatre; and they drove back the public as fast as they approached.

He who took off everybody was not likely to be spared himself: accordingly, the squibs against Foote were very biting, as may be judged from this specimen:

> Thou mimic of Cibber—of Garrick thou ape!
> Thou Fop in Othello! thou Cypher in shape! &c.
> Thou mummer in action! thou coffee-house jester!
> Thou mimic *sans* sense! mock hero in gesture!
> Can the squeak of a puppet present us a Quin?
> Or a pigmy, or dwarf, show a giant's design, &c.
> Can a *Foot* represent in the length of a yard?
> Where, then, shall such insolence meet its reward, &c.

Foote lost no time in producing another entertainment. On the morning after the constables had dispersed the crowds at the Haymarket doors, there appeared in the *General Advertiser* this announcement:

> On Saturday noon [April 25], exactly at 12 o'clock, at the New Theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Foote begs the favour of his friends to come and drink a dish of Chocolate with him; and 'tis hoped there will be a great deal of Comedy and some joyous spirits; he will endeavour to make the Morning as Diverting as possible. Tickets for this entertainment to be had at George's Coffee-House, Temple Bar, without which no person will be admitted. N.B. *Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.*

Lacey, the patentee of Drury-lane, attempted to suppress the performance; but in vain. Nor could the authorities resist Foote's ludicrous defiance: the magistrates issued their warrant, and the constables threatened with their staves—but in vain; and so the *Diversions* were repeated forty times. The scheme consisted of Foote's training some young performers for the stage; rehearsing the finest scenes with them; and, as critics, wits, authors, or politicians, improvising with them dialogues of allusion to the events of the day. Then he replied to the outcry against himself, and denied that what he did could be hurtful; and next he imitated the defects of certain leading actors. It was then announced, in June, that—

At the request of several persons who were desirous of spending an hour with Mr. Foote, but find the time inconvenient, instead of Chocolate in the morning, Mr. Foote's friends are desired to drink a dish of Tea with him at half an hour past 6 in the evening.

Henceforth Foote's *Giving Tea* became an attraction of the Town. Next year he gave an *Auction of Pictures*, "at his Auction-room, late the little theatre in the Haymarket," where it was repeated nearly fifty times. It was resumed in the winter, when its successful run was broken by the hoax of the Bottle Conjuror.* After the ill-feeling which this imposition produced had nearly subsided, Foote returned with his *Tea*, and added "some entire new lots," including one of the most disreputable quacks then living. Thus combining entertainment with satire, Foote, in these pieces, laughed at many a leading personage who ministered to fashion and caprice in actual life, besides attacking those on the stage; as well as showing up what was ridiculous in whatever walk of society he might find it. Neither of these entertainments was printed entire, but some of the leading characters have been recorded; and among these we find Sir Thomas de Veil, the Westminster justice, who had made himself a partisan of the actors in opposing the *Diversions;* Mr. Cock, the fashionable auctioneer of that day, when auctions were scenes of low deceptions in which persons of rank did not hesitate to practise; and Orator Henley, "preacher at once and Zany of the age," who was then giving his "skits at the fashions," and "bobs at the times" from his gilt tub in Clare-market.

In his more regular productions, however, Foote took higher aim: "when," says Mr. Forster, "he ridiculed the cant of methodism, denounced the mischiefs of quackery, or exposed the impostures of law; when, himself the companion of men of rank and large possessions, he attacked the vulgarity of rank and money-worship, and did not spare the knavery or false pretensions of either birth or wealth,—his satire, even when applied to persons, had the claim to become impersonal through time; and to remain as a warning to vice and folly, long after the vicious and foolish should be forgotten."

* January 16, 1748-9, when a large audience assembled to see a poor Scotchman get into a quart bottle: it was a ridiculous hoax contrived by the eccentric Duke of Montagu.

"CAT HARRIS."

When Foote first opened the theatre in the Haymarket, amongst other projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music; and for this purpose he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicking the mewing of cats. This person was called "Cat Harris." He not attending the rehearsal of this odd concert, Foote desired Shuter would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. Shuter was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived; but not knowing the house, Shuter began a cat solo; upon this, the other looked out of the window, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," said Shuter, "I want no better information that you are the man. Mr. Foote stays for us—we cannot begin the cat opera without you."

FOOTE'S FIRST PLAY.

Scarcely had the run of the *Auction* abated, when Foote's first published piece, *The Knights*, was played. One of the two leading characters is a country politician and news-hunter, Sir Gregory Gazette, who is hoaxed with the information that there are in London one hundred and fifty newspapers published in a week! A more striking oddity is Sir Penurious Trifle,—Foote, like all spendthrifts, was ever hardest upon misers—who is shaved by his barber once a fortnight for the year's growth of his own hair and his daughter's; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; and his maid takes in needlework from the neighbours, the proceeds being paid to Sir Penurious, who, to give her more time with his daughter, scours the rooms and makes the beds. He is fond of a story, which he has no sooner heard than he repeats. He contrives to lead up to the following story, on replying to a remark that he looks well, "hearty as an oak" —when follows a rigmarole, which "will make you die with laughing:" he heard it in a coffee-house at Bath: it is very long, this being only its close—an admirable specimen of the sort of story-telling in which Foote excelled; though its effect must be happier upon an audience than a reader:

Lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home: so, you Knight, when

Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the north, brought him back: so you, the Cavaliers, you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts, what did they do, 'Gad, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak, you have seen such signs at country ale-houses: so 'Gad, you, what does a puritan do, the puritans were friends to Noll, but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy-bush, and underneath, he writes, "This is not the royal oak:" you have seen writings under signs, you Knight; upon this, says the royalists, 'Gad, this must not be: so, you, what do they do, but, 'Gad, they prosecuted the poor puritan; but they made him change his sign, though: and, you Dick, how do you think he changed? 'Gad, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes, "This is not the owl in the ivy-bush." It made us all die with laughing.

Sir Penurious was played by Foote himself, who, his biographer Cooke tells us, dressed it after a certain gentleman in the West of England, whose peculiarities Foote closely took off with indescribable humour; and he owned to having copied both the miser and the newsmonger from persons he had met with in his summer expedition.

"TIT FOR TAT."

An attempt was now made to share the satiric fame with Foote, by Woodward, one of the Drury-lane company under Garrick. He announced *Tit for Tat*, in which he was to imitate Foote in Bayes and Othello; ridicule his tragic acting; and dress at him in one of Otway's characters. Foote wrote to Garrick about this objectionable novelty at his theatre, and threatening a farce by way of retaliation. Woodward's piece was insufferably dull and indecent, and was soundly hissed; but the best portion of the affair is the postscript to Foote's letter to Garrick, and the reply which it provoked. In the former, Foote, referring to his free admission to Drury-lane Theatre, wrote: "If your box-keeper for the future returns my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, namely, five shillings." Garrick replied—and having disposed of the money-matter, made this point as to Woodward's satiric costume: "Should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? The character, exclusive of some little immoralities which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited fellow, and a good mimic."

THE COMEDY OF "TASTE."

In 1752, Garrick accepted from Foote a little comedy called *Taste*, made up of the characters in his *Auction* and *Diver-*

sions: it was played at Drury-lane, and Garrick both wrote and spoke the prologue. The proceeds were given to James Worsdale, a painter, who had been ill-treated by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which, and other misfortunes, had driven him to the stage. His personal history was ingeniously made by Foote the groundwork of his comedy, with the design of satirizing the pretentious affectation of the day for old pictures, and an equally ignorant condemnation of modern art. The leading figure of the piece is Carmine, who becomes the *protégé* of a scheming auctioneer, who first sees him writing in bungling fashion Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate, on the window of a low house in Goodman's Fields. He was then accustomed to "the daubing of diabolical angels for ale-houses, dogs with chains for tanners' yards, and rounds of beef and roasted pigs for Porridge-island.* But from that contemptible state he was raised by Mr. Puff, the fashionable auctioneer, to the Cat and Fiddle in Petticoat-lane, and to the Goose and Gridiron in Paul's-churchyard, the first live things he drew." He soon got to paint *old masters*, which Puff, the auctioneer, disposed of at fashionable sales. He divided the profits with the painter, after deducting a small sum for the frame and the painting, the bidders at the sale, and for bringing connoisseurs to look at the precious work; but there was another expense, in which is conveyed the great satire of the piece: it is that of giving the pictures the appearance of age by investing them with dirt. The process is thus told by Foote:

Mr. Puff. Why now, there's your Susanna; it could not have produced you above twenty at most, and by the addition of your lumber-room dirt, and the salutary application of the spaltham-pot, it became a Guido worth a hundred and thirty pounds.

Mr. Carmine. Sir, if I do now and then add some tincts of antiquity to my pictures, I do it in condescension to the foible of the world: for, sir, age, age, sir, is all my pictures want to render them as good pieces as the masters' from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, sir, he that took my Susanna for a Guido, gave no mighty proof of his ignorance, Mr. Puff.

The satire is equally fine upon fashionable portrait-painting, in an alderman's wife, Lady Pentweazel, the character filled by Worsdale in the comedy. She has "twenty as fine babes as ever trod in shoe-leather;" her maiden name was Molly Griskin, and all her family, on her mother's side, were famous for their eyes, and they were called "the gimblet-eyed family."

* The cant name for a paved alley near the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; it was a region of cooks' shops, and was removed in 1829.

Hence, in painting her, Carmine is to let her know when he comes to the eyes, that she may call up a look. She simpers about what she is and what she was, and the painter protests there is no more difference than Rubens has distinguished between Mary de' Medicis a virgin and a regent. This is the key to her ladyship's vanity: she is enraptured with the artist's discernment: "Mr. Carmine," says the sitter, with her cormorant appetite for flattery, "I vow you are a very judicious person; I was always said to be like that family. When my piece was first done, the limner did me after Venus de' Medicis, which I suppose might be one of Mary's sisters; but things must change: to be sitting for my picture at this time of day; ha! ha! ha!—but my daughter Sukey, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy Dripping of Candlewick ward, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the beauty as the similitude. Ha! ha!" In comes Puff, to admire the picture,—having first paid homage to the Lady herself, between whom and Puff the gale is so strong as almost to keep the painter out of sight.

"THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Foote was a great economist in the materials for his pieces: even the smallest incidents of his excursions and visits were turned to account; ill-natured reports of himself he seized upon with great humour, so as often to take the wind out of his enemy's sails. He met Garrick in France, and he used to relate with great drollery—to show the ups and downs of the old and new school of acting—that the very day Garrick was introduced to the French King, old Quin was robbed by a highwayman on Hampstead Heath; Foote describing himself as neither of the old nor new school,—something between a reprobate French courtier and a reckless English highwayman.

A memorable instance of making the ill-wind blow his own way was this. He had passed the greater part of the summer in France, and "during his absence the newspapers in England had stated that Foote was condemned for some crime, and executed near Bordeaux! What gave rise to such a rumour was never known. He arrived in London about the middle of August, and in his usual vein of humour turned the story to a joke."—(Murphy's *Life of Garrick.*) This, of course, made Foote much talked of in town, and Garrick thus jested

upon the report, in a prologue spoken by Foote himself at Drury-lane; Sir Peter Primrose is sitting over his tea:

"Paper! boy!" "Here, Sir, I am." "What news to-day?" "Foote, Sir, is advertised." "What! run away?" "No, Sir, this week he acts at Drury-lane." "How's that? (cried Feeblegrub.) Foote come again! I thought that fool had done his devil's dance. Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?"

This prologue was encored every night—a greater success than the comedy itself, the *Englishman in Paris*, enjoyed. It was written for Macklin and his daughter at Covent Garden, where it was acted with better fortune than at Drury-lane; when Foote played Sir Charles Buck, the principal character, it was, perhaps, too near the fire of Garrick's prologue. He next year filled the same character at Covent Garden, in *The Englishman returned from Paris;* both pieces smartly satirizing French morals and life.

FOOTE AT HIS COFFEE-HOUSE.

Handy to the Inner Temple, in Devereux-court, was the Grecian Coffee-house, named from one Constantine, a Grecian, who once kept the house, and was one of the earliest venders of coffee in the Metropolis. From the Grecian the *Tatler* dated his accounts of learning and inquiries into antiquity; and here the *Spectator* met young fellows who moved both his spleen and laughter.

George's Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, was another resort of Foote; and here the tickets of admission to his Haymarket entertainments were to be had.

The Grecian, "adjacent to the law," was Foote's morning lounge. In the evening, he was to be seen at the Bedford Coffee-house, under the Piazza in Covent Garden, frequented by Garrick, Quin, Murphy, and other celebrities, after the decline of Tom's and Will's. Tom's was at No. 17, Great Russell-street, Covent Garden; and to its card-room club Foote was a subscriber, as appears by his name being entered in the subscription-books of the club, which are still extant.

Dr. Barrowby, the well-known newsmonger of the Bedford, and theatrical critic of the day, has left this whole length sketch of Foote: "One evening [he says] he saw a young man extravagantly dressed out in a frock-suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and pointed ruffles, enter the room, and immediately join the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody recognised him; but such was the ease of his

bearing, and the point and humour of remark with which he at once took part in the conversation, that his presence seemed to disconcert no one; and a sort of pleased buzz of 'Who is he?' was still going round the room unanswered, when a handsome carriage stopped at the door, he rose, and quitted the room, and the servants announced that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, a student of the Inner Temple, and that the carriage had called for him on its way to the assembly of a lady of fashion."

It was at the Bedford that Dr. Barrowby turned the laugh against Foote; when he was ostentatiously showing his gold repeater, with the remark, "Why, my watch does not go!" "It soon *will* go," quietly remarked the Doctor.

In 1742 and 1743 we find Foote dressing to such a height with his bag-wig and solitaire, sword, muff, and rings, that he was frequently taken for a foreigner.

Foote was now (1744) among the wits and critics at the Bedford; and here was to be seen young Collins, the poet, who had come to town to seek his fortune. Like Foote, he was fond of fine clothes, and his cousin reproached him for his gay dressing, and walking about with a feather in his hat, as very unlike a young man who had not a single guinea he could call his own. A letter of the time likewise tells us that Collins was "an acceptable companion everywhere; and among the gentlemen who loved him for a genius may be reckoned the Doctors Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill, Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion upon their pieces before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee-houses."

About the year 1754, we find Foote again supreme in his critical corner at the Bedford. The regular frequenters of the room strove to get admitted to his party at supper; and others got as near as they could to the table, as the only humour flowed from Foote's tongue. The Bedford was now in high repute: in the *Connoisseur*, No. 1, published January 31, 1754, we read: "This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bon-mots are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press or performance of the theatres, weighed and determined."

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

Frequent and sharp were the encounters between these two celebrities. They were the two great rivals of their day. Foote usually attacked, and Garrick, who had many weak points, was incessantly the sufferer. One night Samuel came into the Bedford where Garrick was seated, and there kept him in torture for a full hour with an account of a most wonderful actor whom he had just seen. At last Foote, compassionating the suffering listener, brought the attack to a close by asking Garrick what he thought of Mr. Pitt's histrionic talents, when Garrick, glad of the release, declared that if Pitt had chosen the stage, he might have become the first actor upon it.*

Garrick, in early life, had been in the wine-trade, and had supplied the Bedford Coffee-house with wine: he was then described by Foote as living in Durham-yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant. How Foote must have abused the Bedford wine of this period!

But Garrick's parsimony was the strongest temptation to Foote's caustic humour. He related that Hurd was dining with Garrick in the centre house of the Adelphi Terrace, and after dinner, the evening being very warm, they walked up and down in front of the house. As they passed and repassed the dining-room windows, Garrick was in a perfect agony; for he saw that there was a thief in one of the candles which were burning on the table, and yet Hurd was a person of such consequence that he could not turn away from him to prevent the waste of his tallow.

Murphy was repeating to Foote some remarks by Garrick on Lacey's love of money as a mere attempt to cover his own stinginess by throwing it on his fellow patentee—when it was asked, why on earth didn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's. "He is not sure," replied Foote, "of selling the timber."

At the Chapter Coffee-house,† Foote and his friends were

* Wilkes, in a letter to the Duke of Grafton, calls Mr. Pitt "the first orator, or rather, the first *comedian* of the age."

† The *Chapter Coffee-house*, 50, Paternoster-row, is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Connoisseur*, Jan. 31, 1754, as "the resort of those encouragers of literature, and not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers." Chatterton dates several letters from the *Chapter*. Foote

making up a subscription for the relief of a poor player, who was nicknamed the Captain of the Four Winds because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. "If Garrick hears of this," exclaimed Foote, "he will certainly send *his* hat."

"There is a witty satirical story of Foote," says Johnson: "he had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. 'You may be surprised,' said he, 'that I allow him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe he has no hands.'"

At one of Foote's dinner-parties, when the Drury-lane manager arrived, "Mr. Garrick's servants" were also announced. "Oh! let them wait," said Foote, in an undertone to his own servant, adding loud enough to be generally heard, "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry."

One night, Garrick and Foote were about to leave the Bedford together, when the latter, in paying their bill, dropped a guinea; and not finding it at once, said, "Where on earth can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I think," rejoined Garrick, who had assisted in the search. "Well said, David," was Foote's reply; "let you alone for making a guinea go further than anybody else."

One warm summer night, at the Haymarket, Foote had put up Garrick's *Lying Valet*, when the little manager called in at the green-room, and with self-satisfaction said, "Well, Sam, so you are taking up, I see, with *my* farces, after all." "Why yes, David," was Foote's reply, "what could I do better? I must have some ventilator this intolerable hot weather."

FOOTE AND MACKLIN.

Among the contemporaries of Foote, none ministered so abundantly to his humour as Charles Macklin, the actor and dramatic writer, who, at one period of his life, seems to have got up schemes only to be laughed at by Foote and other

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appears also to have frequented it. Of its later celebrities—from 1797 to 1805—some very interesting recollections were left by the late Alexander Stephens, among his papers, and published in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1821, with additions by the editor, Sir Richard Phillips. They are reprinted in the *Anecdote Library*, 1822. The *Chapter* maintained its reputation for good punch and coffee, scarce pamphlets, and liberal supply of town and country newspapers, until the house was altered into a general tavern and wine-vaults.

wags of the day. In the spring of 1754, after Macklin had taken leave of the stage, he opened a tavern and public ordinary in Covent Garden, in that portion of the Piazza houses which is now the Tavistock Hotel. Here to his three-shilling ordinary he added a shilling lecture, or, as he pompously called it, "a school of oratory and criticism;" and what was still more absurd, Macklin presided at the dinner-table, and carved for the company; after which he played a sort of Oracle of Eloquence. Fielding has happily hit him off in the former character, in his *Voyage to Lisbon:*

> Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the Dory only resides in the Devonshire Seas; for could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high priest daily serves up his rich offerings, great would be the reward of that fishmonger.

In the post-prandial lecture, Macklin undertook to make each of his audience an orator, by teaching him how to speak. The subjects of his lectures ranged from the wisdom of the Ancients to the follies of the Moderns; and fortunately for Foote, poor Macklin, big as he was in stature, contrived to occupy that ticklish space between the sublime and the ridiculous. He invited hints and discussion, which, by the way, is generally asking for approbation: Foote came, and fastened upon the lecturer, and by his witty questionings, soon contrived to become the leading attraction. Here is a specimen of his superior fun:

The subject of the lecture was Duelling in Ireland, which he had illustrated as far as the reign of Elizabeth. Foote cried "Order!" he had a question to put. "Well, sir," said Macklin, "what have you to say upon this subject?" "I think, sir," said Foote, "this matter might be settled in a few words. What o'clock is it, sir?" Macklin could not possibly see what the clock had to do with a dissertation upon Duelling, but gruffly reported the hour to be half-past nine. "Very well," said Foote, "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland that can possibly afford it is in his third bottle of claret, and therefore in a fair way of getting drunk; and from drunkenness proceeds quarreling, and from quarreling duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter." The company were much obliged to Foote for his interference, the hour being considered; though Macklin did not relish the abridgment.

Memory is a favourite subject with orators of Macklin's

class: each has a system of his own, and Macklin asserted that, by his system, he could learn anything by rote at once hearing it. This was enough for Foote, who, at the close of the lecture, handed up the following sentences to Macklin, desiring that he would be good enough to read them, and afterwards repeat them from memory. Here is the wondrous nonsense:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

The laugh turned strong against old Macklin; and the laugh has been echoed from the Great Piazza Room by thousands during the century that has elapsed since Foote's drollery put out Macklin's monstrous memory with these straws of ridicule.

Macklin delivered his lectures on elocution elsewhere: thus we find him in Pewterers' Hall, in Lime-street, in the City, until

> No more in Pewterers' Hall was heard
> The proper force of every word.
>
> Churchill, *The Ghost.*

And in the *Mayor of Garratt*, one of the characters speaks of Peter Primmer. "Lord," says Sneak, "I know him, mum, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his Lectures to Pewterers' Hall, 'long with Deputy Firkin."

MURPHY AND FOOTE.

Arthur Murphy's acquaintance with Foote is recorded in many a pleasant incident of their congenial humour. They shone together at the Bedford, and they met in various excursions and parties of pleasure. Such contemporaries whetted each other. Foote figured in Murphy's early letters to his friends: Arthur was at Bristol, in low spirits, when Foote drove up to the hotel; and, Murphy relates, "while I am writing this, he is grinning at me from a corner of the room; we have had Mr. Punch already, and his company

has lifted my spirits." Or, as Murphy tells us in his *Life of Garrick*, he and Foote were dining with Hogarth and Sir Francis Delaval, at the Rose, near Drury-lane, on the first night of Murphy's *Orphan of China:* they were anxious as to the fate of the tragedy, in which Mrs. Yates had been substituted for Mrs. Cibber in the heroine, a hazardous change; when a note scribbled by Mrs. Cibber, perhaps in her dressing-room, was handed to Murphy, assuring him that she was praying for his success; the note was passed to Foote, who read it aloud, and returned it with the telling remark that "Mrs. Cibber is a Roman Catholic, and they always pray for the dead."

However, the two friends disagreed: Murphy unreasonably complained of Foote having turned to account a suggestion of his: the piece was produced, and failed, and thenceforth Arthur took to pilfering witticisms from Foote's productions, and put him bodily into a play not many months after his death, as follows: "He has wit to ridicule you, invention to frame a story of you, humour to help it about, and when he has set the town a laughing, he puts on a familiar air, and shakes you by the hand." This was, indeed, kicking the dead lion. But Murphy meditated worse; for after his own death was found among his papers this sketch of Foote's vanities—certainly, not the worst things that were said against him, but very biting, and in many respects true: "Foote gives a dinner—large company—characters come one by one—sketches them as they come—each enters—he glad to see each. At dinner, his wit, affectation, pride; his expense, his plate, his jokes, his stories;—all laugh;—all go one by one—all abused one by one;—his toadeaters stay;—he praises himself in a passion against all the world."

FOOTE'S LECTURE ON MACKLIN.

The success of Foote's fun upon Macklin's lectures led him to establish a summer entertainment of his own at the Haymarket. He took up Macklin's notion of applying Greek Tragedy to modern subjects. This he did by showing London struck suddenly with terror by a despot appearing in its streets, attended by a chorus of tinkers, tailors, blacksmiths, musicians, bakers, &c., who should threaten to storm the Tower, subjugate the City, and dethrone the Sovereign—all for no reason on earth; the chorus of trades, burlesquing the

Greek chorus, to tear their hair, and beat their breasts, and supplicate the despot to spare the City; this being prolonged through four acts, when the hero should agree, a hymn of thanksgiving should be sung, and the curtain fall. This squib upon Macklin's absurdities was so successful that Foote cleared by it 500*l.* in five nights, while the great Piazza Coffee-room in Covent Garden was shut up, and Macklin in the London Gazette as bankrupt.*

FOOTE IN HIGH COMEDY.

Between 1754 and 1756, Foote did not confine himself to his own pieces, in resuming his place as an actor. He added to his parts, Ben the Sailor, in Congreve's *Love for Love;* and Captain Brazen, in Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer;* and Sir Paul Plyant, in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, in which latter character, Wilkes, who liked Foote's acting, thought him particularly good. Foote was next advertised for Polonius, in *Hamlet*, but before the night he was to perform he withdrew his name.

About this time he added to his new parts the Lady Pentweazel, from his own little comedy of *Taste*, the oddities of which part were first portrayed by Worsdale.

THE COMEDY OF "THE AUTHORS"†

Was produced by Foote, under Garrick's management, at Drury-lane, in the spring of 1757. It was written with the view of urging the claims of authors to better patronage than they were accustomed to receive a century ago, when Grub-street and the garret were bywords of their condition.

* Macklin, at the great age of 97, or even more, lived in the upper part of the house No. 4, west corner of Tavistock-row, Covent Garden—in which had lived Miss Reay, the mistress of Lord Sandwich, shot in the Piazza, in 1779, by Hackman, in a fit of jealousy. Here the elder Charles Mathews called upon Macklin to give him a taste of his boyish quality for the stage, which the old fellow received with "Bow, wow, wow," and a vow that he had only found himself and another person to possess the qualifications requisite for an actor. The old house was taken down in 1861.

† For the substance of this and several other anecdotical accounts of Foote's comedies, we are greatly indebted to the masterly analyses given in Mr. Forster's *Essay:* these are admirable specimens of condensation; but we have been, of necessity, confined to selection and abridgment.

Foote's author is Old Vamp, who kept a shop at the Turnstile, (then a noted thoroughfare for booksellers' shops,) and who, in bad times, published in the treasonable way, yet never gave up but one author in his life, and he was dying of a consumption, so he never came to a trial. Then we have Master Cape, who furnishes Vamp with titles and Latin mottoes. Peter Hasty, the voyage-writer, was a great loss to the trade; he was hanged for clipping and coining, but Vamp made the most of his death: his execution created a noise, and sold the booksellers seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; and Vamp got that. But Foote's Author is a high-minded gentleman, and refuses to defend corrupt practices: he draws a pitiable picture of the chances of learning in his market, where a guinea subscription at the request of a lady whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, is the only patronage to be picked up; and there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike-road in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

But the great gun of the piece is Mr. Cadwallader, played by Foote himself. He is a bundle of contrarieties—of pride and meanness, folly and cunning. He honours a poet, though Mr. Cape was the first he ever had in his house except the bellman for a Christmas-box. But his great aim is to know notable persons. He claims to take the wall of a prince of the blood, yet is to be seen eating fried sausages at the Mewsgate, [that is in the rear of the King's Mews, on the site of our National Gallery]. Foote dressed Mr. Cadwallader to perfection. The audience on the first night shouted with surprise at the *disguise:* could it be Foote? He had dressed as a big, pompous, ignorant, staring person, of equal corpulence and conceit; he talked boisterously—his mouth always open, as if he had let out something he had not intended to say. But the fun reached its climax when there was seen a figure looking from the boxes at what seemed a double of itself, and shaking with laughter at Mr. Cadwallader's introduction of his wife to a great poet, Mr. Cape; and "there, go and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a great fool, and wont know the difference." The original of Cadwallader was a Mr. Ap-Rice, a rich Welshman, whom Foote had visited, and who, good soul, had gone to the theatre, and heartily enjoyed the jest and laugh at Foote's skill in portraying him so cleverly.

The *Author* became very popular. Horace Walpole said, the stage had never equalled Foote's Cadwallader. Up to this point, Mr. Ap-Rice had enjoyed the joke of his double; but when Foote carried the masterly personation to Dublin, Ap-Rice could never show himself in park, assembly, or coffee-house, without being whispered and pointed at as Cadwallader! This identity *off the stage* was too much for Ap-Rice's philosophy; and when Foote resumed the performance at Drury-lane, the Welshman consulted Garrick whether he should challenge Foote, when Garrick, as Lord Holland told Mr. Moore, replied: "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." (This *supping* habit, by the way, was ludicrously given in Foote's impersonation.) However, Ap-Rice prevailed upon the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit the performance, even on the night of Foote's benefit; and it was never again performed.

This piece would be much too esoteric for representation in the present day: in Foote's time, and almost till our own, the mention of Grub-street and the garret was suggestive of the author: now, he is much less marked in society, but is more respected: the technicalities of his profession, upon which Foote built the humour of his comedy, have grown too faint to be recognised; and were they recognised, they would not be relished.

FOOTE A FORTUNE-TELLER.

When Foote was in Dublin, in 1758, he hit upon a scheme of money-making, which he is supposed to have taken from Sir Francis Delaval, who, many years before, had done the same thing in London, when hiding from his creditors. Nevertheless, Foote may have suggested the thing to Delaval; certainly, the humourist was of far more fertile invention than the dissipated baronet.

It appears that Foote took a private lodging in a remote part of the city of Dublin, and there set up the lucrative business of fortune-telling. He had his room hung with black, and a dark lantern; he then sent out persons who knew the people of fashion in Dublin, with handbills, announcing that there was *a man* to be met with in such a place, who wrote down people's fortunes, without asking them any questions. As his room was quite dark (the light

from his lantern excepted) he was in less danger of being discovered; so that he carried on the deception with great success for many days, clearing, it is said, 30*l.* a-day, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a-head. This adventure is related in a letter from Dublin, printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758.

TATE WILKINSON AND FOOTE.

A few of the playgoers of the present century may remember the elder Charles Mathews's imitation of Tate Wilkinson, the York manager, "the Wandering Patentee," who first appeared publicly at Dublin with Foote. Tate was turned out early upon the world, and when a lad was taken by Shuter to Garrick, when he imitated Foote so cleverly that he was engaged for small business at Drury-lane; but not long after he imitated Garrick to Foote, who thereupon engaged him to accompany him to Dublin. Wilkinson, in his *Memoirs*, written many years after, has well pictured this Dublin journey: therein he tells us how he waited on Mr. Foote at the Bedford; how they set off in a postchaise with Mr. Foote's servant on horseback; and how that night they reached Foote's little cottage at Elstree in Hertfordshire; and thence travelled post to Holyhead, where they embarked; and in the great storm which followed young Tate was very ill, while Foote was well, and walking most of the night from place to place. At Dublin, Foote played his *Tea*, with Wilkinson for his pupil, when the latter threw in a very striking imitation of Foote, which the audience insisted on being repeated; but it was merely an imitation of Foote's sharply-pitched voice, the quick look, ready laugh, and twitching chin; it had none of the higher qualities of Foote's humour, though Churchill thus struck at him through his shadow:

> "Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
> That even shadows have their shadows too!
> With not a single comic power endued,
> This man a mere mere mimic's mimic stood."

Wilkinson now saw how Foote was recognised by great people wherever he went; how he was received at the Castle, by the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant; and his old friend, the jovial Mr. Rigby, whom Wilkes, in the *North Briton*, No. 31, calls an excellent *bon-vivant*, amiable and engaging, who has all the gibes and gambols, and flashes of merriment which set the table in a roar—but the day after, a cruel headache *at least* frequently succeeds.

FOOTE AND WHITFIELD.

Foote's comedy of *The Minor* was produced in Dublin, but failed: this so annoyed the author that he resolved to reproduce it in London, and so strike Methodism in its stronghold. Whitfield now drew audiences greater than any that either Foote or Garrick brought together. He had preached to 12,000 people on Hampton Common, assembled to see a man hung in chains. At the great fair in Moorfields he had harangued 30,000 souls; and he and cartloads of his followers paid visits to country fairs, and scared the country people from their amusements by his awful denunciations. The passport to salvation he assured his hearers was only to be had at his Tabernacle, ("the Soul's Trap,") in Tottenham-court-road; where his frequent hearers were Foote and Garrick, who brought away the very characteristic remark, that the preacher's oratory was never at its full height till he had repeated a discourse forty times. Foote now opened upon Whitfield the powerful battery of his satire upon those infamous characters whom the preacher had rejoiced in sending in ecstacies to heaven. Mr. Squintum in the comedy had his congregation, and Mrs. Cole, still of the Piazza in Covent Garden, was the abominable hypocrite who became an edified member.

Foote not only played Mrs. Cole and Mr. Smirk, but spoke an Epilogue dressed as Whitfield, whom he imitated to the life. This was an audacious thing to do, and on the first night it provoked violent opposition; but this was quelled, and the piece was played continuously forty nights at the Haymarket. It was then taken to Drury-lane; the Archbishop of Canterbury interfered to intercept it by authority; but all the Lord Chamberlain did was to propose that the Archbishop should correct and alter some passages, which he declined to do; and when asked why he had not acted upon the Chamberlain's suggestion, his Grace replied with some point, he had no wish to see an edition of the *Minor* announced by the author as "corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." Foote not only defended himself upon the stage, but in print; and his *Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks, Critical and Christian, on the Minor*, has the best side of the controversy, and is remarkable for its wit, scholarship, and good sense. It had abundance of incident; for Holcroft borrowed from it the

plot of his *Deserted Daughter;* and Sheridan's Little Moses and his friend Premium in the *School for Scandal* are transcripts from Transfer and Loader in Foote's comedy; one of the hits was the unctuous humour with which the author as Smirk tripped off to "words pleasant but wrong."

THE COMEDY OF "THE LIAR."

Next year, 1761, Foote joined Murphy for the summer-season at Drury-lane, when was produced the little comedy of the *Liar*, in which there is a sketch of a Monthly Reviewer and the method of reviewing books a century since; he had qualified himself for the office by his previous service as an usher in a Yorkshire school. "So early," says Mr. Forster, "had the foul Dotheboys system planted itself, which, in its full growth and most abominable luxuriance, the genius of Dickens, among other delights and services bestowed upon this generation, uprooted and swept away."

The *Liar* kept possession of the stage until our time: the principal character, Young Wilding, was a favourite part with Elliston, who played it with much gusto.

FAULKNER DEFEATS FOOTE.

In 1762, Foote introduced into his *Orators* a publisher and printer, and an Alderman of Dublin, who, though with but one leg, was a pompous person everywhere, and had a *Journal* of his own. Foote had laughed at Faulkner's foibles in Dublin; and he had recently shown them in such exuberance in London, that Samuel could no longer resist the temptation to putting him in a farce. Accordingly, he bodily transferred to the Haymarket, wooden leg and all, Alderman George Faulkner, by the title of Mr. Peter Paragraph. This caricature of a caricature drew crowds to laugh at him. Among the jests introduced, Mr. Paragraph was to marry Vamp's daughter, with a fortune of copyrights and quack medicines. "They were to go halves in the Cock-lane ghost. But here the hitch occurred. While Mr. Paragraph, and two authors whom he had hired to ask questions of the ghost at nine shillings a night, were taking notes of the rappings and scratchings, at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, positively that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteenpenny scratchings, entirely unauthorized revelations

of the spirit, purchased of two Methodist preachers at the public-house over the way!"

Besides this ridicule of the Cock-lane ghost, the piece was meant to laugh at the prevailing passion for oratory; at old Sheridan's lectures, then professing to teach it to the million; and at the Robin Hood Society, in which the million, presided over by a baker, practised it for themselves. Foote himself took the chair at the debates so introduced upon the stage. and uproarious was the laughter at his references to his honourable friend in the flannel night-cap, to the honourable gentleman in the straps, and to the worthy member with the pewter pot at his mouth. And often would he recur to the skeleton of an actor in the fat man's coat, the arms enormously wide, and the cuffs covering his hands—as "the much respected gentleman in the sleeves."

But Faulkner was wofully annoyed at Foote's personation of him; and Lord Chesterfield, a correspondent of the Alderman's, hastened to tell him how he was being "taken off" by Foote in his new farce, and hadn't he better bring an action against him? His Lordship, with the humour he always passed off upon Faulkner for gravity, advised him to bring an action against Foote, which he did, and got a verdict, though but nominal damages. But he got himself compared to the Greek philosopher whom the Greek wit ridiculed, which was a feather in his cap; and he made money by printing and selling large numbers of the libel, and speeches; and Lord Chesterfield hoaxingly congratulated him on his victory.

"THE MAYOR OF GARRETT."

Foote was emboldened, not subdued by Faulkner; within two months he put jury, counsel, judge, and all into a comic scene, which he played at the Haymarket. He also put the Duke of Newcastle by the side of Justice Lamb, fish-salesman, and ex-militia major of Acton, in Matthew Mug and Major Sturgeon of the *Mayor of Garrett*, produced in 1763.

Our wit and comedian, with his usual tact in hitting the follies of the day, seized upon "the Mayor of Garrett," a burlesque personage, whose election to represent the hamlet of Garrett, between Wandsworth and Tooting, is by some said to have originated just previously to the appearance of Foote's comedy. At this time, a sort of club was formed at Garrett, to prevent encroachments upon the common rights.

The members made up a purse, and employed an attorney in the neighbourhood to bring actions against the encroachers in the name of the President, or as they called him, the *Mayor* of the club and of Garrett. They gained their suit, with costs; and this event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony upon every new parliament, of choosing a new Mayor was kept up, to the great emolument of the publicans of Wandsworth and adjacent places, who contributed to the incidental expenses. The candidates were generally eccentric persons, dressed in gaudy clothes, and provided with gay equipages; when returned, they were mock knights, as well as mock mayors. The most celebrated were Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, a hawker of old wigs; and Sir Harry Dimsdale, a muffin-crier; of both of whom there are engraved portraits. The last Garrett election was in 1796.

Foote, Garrick, and Wilkes are said to have written some of the candidates' addresses.

Dr. Ducarel received from Mr. W. Massey, of Wandsworth, June 25, 1754, an account of the origin of the custom, differing, as follows, from that just narrated:

"I have been informed that about sixty or seventy years ago, some watermen, belonging to this town, went to the Leather Bottle, a public-house at Garrett, to spend a merry day, which, being the time of a general election for members of Parliament, in the midst of their frolic they took it into their heads to chose one of their companions a representative for that place; and, having gone through the usual ceremony of an election as well as the occasion would permit, he was declared duly elected. Whether the whimsical custom of swearing the electors upon a brickbat was then first established, or that it was a waggish afterthought, I cannot determine, but it has been regarded as the due qualification of the electors for many elections last past."

This account, it will be seen, traces the custom to about 1690, or 73 years before the date of Foote's comedy.

In breadth of humour this is one of the best entertainments ever produced upon our stage.* Who can think of the heroic Major without the peals of laughter ringing in his ears,—his marches from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to

* William Whitehead, on reading the *Mayor of Garrett*, could see nothing in it but "a simple vulgar thing;" Whitehead had long been one of Foote's butts for laughter, and he did not speak what he felt, for when Mr. Forster was writing his admirable Essay on Foote, Mr. Peter Cunningham showed him a MS. letter to Lord Nuneham, 2nd August, 1763, in which Whitehead admits to his noble friends at Nuneham, that the house (the theatre) was full, that there was a great deal of laughing, and that he laughed loudly with the rest.

Acton, and from Acton to Uxbridge; or the campaigns in Bunhill-fields and the field of Hounslow? Foote played Major Sturgeon gloriously; and Zoffany painted him in the character. Then, what a bevy of drolleries are the parts of poor henpecked Jerry Sneak, played by Weston; Mrs. Sneak (Mrs. Clive) intriguing with the Major; that prince of humbugs, Matthew Mug, also played by Foote; and Peter Primer, the schoolmaster, and his great admirer, Heel-tap.

The *Mayor of Garrett* has scarcely left our stage: Fawcett and Dowton played Major Sturgeon in our time; and John Reeve, at Covent Garden Theatre. Russell (long a Brighton manager) was identified with Jerry Sneak; and Mrs. Gibbs an inimitable Mrs. Sneak.

"THE PATRON."

This comedy was another satire upon authors and publishers, and their supporters. Foote delighted to introduce into his pieces sketches of the underling bards and broken booksellers of his own time. Thus, in the *Patron*, produced in 1764, we find spawned from the patronage of Sir Thomas Lofty a precious pair—Mr. Dactyl and Mr. Puff. Puff was a fellow, according to Mr. Dactyl's account, that to him owed every shilling, whose shop was a shed in Moorfields, whose kitchen was a broken pipkin of charcoal, whose bedchamber was under the counter, and whose stock in trade was two odd volumes of Swift, the Life of Moll Flanders with cuts, the Five Scenes printed and coloured by Overton, a few Classics thumbed and blotted by the boys of the Charter-house, and the Trial of Dr. Sacheverel: until Mr. Dactyl set him afloat with his Elizabeth Canning and his quack medicines, his lotions, potions, and paste, all of which he invented. On the other hand, according to Mr. Puff, when he first knew Dactyl, that rascal was a mere garreteer in Wine-office-court,* furnishing paragraphs to the *Farthing Post*, at twelve pence a dozen; from this Mr. Puff promoted him to be collector of casualties to the *Whitehall* and the *St. James's*, which he soon lost by his laziness, for he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hanged, a birth till the christening was over, or a death till the hatchment was up. In spite whereof Mr. Puff had continued to give the fellow odd jobs at translations, which got

* Where, by the way, Goldsmith at this moment lived.—*Forster.*

him boiled beef and carrots at mornings, and cold pudding and porter at night: only, for this winter, forsooth, Dactyl had got a little in flesh by being puff to a playhouse. But the hungry days of vacation will soon be back, and he'll be fawning and cringing again, like a lean dog in a butcher's shop, before the counter of his publisher, begging a bit of translation that Mr. Puff wont buy; no, not if he could have it for twopence a sheet.

"THE COMMISSARY."

Next year but one, 1765, Foote produced this comedy, (in which he had borrowed much from Molière,) in order to show up the money-making commissaries and army contractors of the Seven Years' War. It was an unsparing exposure of wealth ill gotten and worse laid out in aping the fine gentleman and the airs of fashion by those who had not a single qualification, save money, for the position. What a satire would Foote have produced upon the railway mania of our times, and its forced results!

In the *Commissary* were two portraits, which were very successful: one was Dr. Arne, the celebrated musical composer, who with his finery of manners and extraordinary person was almost himself a caricature. The second character was a Mrs. Mechlin, whose business was matchmaking and dealing in foreign manufactures home-made, and thus cheated her customers in both directions. She was visited by persons of quality, lived in good credit, kept good hours, went to church regularly, and was, to all appearances, a very respectable householder of Westminster. She kept shop at the sign of the Star, in the parish of St. Paul's. Covent Garden was then a region of fashionable shopkeepers. "An enemy says that she carries about a greater cargo of contraband goods, under her petticoats, than a Calais cutter; that she trades against the virtues of her sex; that she cants, cozens, lends money, takes pawns, and makes up matches not very creditable." But she had her mishaps, as when she unmeaningly introduced her own son to the rich old dowager of Devonshire-square, as a young man willing to wed her forty thousand in the four per cents. and her two houses at Hackney: accidents will happen, &c. Sometimes she is rivalled by women of fashion setting up for themselves in her particular line; and Spitalfields artists who manufacture for her smuggled silks, are treacherous and ungrateful, and

get the first of some new patterns. This, however, is but a glimpse of the reality of the satire with which the *Commissary* abounds.

Foote was now in high favour: he had splendid seasons at the Haymarket, he lived in great style; and we have the testimony of the elder Colman to the ease with which Foote comported himself among men of rank as well as of superior fortune. His hospitality was princely: he had lately bought a service of plate for fifteen hundred pounds, and he justified the outlay by saying that the money was more likely to continue with him in that form than in one he could more conveniently melt down. Yet, amidst this high style of living, Foote never forgot that literature was his calling; and his rich and titled guests invariably found themselves seated at his table with authors and actors.

FOOTE LOSES A LEG.

Among Foote's high connexions was no less a personage than the King's brother, of whose return from the Continent, Gilly Williams tells us, "The Duke of York, on his arrival, went first to his mother, then to his Majesty, and directly from them to Mr. Foote." Together the Duke and the dramatist afterwards went on a visit to Lord Mexborough's, where Foote, in hunting, was thrown from a spirited horse, and was so severely hurt that his left leg had to be amputated. This was a great calamity: he lay several weeks at the Earl's seat, Cannon-park, and his letters to Garrick tell of his acute suffering, as well as his gratitude to his sympathizing friends. He writes thus:

"Nothing can be more generous and obliging, nor, I am sure, at the same time, would be more beneficial to me, than your offers of assistance for my hovel in the Haymarket; but the stage to me at present is a very distant object, for, notwithstanding all the flattery of appearances, I look upon my hold in life to depend upon a very slender tenure; and besides, admitting the best that can happen, is a mutilated man, a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, a proper object to excite those emotions which can only be produced from vacant minds, discharged of every melancholy and pensive taint? I am greatly obliged to Mr. Colman for his friendly feelings on my late melancholy accident. I am no stranger to his philanthropy, nor to how easily he has adopted one of the finest sentiments in his favourite author (Terence)—*Homo sum, et humani à me nil alienum puto.*"

Meanwhile, old Lord Chesterfield was telling Faulkner, with satisfaction that Heaven had avenged his cause by

punishing his adversary in the part offending; and the satirist himself, when told that amputation was necessary, replied, "Now I shall take off old Faulkner indeed to the life!" (Faulkner himself having lost a leg.)

The Duke of York's influence with the King prevailed upon his majesty to grant Foote exclusively for life a royal patent for performances at the Haymarket; and as soon as he recovered, he almost entirely rebuilt the theatre, and opened it in May, 1767, with a *Prelude*, written with undiminished wit and humour. He played several of his best parts during the season; as well as in *The Tailors*, a tragedy for warm weather, which was sent to him anonymously through Dodsley, and writing to Tate Wilkinson about which, he signs himself as truly his friend as ever, "except the trifle of a leg." But this was affected gaiety: he was an altered man: his natural humour was fast ebbing, and off the stage he became very sorrowful; though on returning to the audience he rallied his broad fun, and made them laugh once more.

George Colman the younger has added to the expression of his surprise at Foote supporting his theatre for ten years upon a wooden leg the following humorous description of the false stage limb:

"This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up;—it had a kind of tragi-comical appearance; and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed, and a Leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His *undress'd* supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took; till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble preparing (against all horticultural rule) to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel-walk."

"THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS."

Next year, 1768, Foote produced this successful comedy, satirizing the disputes and malpractices of the doctors. It is in the manner of Molière; and Dr. Last's examination before

the College of Physicians, is an exaggerated paraphrase of the last scene of the *Malade Imaginaire*. There were contemporary portraits, as usual: there was the news-hunting Dr. Brocklesby, who gave Burke 1000*l.*; there was Sir Thomas Browne of the College of Physicians, in his identical wig and coat, but without the President's muff, which he sent Foote to complete the portrait. Next was Apozem, the apothecary, who was following a funeral once into St. George's,* when he saw standing in the porch, Kit Cabbage, the tailor, with a new pair of leather breeches under his arm. "Servant, Master Apozem," says he; "what, you are carrying home your work too, I see." But we are forgetting that which made this piece fashionable—the hit at Mrs. Macauley, the historian: Horace Walpole went to see the comedy "with the additional entertainment of Mrs. Macauley in the same company; who goes to see herself represented, and I suppose figures herself very like Socrates." Zoffany painted Weston and Foote in Dr. Last, in this piece: the picture is now in the collection of Lord Carlisle.

"THE LAME LOVER."—"THE MAID OF BATH."

The first comedy, produced by Foote in 1770, satirizes the iniquity of the law in Serjeant Circuit's initiation of Son Jack; and a wonderful argument of counsel—Hobson *v.* Nobson—for cutting down a tree, value twopence. Here he ridiculed fine ladies running away with footmen, which Lady Harriot Wentworth had just done. Nor are the footmen and maids spared; they get up a private play, and Sir James Biddulph's men have given up riddles, and have in hand a genteel comedy. The *Lame Lover* is Sir Luke Limp, which Foote played with his own stump, that he would not exchange for one of Bill Spindle's drum-sticks, or for both of Lord Lumber's legs. Sir Luke's great failing is hunting after dinners with great people; and he by turns accepts and refuses Sir Gregory, an Alderman, and an Earl, to go with a Duke in his own coach, and take a dinner at Dolly's.†

The Maid of Bath, a comedy, produced in 1771, had, for its best feature, a picture of Bath, with its punch-drinkers, port-drinkers, and claret-clubs, and its rakes and

* St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

† The tavern of Queen Anne's time, in Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row.

dowagers. Mr. Forster relates: "Richard Cumberland and Garrick together visited Foote on the eve of his production of this comedy, walked with him in his garden, heard him read some of its roughly-sketched scenes, enjoyed a good dinner with him, to which he had pressed them to stay, and were treated to superlative wine. Foote lived at the time at Parson's Green, where Theodore Hook afterwards lived; but the country-house he was most partial to, and occupied for the greater part of his life, was at North End."

FOOTE AND THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The Society had scarcely obtained its charter, when Foote seized upon some of the eccentricities of its earlier members. In the *Patron* he had introduced Martin Rust, pretending to be in love with Juliet Lofty, though she was too modern for him by a couple of centuries; he likes no heads but upon coins, and he was seen making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset Gardens. He proposes to marry Juliet from the resemblance of the turn-up of her nose to that of the Princess Poppœa; but he gives her up for the precious remains of the very No. 45 of the North Briton that was burnt at the Royal Exchange. Weston played Martin—a gem of comic acting.

Next, Foote attacked the Society in his comedy of the *Nabob*, 1772, which led Horace Walpole to withdraw his name: he writes: "Foote having brought the Society of Antiquaries on the stage for sitting in council as they had done on Whittington and his Cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so, and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book." The *Nabob* was very successful, and drew not a few nabobs themselves: the story being that of two East Indians calling in Suffolk-street, to chastise the author of the satire, and staying there to dine with him: "each cries that's not levelled at me!"

FOOTE IN EDINBURGH.

Foote took a three years' lease of the Edinburgh Theatre, but soon grew sick of his bargain, and sold his tenure to Digges and Bland. The humour of his pieces and his acting was, it seems, caviare to the North Britons. He vented his spleen, off the stage, in ridicule against the whole town. In

giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, his mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire upon Scottish economy. Jewel, his Treasurer, used to relate that while Foote remained there he papered up the curls of his wig every night before he went to bed, with the One Pound notes of Scotland—to show his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation. When his cook attended him, next morning, for orders for dinner, he unrolled the curls on each side of his head, giving her One Pound notes to purchase provisions *ad libitum;* and then sent her to market in a sedan-chair!

Foote was at a large dinner-party in Edinburgh, where Boswell also was present, and the wit made merry at Johnson's expense, and made the company laugh. So, Boswell told them that he had at least lately heard a capital thing from Johnson. "Ah! my old friend Sam," says Foote, "no man says better things; do let us have it." "Why, he said," rejoined Boswell, "when I asked him if you were not an infidel, that if you were, you were an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, you had never thought upon the subject." There was a loud laugh, which Foote did not relish, and Boswell declares that he never saw Foote so disconcerted, grave, and angry. "What, Sir!" said he, "talk thus to a man of liberal education—a man who for years was at the University of Oxford—a man who had added sixteen new characters to the drama of his country!" And he resented the gross imputation.

O'KEEFE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE.

O'Keefe was with Foote in Dublin in 1772, "and more than half a century afterwards,* recalled him with his humorous twinkle of the eye, his smile so irresistible, with one corner of the mouth, and his voice rather harsh except when imitating of others." O'Keefe adds that he was invariably surrounded with laughers; but one evening, when sitting in the green-room amid a crowded circle of the performers, in full laugh at and with him, he was suddenly disconcerted by one young actor right before him maintaining a grave, quiet face, unmoved by the roar around him. This

* O'Keefe published his "Recollections" in 1826; he died in 1833, in his 86th year.

was an actor whom O'Keefe had that very morning seen drilled by Foote in rehearsal for having mispronounced a word. "Ha! ha!" cried Foote, "what's that sarco*pha*gus? The word is sar*co*phagus: it's derived from the Greek, you know; I wonder that did not strike you."

Foote was generous to his actors, and much liked by them; and he was much more considerate and business-like than some of his habits would lead one to suppose. An actress complained to him one day of the low salary she had from Garrick, at Drury-lane, on which Foote asked her why she had gone to him, knowing the salary she might have had at the Haymarket. "Oh, I don't know how it was," she said; "he talked me over so by telling me he would make me immortal, that I did not know how to refuse him." "Did he so, indeed?" said Foote. "Well, then I suppose I must outbid him that way. Come to me, then, when you are free, I'll give you two pounds a-week more, and charge you nothing for immortality!"

During this winter, in Dublin, Foote was taken ill, and could not play. "Ah, Sir," said a poor actor, "if you will not play, we shall have no Christmas dinner." "Ha!" said he at once, "if my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will!" and O'Keefe adds, ill as he was, he kept his word.

A NARROW ESCAPE—READING IN BED.

While in Dublin, Foote's life was endangered by an accident, which he thus described in a letter to Garrick, dated December 31, 1773, and printed for the first time by Mr. Forster. "Had it not been for the coolness and resolution of my old friend, and your great admirer, Jewel, your humble servant would last night have been reduced to ashes, by reading in bed, that cursed custom. The candle set fire to the curtains, and the bed was instantly set in a blaze. He rushed in, hauled me out of the room, tore down and trampled the paper and curtains, and so extinguished the flames. The bed was burnt, and poor Jewel's hands most miserably scorched. So you see, my dear Sir, no man can foresee the great ends for which he was born. Macklin, though a blockhead in his manhood and youth, turns out a wit and a writer on the brink of the grave; and Foote, never very remarkable for his personal graces, in the decline of his life was very near becoming a toast."

The letter thus concludes: "Adieu, my dear Sir. A good night, and God bless you. Take care of the candle.

"SAMUEL FOOTE."

"THE PUPPET-SHOW."

This new species of entertainment, called *The Handsome Maid; or Piety in Pattens*, was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, for the first time, on Feb. 15, 1773. The novelty brought such a crowd, that the street was impassable for more than an hour; and the public, in their impatience, broke open the doors of the theatre, great numbers getting into the house without paying for admission. Hats, swords, cloaks, and shoes were lost; many ladies fainted, and a girl had her arm broken in an endeavour to get into the pit. After all, the expectations of the audience were not realized by the performance; a tremendous uproar ensued, which, however, was quelled, and the exhibition was allowed to proceed.

Foote wittily improvised additions to the *Puppet-Show*, and recovering from the reaction the tumult produced, it became the great favourite of the season. It showed virtue rewarded, and commonplace thoughts concealed by high-flown words; settled Goldsmith's sentimental comedy, and laughed at Garrick's Stratford Jubilee. Foote proposed a pasteboard imitation. "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" asked a lady of fashion. "Oh dear, madam, no," replied Foote, "not much above the size of Garrick." But the Marquis of Stafford interposed: the two managers met at his door. "What is it, war or peace?" said Garrick. "Oh, peace by all means!" replied Foote, and he kept his word: but Foote kept in the *Puppet-Show* a whimsical imitation of Garrick refusing to engage in his company Mr. Punch's wife Joan.

FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.

We may here group the principal meetings of Foote and Johnson, as they are described in Boswell's popular *Life*.

Johnson: The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and

fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible. He, upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who, they knew, liked Foote much as a companion. At last, they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day, Samuel happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, merriment, and grimaces, that when he went downstairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer." (Boswell adds a note to the above: "Foote told me, that Johnson said to him, 'For loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth, I know not his equal.'")

Upon another occasion, Boswell maintaining the distinction between a tragedian and a mere theatrical droll, said, "If Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room, you would respect Betterton much more than Foote. *Johnson:* If Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all."

One evening at the Essex Head Club, in a comparison between Burke and Foote, Johnson said: "If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say—'This is an extraordinary man.' If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the ostler would say—'We have had an extraordinary man here.' *Boswell:* Foote was a man who never failed in conversation. If he had gone into a stable—*Johnson:* Sir, if he had gone into the stable, the other would have said here has been a comical fellow; but he would not have respected him. *Boswell:* And, sir, the other would have answered him, would

have given him as good as he brought, as the common saying is. *Johnson:* Yes, sir, and Foote would have answered the ostler.

Foote's merits as a humourist are more than once discussed in *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Thus:

Boswell: Foote has a great deal of humour. *Johnson:* Yes, sir. *Boswell:* He has a singular talent of exhibiting character. *Johnson:* Sir, it is not a talent—it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is a farce which exhibits individuals. *Boswell:* Did he not think of exhibiting you, sir? *Johnson:* Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off.

Next are Boswell's and the Doctor's opinions of Foote as a mimic:

Boswell: I don't think Foote a good mimic, sir. *Johnson:* No, sir, his imitations are not like. He gives you something different from himself, but not the character which he means to assume. He goes out of himself, without going into other people. He cannot take off any person unless he is strongly marked, such as George Faulkner. He is like a painter who can draw the portrait of a man who has a wen upon his face, and who is therefore easily known. If a man hops upon one leg, Foote can hop upon one leg. He has not that nice discrimination which your friend seems to possess. Foote is, however, very entertaining with a kind of conversation between wit and buffoonery.

When on their tour to the Hebrides, talking of a very penurious gentleman of their acquaintance, Johnson observed that he exceeded *L'Avare* in the play. Boswell concurred, and remarked that he would do well, if introduced in one of Foote's farces; and that the best way to get it done, would be to bring Foote to be entertained at his house for a week, and then it would be *facit indignatio.* Johnson replied: "Sir, I wish he had him. I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him; but I should be glad if he came honestly by him!"

Mr. Forster has thus pleasantly grouped a few of the meetings of the dramatist and the doctor: "It was at Foote's dinner-table Johnson made the memorable disclosure of having written in a garret in Exeter-street, one of the most admired of the speeches of Mr. Pitt. It is Foote who tells the story of Johnson's Jacobite sympathies breaking out so strangely on their visiting Bedlam together, when he again and again returned to the cell of the poor furious madman, who, while beating his straw, supposed he was beating the Duke of

Cumberland. It was Foote who made him roar when some one remarked of the Rockingham ministry, that they were fatigued to death, and quite at their wits' end, whereupon the humourist rejoined, that the fatigue could hardly have arisen from the length of the journey. It is from Foote he quotes the rebuke to Lord Loughborough for his ill-judged ambition to associate with the wits, "What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others."

Foote threatened to bring Johnson on the stage in connexion with the Cock-lane ghost, and the Doctor never completely forgave the threat. But when he heard of Foote's death, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "Did you think he would so soon be gone?" his thoughts instinctively turning to Falstaff. "Life, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way, and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. I would have his life written with diligence."

FOOTE AND "THE CLUB."

"The Club," (often misnamed "the Literary Club,") had been in existence ten years, when Foote wrote from Dublin to Garrick, in 1773, as though he had only just then heard of it. This was Johnson's and Goldsmith's Club, and probably Foote's humour would not have been relished there. However, in the letter just named, the following specimen of it occurs upon one of the members:

I have often met here a Mr. Vesey, who tells me that he belongs to a club with you and some other gentlemen of eminent talents. I could not conceive upon what motive *he* had procured admittance; but I find he is the Accountant-General, so I suppose you have him to cast up the reckoning.

In this same letter Foote calls the elder Colman "little *Dot*, the dirty director" of Covent Garden Theatre.

"THE COZENERS."

In neither of his comedies did Foote more strongly satirize traffickers in vice, and the loose leaders of fashion, than in his play of the *Cozeners* produced in 1774. First among the notabilities thus damned to everlasting fame was Mrs. Rudd, recently tried for selling government places and sinecures. Mrs. Fleec'em orders a quantity of silk, which she carries off in her own coach unpaid for, and with it the silk mercer, too, bewildered by her fascinations, to a mad doctor, who, being in the plot, claps a strait-waistcoat on him, while Mrs.

Fleec'em gets off with the silk. Then there are the knaveries of Mrs. Flaw and Mrs. Aircastle: the latter to pass off her booby son, Toby, upon "a black girl with no end of money," proposes to doctor his face—she having learned the art from a parcel of strollers, "they had been playing during the dog-days with one Foote, a fellow, they say, who takes people off," &c. This is a sly hit at Charles Fox's match-making scheme for a rich West Indian heiress. Foote played Aircastle, and Weston, Toby the son; the latter ridiculed *Chesterfield's Letters*, then just published; and Foote intended to have more thoroughly burlesqued this "scoundrel's primer," as the Letters were called—by showing a son tutored in the Chesterfield manner always cheating his father with his father's maxims.

But the grandest of the Cozeners is Dr. Simony the fashionable preacher—Dr. Dodd, who had just offered a thumping bribe of 3000 guineas to Lady Apsley, to obtain for him from the Chancellor the fat living of St. George's, Hanover-square; and through Foote's exposure of this affair in this play, "King George ordered the pure, precise Dr. Dodd to be struck off the list of his chaplains." He is flamingly described by his infatuated wife, Mrs. Simony, as the most "populous" preacher within the sound of Bow-bells—not one of the humdrum, drawling, long-winded tribe, or one who crams congregations, for he never gives them more than ten or twelve minutes; he is all extemporary, with a cambric handkerchief in one hand and a diamond ring on the other—waving, this way and that way, and curtseying, bowing, and bouncing. Then, his dear wig, rounded off at the ear, to show his plump cherry cheeks, white as a curd, feather-topped, and the curls as close as a cauliflower. He figures at great City feasts, and does more in-door christenings than any three of the cloth. The Doctor is none of your schismatics: he believes in the whole thirty-nine!

FOOTE'S QUARREL WITH THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

At the close of 1774, Foote had resolved to give up the cares of management, and to let his theatre, when it occurred to him to produce another comedy, entitled *A Trip to Calais*, which was printed but never performed. In this play, under the name of Kitty Crocodile, he caricatured a woman of notoriously bad character, but of high rank—the Duchess of Kingston, originally Miss Chudleigh, many years maid of

honour to the Princess of Wales, mother of George III.—and who had just returned from the Continent to answer an indictment for bigamy. She obtained information of Foote's satire upon her, and as the piece was in the licenser's hands, the Duchess used all her influence with the Chamberlain, Lord Hertford, to forbid the performance. Foote heard of this and wrote to his Lordship, having received his prohibitory mandate; he told Lord Hertford that if he enforced the law against him his vocation as a satirist was gone, and he could never again shoot at folly; he believed his cause to be so strong that he *must* triumph. Lord Hertford suggested a compromise. Foote had an interview with the Duchess, and proposed to remove the offensive passages, if pointed out; this the Duchess refused, the only condition she would agree to was entire suppression. Foote had provokingly added to his letter to the Chamberlain this postscript: "In a few days will be published, the scenes objected to by the Lord Chamberlain, with a dedication to the Duchess of Kingston." In a second interview at Kingston House, Knightsbridge, in the presence of Lord Mountstuart, Foote rejected "splendid offers;" the Rev. Mr. Foster, who was present at one of the interviews, swore to his belief that Foote had agreed to suppress the piece on receiving 2000*l.*, but this testimony cannot be implicitly accepted. The Duchess now called in to her aid one Jackson, an Irish parson, to libel Foote; this Jackson was subsequently convicted of treason, and poisoned himself the day before his execution. Foote, however, quailed under the cruel newspaper and pamphlet attacks; he offered, upon the intercession of one of the Duchess's friends, a member of the Privy Council, to suppress the offensive scenes, if the Duchess would insure the newspaper attacks being discontinued; this she treated as a triumph, and rejected the offer in the following foully abusive letter:

TO MR. FOOTE.

SIR,—

I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall *sacrifice* a moment to answer it.

A member of *your* Privy Council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet.

I know too well what is due to my own dignity to enter into a compromise with an extortionate assassin of private reputation.

If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish it or suppress it as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword; and if

I sheath it until I make you crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then is there not spirit in an injured woman, nor meanness in a slanderous Buffoon.

To a man my sex alone would have screened me from attack—but I am writing to the descendant of a Merry-Andrew, and prostitute the name of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote.

Clothed in my innocence, as in a coat of mail, I am proof against an host of foes, and conscious of never having intentionally offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember, that though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

There is something, however, in your *pity* at which my nature revolts. To make me an offer of *pity* at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a *Cupid* with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chant a stave to your requiem.

E. KINGSTON.

Kingston House, Sunday, 13th August.

P.S.—You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it.

To this Foote wrote the following stinging reply:

To the Duchess of Kingston.

MADAM,—

Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your Grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I can't help thinking but that it would have been prudent in your Grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston-house, by your Grace's appointment, that instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the *Trip to Calais*, with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your benevolent bounty.

But why, madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not Vice, is the game I pursued. In these scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life which have excited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, however, madam, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair: I was afraid it might be a little the worse for the wearing. May it hold out to keep your Grace warm the next winter!

The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the

authors of my muse, and not of my manhood. A Merry-Andrew and a prostitute are not bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays: the first to give the humour and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction.

* * * * * *

If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connexion, your Grace is grossly deceived. My father was in truth a very useful magistrate and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you; my mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, baronet, who represented the county of Hereford. Her fortune was large and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of fourscore years old when she died; and what will surprise your Grace, *was never married but once* in her life.

I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off. But where will your Grace get the Cupid to bring me the lip-salve?—That family, I am afraid, has long since quitted your service.

Pray, madam, is not Jackson the name of your female confidential secretary? and is not she generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds?

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.

I fancy your Grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome. You heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan, who was once elected a Pope, and in humble imitation have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country, and has doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may never want the *Benefit of the Clergy*, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of your Grace's most devoted, most obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Walpole has thus described the Duchess' letter, and Foote's reply:

That heroine of Doctors' Commons, the Duchess of Kingston, has at last made her folly, which I have long known, as public as her shame, by entering the lists with a Merry-Andrew, but who is no fool. Foote was bringing her on the stage; Lord Hertford prohibited his piece. Drunk with triumph, she would have given the mortal blow with her own hand,—

Pallas te hoc vulnere Pallas immolat;

but as the instrument she chose was a *goose*-quill, the stroke recoiled on herself. She wrote a letter in the *Evening Post*, which not the lowest of her class, who tramp in pattens, would have set her mark to. Billingsgate from a ducal coronet was inviting: however, Foote, with all the delicacy she ought to have used, replied only with wit, irony, and confounded satire. The Pope will not be able to wash out the spots with all the holy water in the Tiber. I imagine she will escape a trial; but Foote has given her the *coup de grâce*.

Walpole, in a letter to Mason, August 7, 1775, writes:

Have you heard the history of Foote and her Grace of Kingston? She

applied to the Lord Chamberlain [Lord Hertford] and prevented the piece being licensed, though Foote had an audience, and with his usual modesty, assured her that he had not had her Grace in view. The dame, as if he had been a member of Parliament, offered to buy him off. Aristophanes's Grecian virtue was not to be corrupted; but he offered to read the piece, and blot out whatever passages she would mark, that she thought applicable to her case. She was too cunning to bite at this, and they parted. He swears he will not only print his comedy, but act her in Lady Brumpton. He has already printed his letter to Lord Hertford, and not content with that, being asked why it was not licensed, replied, "Why, my Lord Hertford desired me to make his youngest son a boxkeeper, and because I would not, he stopped my play." Upon my word, if the stage and the press are not checked, we shall have the army, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket itself. What are we come to, if Maids of Honour cannot marry two husbands in quiet?

Walpole also writes to Mason, "What a *chef-d'œuvre* is Foote's answer," which Mason, in reply, says he thinks is "one of the very best things in the English language, and prefer it in its kind." A country squire having heard the Duchess's lawyer say many fine things of her understanding and manœuvring, replied very bluntly, "Mr. Lawyer, this may be all very true; I believe the Duchess may be a very clever sort of a woman, but she was never so much out in her life as when she ventured to write a letter to Foote." The lawyer owned she had better have left that alone.

Garrick, writing to Colman, thus refers to the Duchess's signal defeat:

Notwithstanding Foster's oath, Foote has thrown the Duchess upon her back, and there has left her, as you or I would do. She is sick, and has given up the cause, and has made herself very ridiculous, and hurt herself much in the struggle. Foote's letter is one of his best things in his best manner.

Garrick also wrote to Colman thus, June 25, 1775:

We wanted you much at the election to-day. Foote was in great spirits, but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. He will bully them into a licence. The Duchess has had him in her closet, and offered to bribe him; but Cato himself, though he had one leg more than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous than he has been.

The acrimony of each party in this affair was raised so high, that Foote at length threatened to have a Grub-street half-sheet cried about the streets, which ran in the following terms, and probably occasioned a cessation of hostilities. The general authenticity of it was testified by many persons who heard Foote repeat it, and the humour of it deserves to redeem it from oblivion:—

"A full, true, and particular account of the life and surprising adventures of the notified Bet Cheatley, Duchess of Knightsbridge, showing as how she came up to town a poor distressed girl, and how by the recommendation of a mighty great patriot,* to whom she used to read story-books, she was taken into a great house in Lister-square, out of compassion and charity, and how she was ruinated by Wolly, a Scotch boy, who took her into a strange land, and then forsak'd her; how Billy the Boatswain fall'd in love with her, married her, and left her under the care of a surgeon and poticary. And how Bet afterwards took to company keeping, wearing fine clothes, and told her comrogues she had them from her mother, a poor, distressed widow-woman in the country. And how she met with the great squire Peper-pint, a mighty rich and great gentleman; and how she spread her net, and the squire fell into her snare; and how she gave Billy the Boatswain twenty guineas to deny his marriage, and then persuaded squire Peper-pint to wed her, make a will, and wrong all his kindred, by which she came into a *mort* of his money: and how all the squire's rich relations rose up in a body, and wanted Bet to give back her ill-got possessions; and how then Bet fled over the raging seas, for fear of being nabbed, and clapped up in Newgate; and how she changed her religion, and took to *papish* ways; and how she afterwards came back again for fear of being *outlawried*; and how she had a horrible quarrel with Billy the Boatswain; and how she came to Westminster-hall, all the lawyers flocked about her, in hopes of her custom. The whole being a most excellent *warning-piece* against Sabbath-breaking and disobedience to our parents;"

"As 'twill always be found, that for such evil deeds,
A certain, though it's a slow punishment, surely succeeds;
Therefore young men and maidens take warning by she,
Keep the Sabbath and obedient to your parents be."

The Duchess did not, as Walpole had predicted, escape her trial. She was arraigned before her peers, was convicted, and stripped of her title as Duchess; but pleading the privilege of the peerage, through the death of her first husband's brother, Lord Bristol, left the court punished only by a lower step in the rank of nobility.

A few months after, Foote recast the *Trip to Calais*, and striking out Lady Kitty Crocodile, put in as Dr. Viper, his slanderer Dr. Jackson, and reproduced the piece as the *Capuchin*, at the Haymarket. The opposition was violent, but the piece continued to be acted until the close of the season.

Jackson now resumed with more intensity his libels against Foote: nevertheless, he opened his season of 1776 with the *Bankrupt*, when an attempt was made to drive him from the stage, but he manfully appealed to the audience, which produced a reaction in his favour. Jackson was subsequently convicted of libel; when a discarded servant preferred against

* The late Earl of Bath.

Foote a charge of the worst nature. In the interval between this and the trial, his friends flocked round him, and he played his comedies as usual. The trial came on, the charge was demolished, and Foote was triumphantly acquitted. Nevertheless, his spirits fell.

FOOTE DISPOSES OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Previously to starting for France, in September, 1776, Foote thus announced his intention to Garrick, of letting his theatre: "There is more of prudence than of pleasure in my trip to the Continent: to tell you the truth, I am tired of racking my brain, talking like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the most dreary seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. I have therefore directed my friend Jewel to discharge the lazy vermin of my hall, and to let my hall, too, if he can meet with a proper tenant. Help me to one, if you can." Garrick did not believe Foote to be in earnest, and did not reply to the above letter. In the meantime a negotiation was opened, which ended in the transfer of the Haymarket Theatre to George Colman for 1600*l.*, as a life-annuity to Foote, for his patent, and some particular advantages as a performer; but Foote died soon after the first half of the annuity became due, October 21, 1777.

George Colman the younger gives the following details of this purchase. His father was to pay Foote also for his services as an orator, although, as it happened, he performed only three times; and Colman purchased the copyright of Foote's unpublished dramatic pieces for 500*l.* The patent enabled the holder to open his house annually, for all English dramatic performances, from May 15 to September 15. With the lease was included Foote's wardrobe, which might fetch at a sale 20*l.*: "the fading gaiety of Major Sturgeon's regimentals, trimmed with tarnished copper-lace, was splendour itself compared with the other threadbare rubbish of this repository.

"Foote's stock plays were in fact chiefly of his own writing, and his *dramatis personæ* required little more than a few common coats and waistcoats: when he wanted more habiliments than he possessed, he resorted to a *friperie* in Monmouth-street, not to purchase, but to job them by the night; and so vilely did some of the apparel fit the actors, that he was obliged to make a joke of the disgrace, and get the start of

the audience, if he could, in a laugh against his own troop of tatterdemalions. There was a skeleton of a man belonging to his company, who performed a minor part in the scene of a debating club, in which Foote acted the president: this *anatomie vivante* was provided with a coat which would not have been too big even for the late Stephen Kemble—the arms were particularly wide, and the cuffs covered his hands. Foote, during the debate, always addressed this personage as 'the much respected gentleman in the sleeves.' So improvident was he, that he even hired most of the printed music which was played between the acts, whereby he had given its original price ten times over; and in the end not a scrap of it was his own property.

* * * * * *

"My father, as the proposing renter of the Haymarket Theatre, employed a matter-of-fact person of business to negotiate the business for him; and Foote did not know, till the terms had been fully agreed upon, the principal with whom he was in treaty. He often, however, met the principal at dinner pending the transaction, little dreaming that he was in company with his future lessee. On these occasions, as it was publicly avowed that the patent was about to be farmed, there was no indelicacy in talking about it to Foote; and one day when the subject was introduced, he turned towards my father, saying, 'Now, here is Mr. Colman, an experienced manager, he will tell you that nobody can conduct so peculiar a theatrical concern as mine but myself; but there is a fat-headed fellow of an agent, who has been boring me every morning at breakfast with terms from some blockhead who knows nothing about the stage, but whose money burns in his pocket.'* 'Playhouse mad, I presume,' said my father. 'Right,' replied Foote, 'and if bleeding will bring him to his senses, he'll find me a devilish good doctor.'

"When the parties met to sign and seal, anybody but Foote, who never blushed in his life, might have looked a little foolish, upon recollection of the bleeding system, which he had unconsciously avowed to his patient."

Mr. Colman then explains how, in consequence of Foote's death, being in possession as lessee, he quietly held the theatre as his successor,—after having purchased all the pro-

* Dashwood, in Murphy's *Know your own Mind*, a comedy played in Covent Garden Theatre in 1777, was an avowed portrait of the above man-of-business, and conveys the best idea of that conversational prodigy.

perty in it. "But," adds Mr. Colman, "the assertion that the patent, after the death of my father, was transferred to me, is erroneous. My father, and I after him, held this property under the gracious protection of the Crown, and opened the house by annual Licence of the Lord Chamberlain. The theatre, which has been built near the old site, on the east side of the Haymarket, is carried on in the same way, with an understanding that the yearly possession will always be renewed, as a *quamdiù se bene gesserit* Licence; but there has been no Patent for a Summer Theatre in London since Foote's death."—*Recollections, in Peake's Memoirs of the Colman Family.*

The Haymarket was for thirty years the scene of Foote's theatrical successes. The first theatre was built by one Potter, a carpenter, and opened Dec. 23, 1720, by "the French Comedians:" it was called "The Little Theatre," to distinguish it from another theatre on the opposite side of the street, built by Vanbrugh, a few years earlier: it was next called "the New French Theatre." Hay had been sold in the street since the reign of Elizabeth; and Charles II. in 1664 granted the right of holding a cattle-market twice a week. In 1723, the theatre was occupied by English actors; 1726, Italian operas, rope-dancing, and tumblers, by subscription; 1731, gladiators and backswordsmen; 1732, English opera, upon the Italian model; 1734-5, Fielding opened the theatre with "the Great Mogul's Company of Comedians," for whom he wrote his *Pasquin*, the satire of which upon the Walpole administration gave rise to the Licensing Act. In 1738, a French company re-opened the theatre, but were driven from the stage the first night. In 1741, English operas were played here; 1744, Foote first appeared here as Othello; and in 1747, Foote became manager, commencing his own Entertainments. In 1748, (Jan. 16,) the Bottle Conjuror's hoax and riot took place here. 1762, the Haymarket was established as a regular summer theatre. In 1766, the King granted Foote a royal patent: he almost entirely rebuilt the theatre, and erected a handsome new front; it thence became a Theatre Royal. In Foote's days there was scarcely any space between the audience and the street, so that their attention was frequently distracted by post-horns, and the out-of-doors cry of "extraordinary news from France," while Foote upon the stage was threatening French invaders with "peppering their flat-bottomed boats," in the character of Major Sturgeon. In 1777, Foote sold his licence to the elder Colman, who died in 1795, and was succeeded by his son. Feb. 3, 1794, sixteen persons were trodden to death or suffocated in attempting to gain admission on a royal visit. Colman the elder opened the theatre every night, whereas Foote only opened his doors every alternate night. "The Little Theatre" was taken down in 1820; its site is now occupied by the Café de l'Europe; at a few feet lower down was built the present theatre, by Nash, and opened July 14, 1821; it has a lofty Corinthian portico, and has altogether a fine architectural front. In 1853, Mr. Benjamin Webster concluded here a lesseeship of sixteen years; and the theatre has since been let to Mr. Buckstone. It is worthy of remark that

although the early performances at the Haymarket were very irregular, for a century past the legitimate drama (more especially comedy) has been regularly performed here; and for several years past, whilst the two large patent theatres (Drury Lane and Covent Garden) have been closed or devoted to foreign performances, the Haymarket has held on its steady success as the home of the English drama.

FOOTE'S "ENVY."

Colman relates the following incidents which occurred soon after he had purchased the Haymarket patent. He tells us, (with undue severity, for jealousy was not a feature of Foote's character,) that he, Foote, could not bear to see anybody or anything succeed in the Haymarket but himself and his own writings, and forgot that a failure of the new scheme might possibly endanger the regular payment of his annuity.

His pique broke out sometimes in downright rudeness. One morning he came hopping upon the stage during the rehearsal of the *Spanish Barber*, then about to be produced; the performers were busy in that scene of the piece when one servant is under the influence of a sleeping draught, and another of a sneezing powder. "Well," said Foote dryly to the manager, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer; "but I cannot teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" replied Foote, "then read him your last comedy of *The Man of Business*, and he'll yawn for a month."

On another occasion, he was not less coarse though more laughable, to an actor, than he had been to the manager. This happened when Digges, of much celebrity out of London, and who had come to town from Edinburgh, covered with Scottish laurels, made his first appearance in the Haymarket. He had studied the antiquated style of acting; in short, he was a fine bit of old stage buckram, and *Cato* was therefore selected for his first essay. He "discharged the character" in the same costume as it is to be supposed was adopted by Booth, when the play was originally acted; that is, in a shape, as it was technically termed, of the stiffest order, decorated with gilt leather upon a black ground, with black stockings, black gloves, and a powdered periwig. Foote had planted himself in the pit, when Digges stalked on before the public thus formidably accoutred. The malicious wag waited till the customary round of applause had subsided, and then ejaculated, in a pretended under-tone, loud enough to be heard by all around him, "A Roman chimney-sweeper on May-day!" The laughter which this produced in the pit was enough to knock up a *débutant*, and it startled the old stager personating the stoic of Utica: the sarcasm was irresistibly funny, but Foote deserved to be kicked out of the house for his cruelty, and his insolence in mingling with the audience for the purpose of disconcerting a brother actor.—Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family*.

This is stronger language than the occasion seems to warrant; for most of the above is the sort of waggery which is constantly floating about the green-room, and is that kind

of banter which keeps actors up to the mark; *out of the theatre*, it would be a more serious matter.

We may here notice a trait of Foote's character which was highly creditable to him as a satirist: he invariably exercised this power upon his own judgment, and would never allow himself to be influenced by others, or his genius to be applied to their unworthy prejudices. Neither was he liable to be carried away by first appearances. When he was last in Dublin there was upon that gay city a great fop, Mr. Coote, afterwards Lord Belmont: he was extremely fond of over-dressing himself, and wore a silk coat and a feathered hat, and, what was a special coxcombry of that day, satin shoes with red heels. But he was a man of sense, and so was Foote, who also over-dressed himself. The wit was asked to make a special butt of Coote, but he refused to do so, and mortified those who had made the mean application by replying: "I think this same Mr. Coote about the only well-bred sensible man in your whole city." This settled his detractors.

FOOTE'S LAST APPEARANCE.

In May, 1777, Foote played for the last time at the Haymarket in the *Devil on Two Sticks*. Cooke, his biographer, describes him as then emaciated in his person, and his eyes having lost their fire.

WESTON AND FOOTE.

Weston, a comic actor of great merit, performed for the last time on May Day, Oct. 28, 1775, and died on January 31 following. Foote so highly valued him, that he had his portrait painted; and about an hour before quitting his house in Suffolk-street, on his last journey to Dover, where death arrested his progress, he went into every room, and in a way wholly unusual with him, scrupulously examined his furniture and his paintings. When he came to the portrait of Weston he made a full stop, and, as if by some sudden impulse, without uttering a syllable, firmly fixed his eyes on the countenance of his old acquaintance, and then, after some moments, turning away, he exclaimed, with tears which he could not suppress, "Poor Weston!" The words had scarcely parted from his lips, when, as if in reproach at his own seeming security, he repeated "Poor Weston! it will be very shortly poor Foote, or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me."—*Memoirs of the Colman Family.*

Weston was an incomparable actor. Northcote said, "It was impossible, from looking at him, for any one to say that he was acting. You would suppose they had gone out and found the actual character they wanted, and brought him upon the stage without his knowing it."

DEATH OF FOOTE.

On the day after his expression of the above presentiment, Foote left town for the south of France. He reached Dover on the 20th October, 1777, attended by one servant. He put up at the Ship Inn; he was much fatigued by the journey, and next morning, at breakfast, was seized with a shivering fit; he died in three hours, in the 57th year of his age. Jewel, his faithful treasurer, had been sent for, and arrived to take charge of the remains, which were removed to Foote's house in Suffolk-street, Haymarket. It appears, however, to have been intended to inter the body in St. Martin's Church, Dover, for which purpose a vault was made; but from some unexplained circumstance, Foote's remains were never placed within it. They were privately interred from Suffolk-street, by torchlight, on the following Monday night, October 27th, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. There he rests with many a brilliant genius; but no stone indicates his grave, nor is there any memorial erected to him in the abbey. He sleeps in the gloomy cloisters—the Actors' Corner it may be called; for here also lie Betterton and Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Yates.

The faithful Jewel had not, however, neglected his master's memory in the place where the tree fell: he caused to be erected upon the wall of St. Martin's, at Dover, a marble tablet to the memory of Foote, with a simple inscription. His humour and genius have found more lasting commemoration in our literary history.

MEMORIAL OF FOOTE.

Upon the wall of the green-room of the present Haymarket Theatre hangs a small dial, in a richly-carved and gilt case, of the decorative age of Queen Anne. This timekeeper was brought from the old Haymarket Theatre: it has long been known as "Foote's Clock," and there is no reason to doubt its having been the property of our distinguished humorist and dramatist—Samuel Foote.

CHARACTERISTICS, PERSONAL TRAITS, AND OPINIONS.

FOOTE'S SCHOLARSHIP.

FOOTE was very intimate with Barnard, the Provost of Eton, and assisted him in the private theatricals which he used to get up in the Lodge. At these several of the Collegers used to perform, and among the prominent actors were Parsons and Goodall.

Selwyn relates that on one occasion Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys in showing him about the College, collected them around him in the quadrangle, and said: "Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show how much I am obliged to you?" "Tell us, Mr. Foote," said the leader, "the best thing you ever said." "Why," says Foote, "I once saw a little blackguard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed prancing and curveting in all the pride and magnificence of nature. There, said I, goes Warburton on Shakspeare."—*Diary of a Lover of Literature*, by Thomas Green.

HOW FOOTE BORROWED FROM THE ANCIENTS.

There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses—"It is very little of its age." Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna, whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterward Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. 'What,' replied Ennius, 'do not I know your own voice?' 'You are an impudent fellow,' retorted Nasica; 'when your servant told me that you were

not at home I believed her, but you will not believe me, though I tell you so myself.' This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm." *James Hannay; Quarterly Review.*

"THE ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES."

Foote has been more commonly than appropriately called the English Aristophanes; seeing that such a designation conveys much too high a compliment to Foote, and a very indifferent one to the great master of the older Grecian comedy—Aristophanes. It may be sufficient to mention that his diction is extremely elegant, although he sometimes indulges in the rudest popular expressions: to Schlegel he appeared to have displayed "the richest development of almost every poetical property." But, so little had Foote's pieces of that burlesque ideality which constituted the essential character of Aristophanes, that his exercise of the *vis comica* reduced itself almost exclusively to a contemporary personal satire, and in comparison with that of the learned Greek dramatist, amounting to little more than a refined species of mimicry. Hence it is, that of the many farces which Foote wrote, chiefly to exhibit in them his own powers of satirical mimicry as an actor, not more than one survives upon the stage. Hence, "the English Aristophanes" as applied to Foote is almost a *sobriquet.*

Mr. Forster has well stated the case. "The comparison of Foote with Aristophanes is absurd, because he had nothing of the imagination, or wealth of poetry, of the Greek; but he was like him in wit, whim, ready humour, practical jokes, keen sarcasm, vivid personation, and above all, in the unflinching audacity with which he employed all these in scorn and ridicule of living vices and hypocrisies. As it was said of the Greek satirist, that he exercised a censorship more formidable than the archons, barely less is to be said of the English wit who took a range of jurisdiction wider than Sir John Fielding's or Sir Thomas de Veil's; and for all the vast difference that remains, it is perhaps little less or more than between Athens in the age of Pericles and London in the time of Bubb Dodington."

When Foote visited his friend Barnard, the provost of

Eton," on special occasions, he would after dinner perform scenes from Aristophanes, with singular cleverness, and in the original Greek.

AFFECTATION OF LEARNING.

One of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon Foote at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated, which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "*ide-a;* but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, Madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideaowski.*" "And pray, sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, Madam."

Foote was much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who told him confidentially that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do. "Take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

A mercantile man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it; but he "dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses mine!" "Pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

FOOTE'S CONVERSATION.

Charles James Fox told Mr. Rogers that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's-street, and that they were rather angry at Lord William for having done so, expecting that Foote would only prove a bore, and a check on their conversation. "But," said Fox, "we soon found that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all."

FOOTE'S "LONDON."

Foote has thus powerfully grouped a few of the cheateries which beset the metropolis in his time:—

> "Of all the passions that possess mankind,
> The love of Novelty rules most the mind;

In search of this, from realm to realm we roam;
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home;
From Libya's deserts hostile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France.
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputian—Gulliver.
Not only objects that affect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight:
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,—
In humble prose the name is Charing Cross,—
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty, dismal entry opens wide;
There with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys his passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize?
Here's China porcelain, that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields,
With Turkey carpets, that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled through the street.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN DEBT.

One day, when Garrick and Foote were dining at Lord Mansfield's, the Drury-lane manager was enlarging upon the necessity of prudence in money matters, and he drew his illustration from Churchill's death, which was then the talk of the town. At the table of a Lord Chief Justice, Garrick's view of the morality of the subject might have been considered unanswerable. But Foote took an opposite view. He said, that every question had two sides, and he had long made up his mind on the advantages implied in the fact of *not* paying one's debts. In the first place it promised some time or other the possession of a fortune to be able to *get* credit. For, living on credit was the art of living without the most troublesome thing in the whole world, which was money. It saved the expense and annoyance of keeping accounts, and made over all the responsibility to other people. It was the panacea for the cares and embarrassments of wealth. It checked and discountenanced avarice; while, people being always more liberal of others' goods than their own, it extended every sort of encouragement to generosity. If, indeed, the genuine spark of primitive Christianity were ever to revive, from this quarter it would come, and through the communion of property by such means brought about. And

would any one venture to say, meanwhile, that paying one's debts could possibly draw to us such anxious attention from our own part of the world while we live, or such sincere regrets when we die, as *not* paying them? All this Foote maintained with such gravity and sarcastic illustration, that he carried the laugh against Garrick.

This reminds us of another of Foote's pleasantries upon paying debts, which occurs in his comedy of the *Lame Lover*, in which one of the characters, Sir Luke Limp, tells this story: "One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. 'You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd?' 'At your lordship's service, my lord.' 'What, Lloyd with an L!' 'It was with an L, indeed, my lord.' 'Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names.' 'Very often, indeed, my lord.' 'But you always spell yours with an L?' 'Always.' 'That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!'"

STRANGE INCONSISTENCIES.

Foote dressed ridiculously. His clothes were tawdily splashed with gold lace, and with his linen were generally bedaubed with snuff. They tell of him, that in his young days, and in the fluctuation of his finances, he walked about in boots to conceal his want of stockings; and that on receiving a supply of money, he expended it all upon a diamond ring, instead of purchasing the necessary articles of hosiery.

Foote appears to have entertained a sovereign contempt for port wine. He was ostentatious and vulgarly fine before his guests. As soon as the cloth was removed from the table, he would ask, "Does anybody drink port?" If the unanimous answer happened to be "no," he always called out to the servant in waiting—"take away *the ink*."

In the hey-day of his extravagance, in his own kitchen port is said to have been drunk oftener than beer. And the story goes, that dining at the table of a nobleman, whose taste ran to the opposite extreme, and who drank nothing but port wine himself, and restricted his guests to the same,

Foote met his wine-merchant, who asking how the last supply of port wine turned out, he replied, "Why, I should suppose, pretty well, as I have had no complaints *from the kitchen.*"

FUNERAL OF HOLLAND.

Holland, the actor, of Drury-lane theatre, was the son of a baker, and became a pupil of Garrick. He died suddenly, and Foote being a legatee, as well as one of the bearers appointed by Holland's will, attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, which so subdued his vivacity as to affect him even to tears. On his return to town, however, he called in at the Bedford Coffee-house, where an acquaintance inquiring as to his paying the last tribute to his friend Holland, he replied: "Yes, poor fellow! I have just seen him shoved into the family oven!"

FOOTE AND THE ATTORNEY.

Attorneys have ever been fair game for a joke, and Foote certainly made the most of them. One day, a simple farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining of the great expense of a funeral cavalcade in the country. "Why! do you *bury* your attorneys here?" asked Foote. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh, we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?" "Why! when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room overnight by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other, with amazement; "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is, there's *a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.*"

THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

Foote being asked his opinion of this famous Commemoration of Shakspeare, at Stratford, replied:—

A Jubilee is a public invitation, urged by puffing, to go post without horses, to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great Poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry; music without melody; a dinner without victuals; lodgings without beds; a crowd without company; a masquerade where half the people appear barefaced; a horse-race up to the knees in water; fireworks

extinguished as soon as they were lighted; and a boarded booth by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days, and sold by public auction.

FOOTE AND HIS FURNISHED HOUSE.

Foote took a house at Hammersmith that was advertised to be completely furnished; but he had not been there long before the cook complained there was not a rolling-pin. "No!" said he; "then bring me a saw, I will soon make one;" which he accordingly did of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered that a coal-scuttle was wanted, when he supplied this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest. A carpet being wanted in the parlour, he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid, to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit, to inquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly astonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated with Foote, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained; but Foote insisted upon it, all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply these necessaries, notwithstanding he had advertised his house completely furnished. The landlord now threatened the law, and Foote threatened to take him off, saying an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.

FOOTE AND LORD KELLY.

Lord Kelly, at whose table Foote was a frequent guest, had a Bardolphian nose, which often warmed the dramatist's wit into coarse personality; though the subject of it enjoyed the joke as well as the utterer.

One day, at dinner, "Lord Kelly," said Foote, "do you ever pass my house at Hammersmith?" "Oh, frequently," replied the goodnatured lord. "Heavens! how lucky; the next time, do me the favour to look over my garden-wall, because I have shortly a large dinner-party, and I want my peaches ripened." The joke is likewise told applied to cucumbers.

"I tell you what, Mr. Foote," said a friend, meeting him one day, "Lord Kelly has reflected on me, and I shall pull his nose." "What! pull his nose!" exclaimed Foote; "why, man, you would not thrust your fingers into a furnace, would you?"

RICH AND FOOTE.

Rich, the actor, had the vulgar habit of calling everybody Mister, which so offended Foote, on his being thus addressed, that he asked Rich the reason of his not addressing him by name. "Don't be angry," Rich replied, "for I sometimes forget my own name." "Indeed!" rejoined Foote; "that is extraordinary; for I knew you could not write your own name, but I did not suppose you could forget it."

QUIN AND FOOTE.

These two wits had been for some time estranged, but became reconciled to each other; when said Foote, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it, then, and be happy, Sam." "Why," rejoined Foote, "you lately said that I had only one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "I never said it," replied Quin; "and I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it—I never thought you had a shirt to wash."

FOOTE'S READY HUMOUR.

The strength and predominance of Foote's humour lay in its readiness. He was one day taken into White's Club by a friend who wanted to write a note. Standing in a room among strangers, he did not appear to feel quite at ease; when Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him; but himself feeling rather shy, merely said, "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon, Foote, looking round suspiciously, and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied, "Thank you, my Lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."

At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin, when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood, ran through the room, and Macklin pompously said to the laugher, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," at once replied Foote; "*pray, do you?*"

One of a convivial party at his friend Delaval's would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon Foote for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside; "of course, I take

all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself; I take *myself* off." "Gad so!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see:" upon which Foote took up his hat, and left the room.

Upon another occasion, Foote illustrated the eagerness of the public for personal satire, when he makes a publisher object to a poem full of praise: "Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser and better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well-powdered with personal pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our level—*there, there*, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter."

Foote had attacked some pretentious person for his characteristic foible. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" asked the assailed. "Did I ever say anything about your head?" replied Foote.

Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent. "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may have none for yourself."

A conceited young fellow was attempting to say fine things before Foote, who seemed unusually grave. "Why, Foote," said the small man, "you are flat to-day—you don't seem to relish wit." "Hang it, you have not tried me yet," was the caustic reply.

Mrs. Macauley, who wrote a sensible and trustworthy *History of England*, was less fortunate in the title of a pamphlet which she also published, entitled *Loose Thoughts*. The infelicitous choice was objected to in the presence of Foote, who dryly observed that he did not himself see any objection to it, for that the sooner Mrs. Macauley got rid of her loose thoughts the better.

"Why are you for ever humming that air?" Foote asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote; "you are ever murdering it."

A well-beneficed Cornish rector was holding forth at the dinner-table upon the surprising profits of his living, much to the weariness of every one present, when happening to stretch over the table hands remarkable for their dirt, Foote struck in with, "Well, Doctor, I for one am not at all surprised at your profits, for I see you keep the glebe in your own hands."

What exquisite humour is there in this boast of horseflesh:

"My horse, sir! Why, I'll wager it to stand still faster than yours can gallop!"

Dining at the house of a gentleman where the Bishop of —— was present, Foote was in high spirits, and talked immoderately; when the Bishop being angry at the entire usurpation of the talk by Foote, after waiting with considerable impatience, said: "When will that player leave off preaching?" "Oh! my Lord," replied Foote, "the moment I am made a bishop."

Having dined at Merchant-Taylors' Hall, he was so well pleased with the entertainment, that he sat till most of the company had left the dinner-table. At length, rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "*Both!*" exclaimed one of the company, "why, you must be drunk, Foote; here are twenty of us." "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I am right,—I wish you *both* very good night."

The Duke of Cumberland, (the *foolish* Duke, came one night into the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again."

Foote praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at *Cork*. "No, sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

A charitable committee calling one day upon Foote, at his hotel in Paris, he cried out loudly to his servant, "Peter, don't let anybody come upstairs, without first acquainting them that there is a gentleman in the house ill of the small-pox." Immediately on hearing this, away went the committee without seeing the actor. This *ruse* is strangely at variance with Foote's usually charitable feeling.

Foote's earliest notices of me (says George Colman the younger,) were far from flattering; but though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity; and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of "Blow your nose, child," there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features which always made me laugh.

Foote walking up and down the rooms at Bath, a gentleman with him asked a third a lady's name just then passing by them; to which he replied, "Brown, sir." "Ay," said Foote, staring at the lady, "a lovely *Brown* indeed."

Why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, and rich men never to be seen in those of the learned, was once asked of Foote. "Why," said he, "the first know what they want, but the latter do not."

Having satirized the Scotch pretty severely, a gentleman asked Foote "Why he hated that nation so much." "You are mistaken," said Foote; "I don't hate the Scotch, neither do I hate frogs, but I would have everything keep to its native element."

Mr. Forster has applied to Foote's humour the most comprehensive epithet: it was *incompressible*. No matter what the truth of any subject might be, or however strong the position of any adversary, he managed to get the laugh on his own side. It was not merely a quickness of fancy, a brilliance of witty resource, a ready and expert audacity of invention; but there was a fulness and invincibility of *courage* in the man, call it moral or immoral, which unfailingly warded off humiliation. "Foote," says Dr. Johnson, "is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Not even the presence of royalty could keep under his wit. When Foote was under a cloud, George the Third commanded the performances, and a new play, the *Contract*, taken by Dr. Thomas Franklin from the *Triple Marriage* of Destouches, was played after one of Foote's comedies. When Foote lighted the King to his chair, his Majesty asked who the piece was written by? "By one of your Majesty's chaplains," said Foote, unable to suppress his wit; "and dull enough to have been written by a bishop."

THE OLD HAYMARKET GREEN-ROOM.

Theodore Hook, in his *Gilbert Gurney*, has left this ludicrous picture of the green-room of the old Haymarket Theatre: "It was literally a *green-room*, into which light was admitted by a thing like a cucumber-frame at one end of it. It was matted, and round the walls ran a bench covered with faded green stuff, whereupon the *dramatis personæ* deposited themselves until called to go on the stage; a looking-glass under the skylight, and a large bottle of water and a tumbler on the chimney-piece, completed the furniture of this classic apartment."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE GOLDSMITH FAMILY.

THE family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or, as it was occasionally written, Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland, and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford, in Kent.—(Prior's *Life of Goldsmith.*)

Oliver's father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were clergymen; and two of them married clergymen's daughters.

The first ascertained ancestor was his great-great-grandfather, the Rev. John Goldsmith, rector of Borrishoull, in the county of Mayo, who narrowly escaped perishing in the Popish massacre of 1641. He, with the other clergy, and the Bishop of Killala, witnessed the shocking scene at Castlebar. They fled to the residence of Viscount Bourke, a Roman Catholic peer, who had married a Protestant lady, upon whom Mr. Goldsmith remained in attendance; the rest of the party set out for Galway, and himself accompanied them part of the way thither; but so soon as he left them they were set upon, and the Bishop and almost all his train murdered.* The services and losses of this rector of Borrishoull procured a small grant of land and considerable promotion in the church for his eldest son, who died in 1722, Dean of Elphin. His second son, Robert, the poet's grandfather, obtained also a beneficial lease of some crown land, and lived on it as a gentleman farmer. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, was Robert's second son, one of a family of thirteen children; he was of Trinity College, Dublin, took orders on leaving it, and immediately married the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of a school at Elphin, where he had

* *History of the Irish Rebellion*, by Sir John Temple, 1698.

received his preliminary education and formed this attachment. The young couple married against the will of both their families, and without having any means of support at their own command; but Mr. Green, an uncle of the bride, who was rector of Kilkenny-West, provided them a farmhouse in his parish to live in, and by-and-bye her mother, Mrs. Jones, made over to them fifty acres of land, procured at a nominal rent.* Of this tenure the following is related:

The Rev. Oliver Jones had held these and other lands on a life-rent lease from Mr. Conolly, one of the Lords Justices. His wife, on his death, found that Mr. Conolly was not disposed to grant a renewal, and determined to try the effect of a personal application. She mounted on horseback behind her only son, and travelled straight to Dublin. Mr. Conolly persisted in his refusal, until the old lady drew out a bag, and showered its contents, one hundred guineas, upon the table. This was a temptation not to be resisted; the landlord immediately granted a fresh lease of *half* the lands on the same easy terms as before—and she used afterwards to say that she wished she had taken another hundred with her, and so secured the whole. An accident on this journey cost the spirited dame the life of her son: she returned home, as the old song says, "Sitting single on her saddle;" and, in the mercy of sorrow, handed over the hard-earned lease to her rash daughter and son-in-law.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH BORN.

The farmhouse in which the Goldsmith family found shelter was that of Pallismore, or Pallas, the property of *the Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown*;—and here they continued to live for about twelve years, on the scanty income of Mr. Conolly's fifty acres, which it adjoined. Five children were born to them at Pallismore, the last being Oliver, who, according to the first leaf of the family-bible, saw the light (while Swift was yet alive,) on the 10th of November, 1728, three years earlier than the date on his monument in Westminster Abbey. He had one brother, Henry, six years his senior, two younger brothers, and three sisters; but before all these came into the world, the father succeeded to the living of Kilkenny-West, then worth 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year, and removed to a good house at Lissoy, in that parish.

A century and a quarter ago, when Goldsmith was born, Pallas was a rude place, and bore scarcely any evidence of having been adapted to the wants of man. "Even at this day," says Lord Macaulay, "those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet, are

* Abridged from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 114: Prior's *Life and Works of Goldsmith*, 1836.

forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain, which in wet weather is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly-built wheels cannot be dragged."

The family inhabited an old half-rustic mansion, in which Goldsmith was born; and it was a birthplace worthy of a poet; for by all accounts it was haunted ground. A tradition handed down among the neighbouring peasantry states that, in after years, the house, remaining for some time untenanted, went to decay, the roof fell in, and it became so lonely and forlorn as to be a resort for the "good people," or fairies, who, in Ireland, are supposed to delight in old, crazy, deserted mansions for their midnight revels. All attempts to repair it were in vain; the fairies battled stoutly to maintain possession. A huge misshapen hobgoblin used to bestride the house every evening with an immense pair of jack-boots, which, in his efforts at hard riding, he would thrust through the roof, kicking to pieces all the work of the preceding day. The house was, therefore, left to its fate, and went to ruin.

LISSOY—"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

When Oliver was in his second year, by the death of his wife's uncle, the father succeeded to the living of Kilkenny-West, in Westmeath; and the family removed to Lissoy, where they occupied a farm of seventy acres on the skirts of that pretty village.

This was the earliest scene of Goldsmith's boyhood, the little world whence he drew many of those pictures, rural and domestic, whimsical and touching, which abound throughout his works. Lissoy is confidently cited as the original of his "Auburn" in the *Deserted Village;* his father's establishment, a mixture of farm and parsonage, furnished hints, it is said, for the rural economy of his *Vicar of Wakefield;* and his father himself, with his learned simplicity, his guileless wisdom, his amiable piety, and utter ignorance of the world, has been exquisitely portrayed in the worthy Dr. Primrose. In the *Deserted Village* we have this picture of his father and his father's fireside:

> "His house was known to all the vagrant train,
> He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won;
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

OLIVER'S EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS.

The boy's education began when he was three years of age: a young woman in his father's house, and afterwards known as Elizabeth Delap, and schoolmistress of Lissoy, first put a book (doubtless a hornbook) into Goldsmith's hands. He did not much profit by it; for although she was proud of having taught the child his first letters, and boasted of it at the age of ninety, when Goldsmith had been thirteen years in his grave,—she also confessed, "Never was so dull a boy: he seemed impenetrably stupid."

At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas Byrne, who had been educated for a pedagogue, but had enlisted in the army, served abroad during the wars of Queen Anne's time, and risen to the rank of quartermaster of a regiment in Spain. At the return of peace, he sat down to teach the young of Lissoy reading, writing, and arithmetic, and something more, according to the sketch of him in the *Deserted Village*. He had a host of strange stories "about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chief, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. He was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver became early, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard."—(*Macaulay.*)

Another trait of his motley preceptor, Byrne, was a disposition to dabble in poetry, and this likewise was caught by his pupil. Before he was eight years old, Goldsmith had

contracted a habit of scribbling verses on small scraps of paper, which, in a little while, he would throw into the fire: a few, however, were rescued, and his mother read them with a mother's delight, and saw at once that her son was a poet by nature. From that time she beset her husband with solicitations to give the boy an education suitable to his genius, and she succeeded.

OLIVER'S BOYHOOD.

This period of his life was far from happy. A severe attack of confluent smallpox caused him to be taken from Byrne's tuition: the disease had nearly proved fatal: it left his face deeply pitted, spoiled what small pretension he had to good looks. He was next sent to the Rev. Mr. Griffin's superior school at Elphin, in Roscommon; and at the house of an uncle John, at Ballyoughter, in the neighbourhood of Elphin, he was lodged and boarded. This removal to a *new* school was unfortunate: the poor little thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy became the jest and sarcasm of his school-fellows; he was considered "a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom every one made fun of." Lord Macaulay says:—

His stature was small, and his limbs were ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder, which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

Oliver's father obtained ultimately a benefice in the county of Roscommon, but died early; for the careful researches of the Rev. John Graham, of Lifford, have found his widow, *nigrâ veste senescens*, residing with her son Oliver in Ballymahon, so early as 1740. Among the shop-accounts of a petty grocer of the place, Mrs. Goldsmith's name occurs frequently as a customer for trifling articles; on which occasions Master Noll appears to have been his mother's usual emissary. He was recollected, however, in the neighbourhood by more poetical employments, as that of playing on the flute,

and wandering in solitude on the shores or among the islands of the river Inny, which is remarkably beautiful at Ballymahon.

OLIVER'S SCHOOLS.

It was one of the playful repartees just referred to that led to Oliver's being removed to a school of a higher order, and the confirmation of his mother's opinion of his genius.

A number of young folks had assembled at his uncle's to dance. One of the company, named Cummings, played on the violin. In the course of the evening, Oliver undertook a hornpipe. His short and clumsy figure, and his face pitted and discoloured with the smallpox, led the musician to dub him his *little Æsop*. Goldsmith was nettled by the jest, and, stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed:

> "Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
> See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

The repartee was thought wonderful for a boy of nine years old, and Oliver became forthwith the bright genius of the family. The greater part of his school expenses was borne by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, descended from the noble family of the Contarini of Venice. This worthy man had been the college companion of Bishop Berkeley, and was possessed of moderate means, holding the living of Carrick-on-Shannon: he had married the sister of Goldsmith's father; he had taken Goldsmith into favour from his infancy, and he now undertook the expense of his scholastic education; he was sent first to a school at Athlone, kept by the Rev. Mr. Campbell; and in two years to one at Edgeworthstown, under the superintendence of the Rev. Patrick Hughes. Even here he was indolent and careless rather than dull; he inclined towards the Latin poets and historians; relished Ovid and Horace, and delighted in Livy and Tacitus. He was once detected in robbing an orchard, for which he narrowly escaped the severest punishment.

A MISTAKE OF A NIGHT.

On Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown—a distance of twenty miles of rough country—he procured a horse for the journey, and a friend furnished him with a guinea for travelling expenses. He was then a stripling of sixteen, but resolved to play the man, and spend his

money. He halted at the little town of Ardagh, and inquired of the first person he met, which was the best house of the place; the person thus accosted was a notorious wag, and directed Oliver to the family mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith accordingly rode up to what he supposed to be an inn, ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, walked into the parlour, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. The owner of the house soon discovered Oliver's whimsical mistake, and with good humour indulged it, especially as he accidentally learned that the intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance. The supper was served; Goldsmith condescendingly insisted that the landlord and his wife and daughter should sup with him, and he ordered a bottle of wine; and before going to bed, he gave especial orders to have a hot cake for breakfast. Next morning, great was his dismay when he found that he had been swaggering in the house of a private gentleman! True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross purposes dramatized many years afterwards in his admirable comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.*

OLIVER'S EARLY RHYMES.

When he began to be noted as a rhymer, his zeal in this noble art was, it seems, quickened by the local celebrity of a volume of verse by one Lawrence Whyte, a neighbour and acquaintance of his family, which was published in 1741. This Whyte described rural manners, and especially the grievances of the Irish tenantry, in many thousands of couplets, now forgotten, which passed in their day for successful imitations of the style of Swift; but Mr. Prior notices them, and particularly a piece in four cantos, called the *Parting Cup, or the Humours of Deoch an Doruis,* on account of Goldsmith's confession to one of his eminent literary friends that this rustic bard gave his mind its first strong impression of the cruelty with which the Irish poor were treated, and suggested some of the most striking passages in the *Deserted Village.* It is curious, at all events, to observe that the themes of Whyte's indignant doggerel were exactly those which an Irish patriot of the same class would probably select, now that Whyte has been near a hundred years in his grave.

OLIVER AT COLLEGE.

In his seventeenth year, Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin; but his father was no longer able to place him there as a pensioner, as he had done his eldest son Henry; he was obliged, therefore, to enter him as a sizer. or "poor scholar." He was lodged in one of the top rooms adjoining the library of the building, numbered 35, where his name might long be seen, scratched by himself upon the glass; the pane has been removed, and is now inclosed in a frame, and deposited in the manuscript-room of the College library.

A student of this class is taught and boarded gratuitously, and has to pay but a very small sum for his room: in return for his advantages he has to render himself useful in a variety of ways. In Trinity College, in Goldsmith's time, several menial offices were exacted from the sizer. He was obliged to sweep part of the courts in the morning; to carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' table, and to wait in the hall until that body had dined. His very dress marked the inferiority of the "poor student" to his happier classmates: it was a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves, and a plain black cloth cap without a tassel.

The death of his worthy father, which took place early in 1747, rendered Goldsmith's situation at college extremely irksome. His mother was left with little more than the means of providing for the wants of her household. He would have been compelled, therefore, to leave college, had it not been for the occasional contributions of friends, the foremost among whom was his generous uncle Contarine. He had two college associates from whom he would occasionally borrow small sums. When these casual supplies failed him, he was more than once obliged to raise funds for his immediate wants by pawning his books.

At college, he was remembered by one of his contemporaries, as one that would never refuse to join a party of pleasure; who emerged from his comfortless cell to exhibit animal spirits of apparently the maddest hilarity—who told his story well and sung his song better, and when he had no other means of paying a tavern reckoning, would indite a ballad for the street-singers, and carry it "to the sign of the Reindeer in Mountrath-street, where he found a ready sale at five shillings each." The Mr. Beatty, his *chum*, whose son fur-

nishes these particulars, used to add, that Oliver "exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received."

Edmund Burke was a fellow-student with Goldsmith at Dublin. Neither the statesman nor the poet gave promise of their future celebrity, though Burke certainly surpassed his contemporary in industry and application; and evinced more disposition for self-improvement, associating himself with a number of his fellow-students in a debating-club. But Goldsmith preferred to mingle with the gay and thoughtless. On one occasion, he was implicated in a riot, under one "Gallows Walsh," when a student was rescued from a bailiff, who was ducked in an old cistern. They then joined some riotous townsmen, and provided themselves with cannon to attack Newgate; when troops fired upon them, and two townsmen were killed. A severe scrutiny of this affair took place at the University, when four ringleaders were expelled, and others, including Goldsmith, were publicly admonished.

Though he was occasionally distinguished by his translations from the classics, he did not promise much. Like Johnson at Oxford, he was a lounger at the college-gate: he gained neither premiums nor a scholarship, and was not admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts till two years after the regular time. He had the disadvantage of a savage tutor, who used to insult him at public examinations. On June 15, 1747, he obtained his only academical laurel, being an Exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smythe, Esq.

On one occasion, poor Oliver was so imprudent as to invite a company of young persons, of both sexes, to a dance and supper in his rooms; when his tutor broke in upon the revelry, belaboured him before his guests, and rudely broke up the party. The disgrace of this treatment drove him for a time from the University. He set out from Dublin, intending to sail from Cork for some other country, he knew not whither; but after wandering about till he was reduced to such hunger, that he thought a handful of grey peas, which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted, he returned home, like the prodigal son, and matters were adjusted for his being received again at college. His affectionate brother Henry furnished him with money and clothes; soothed his feelings with gentle counsel; prevailed upon him to return

to college, and effected an indifferent reconciliation between him and his tutor.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Oliver having left the University, tried five or six professions in turn, without success. His uncle Contarine wished him to have taken orders, but his great objection to clerical life was the obligation to wear a black coat; he applied for ordination, but as he appeared in *scarlet* clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He did not renew the attempt: he probably, even at this early period, had some conscientious misgivings as to his own fitness for the church. In his later life, when asked to read prayers in a friend's house, he always declined to do so, on the plea that "he did not think himself good enough."

He then accepted the situation of private tutor in a gentleman's family, and retained it long enough to save about 30*l.*, with which he bought a tolerable horse, and went forth upon his adventures. At the end of six weeks, his friends having heard nothing of him, concluded that he had left the kingdom, when he returned to his mother's house without a penny, upon a little horse, which he called Fiddleback, and which was not worth more than twenty shillings. The account which he gave of himself was, that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his former horse, and paid his passage to America; but the ship happening to sail whilst he was viewing the curiosities of the city, he had just money enough left to enable him to return. He had now no legitimate home: at the death of his father, the paternal house at Lissoy was taken by Mr. Hodson, who had married his sister Catherine. His mother had removed to Ballymahon, where she contrived to live with the strictest frugality. He contributed to her means whatever pittance his brother Henry could afford to give him for occasionally assisting in his school. Mr. Prior has found some of the old lady's housekeeping bills, which afford evidence enough of the penury to which she had been reduced. One item is, "*To half an ounce of green tea by Mr. Noll, threepence halfpenny!*" For two years "Mr. Noll" lounged thus about his native district, during which he was considered by his relations to have added nothing to his accomplishments, except the attainment of great facility in speaking French. This he owed, no doubt, to his familiarity with

some of the "foreign bred" Romish priests, and it was very serviceable to him in the sequel.

THE CLUB AT BALLYMAHON.

While Oliver was leading this errant life at Ballymahon, he got up a club at the little inn there, of which he soon became the oracle and prime wit, for he was capital at a song or story. From this club it is surmised that he took some hints in after-life for his picturing of Tony Lumpkin and his associates: "Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box; and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter." Nay, it is thought that Tony's drinking song at the Three Jolly Pigeons, was but a revival of one of the convivial catches at Ballymahon:

"Then come put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry of woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons,
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll."

He next resolved to study the law: his uncle gave him 50*l.*, and sent him to the Temple, but on his way to London he was fleeced of every shilling in gaming, and returned once more to his mother's house in disgrace and affliction.

His good uncle forgave him; a small purse was made up, and he was sent to Edinburgh, to study medicine, in 1752. Here he nominally attended the lectures for eighteen months, and picked up some information about natural history and chemistry. But he was thoughtless, and he was cheated; he became poor, and he was nearly starved.

OLIVER ON HIS TRAVELS.

From Edinburgh our student passed over to Leyden, but, with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bordeaux, and embarked in a ship which was bound thither from Leith; but was driven by stress of weather into Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His fellow-passengers were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the King of France. They were arrested by orders from Government at Newcastle; and

Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight's confinement. By this accident, however, he was eventually saved from an early death. The vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.

Among other pleasantries which he wrote from Leyden to his uncle is what he thought of the three specimens of womankind he had now seen out of Ireland. "The Dutch is pale and fat," he writes, "the Scotch lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but I must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming."

At Leyden, Goldsmith was peculiarly exposed to a temptation which he never at any period of his life could easily resist. The opportunities of gambling were frequent. Dr. Ellis, one of his fellow-students at the university, relates that Oliver, having had a successful run at play one night, called next morning on him, and counted out a considerable sum, which he said would now enable him to travel over the Continent in comfort. Ellis congratulated him, and advised him to keep it untouched for the purpose he had in view; but Goldsmith, the same evening, was seduced to the old haunt, and lost every guilder. Seeing his penitence and distress, Ellis advanced him something on condition that he should immediately set off, and thus break from his dangerous associates. Goldsmith agreed; but walking into a florist's garden, remembered his uncle Contarine's love of tulips, and purchased on the spot a parcel of roots to be sent to him in Ireland, which "effort of affectionate gratitude," as Mr. Prior calls it, again reduced Oliver so low that in February, 1775, he ultimately quitted Leyden on foot, "with scarcely any money and but one clean shirt."

In the narrative of George, eldest son of the Vicar of Wakefield, the author has given a sketch of the resources which enabled him, on foot and without money, to make the tour of Europe. Through Germany and Flanders he had recourse to his violin; and a lively tune usually procured him a lodging in some peasant's cottage for the night. In Italy, where his musical skill was less in esteem, he found hospitality by disputing at the monasteries, in the character of a travelling

scholar. Thus he obtained sometimes money, sometimes lodging, though he must have had other resources. The foreign Universities afford similar facilities to poor scholars with those presented by the monasteries. Goldsmith resided at Padua for several months, and is said to have taken a degree at Louvain. His tour under such circumstances would have yielded one of the most entertaining books in the world, had it been written. He spent about twelve months in these wanderings, and landed in England in the year 1756, after having perambulated France, Italy, and part of Germany.

VOLTAIRE, FONTENELLE, AND DIDEROT.

During Goldsmith's brief sojourn at Paris, he is said to have been introduced to Voltaire, whom "no man ever exceeded when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and got over a hesitating manner, which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty; every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this memoir remembers to have seen him [Voltaire,] in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, (then nearly a hundred years old,) who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar, began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute; he continued his triumph until about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost defiance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist, and his harangue lasted till three in the morning."

This is a good story, but not a true one. Lord Macaulay cautions his readers against Goldsmith's travelling tales, for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; "and a man who

is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now, it is certain that Voltaire was never within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the Continent."—*Memoir: Encyclopædia Britannica,* 1856.

GOLDSMITH RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

On the 1st of February, 1756, Oliver, "the Philosophic Vagabond," landed at Dover, without a single farthing in his pocket, friendless, and without any calling. His only thought was to get to London, and throw himself upon the world. But how was this to be done by a pennyless man? His flute and his philosophy were no longer of any avail, nor would the learned give the vagrant scholar a supper or a night's lodging. "I was left," he writes, "without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed." In the ten days' or a fortnight's struggle which it took him to get to London, he attempted low comedy in a barn in Kent, which is thought to have suggested his *Adventures of a Strolling Player.* And at one of the towns on the road, he begged to be hired in an apothecary's shop.

We get a glimpse of the strange bedfellows with which misery had made him acquainted from an incident of his after-life. Ten or twelve years later, in the days of his social elevation, he startled a polished circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's by dating an anecdote from the time when he "lived among the beggars of Axe-lane." There is an uncertain story, too, of Goldsmith's employment as an usher for some months, under a feigned name, which had nearly involved him in worse distress; the Dublin Doctor (Radcliffe) to whom he had applied for a character, having saved him from the suspicion of imposture.

By the middle of the month he was houseless, in the loneliness of the streets of London. He applied to the apothecaries for a situation, but they asked him for a character, and he had none to give. At length, a chemist and druggist named Jacob, at the upper corner of Monument-yard, on

Fish-street-hill,* engaged Oliver as shopman. This could not have been a disagreeable employment: he was really fond of chemistry, and was remembered favourably by the celebrated Black. While in this situation, Goldsmith was recognised by an old fellow-student at Edinburgh, the kind quaker Sleigh, known later as an eminent physician, as Barry's first patron, and Burke's friend: he was cleverly satirized as Dr. Sligo, in Foote's farce of *The Devil on Two Sticks*. Through the advice and help of Dr. Sleigh he rose to practise physic "in a humble way," at Bankside, Southwark, chiefly among the riverside poor. One day, his old schoolmate and college companion, Beatty, met him decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth of a fortnight's wear, yet he assumed a prosperous air: "he was practising physic," he said, "and doing very well"—though he was at the moment pinched with poverty. One of his poor patients was a journeyman-printer, who, one day, induced by the doctor's rusty black patched suit, suggested that his master, who had been kind to clever men, might be serviceable to him. This master was Samuel Richardson, who printed his own novels of *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, at his office in Salisbury-court, now square, and at the top of the court, No. 76, Fleet-street. He engaged Oliver as his "reader," an occupation which he alternated with his medical duties.

Richardson resided in Salisbury-court, where he wrote his *Pamela*. He admitted Goldsmith to his parlour: here he began to form literary acquaintances, among whom was Dr. Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, then in the height of fashion. This set Oliver's imagination teeming: he commenced a tragedy, which he showed to Dr. Farr, one of his Edinburgh fellow-students, who was then in London, attending the hospitals and lectures.

"Early in January [1756, says Dr. Farr] he called upon me one morning before I was up, and on my entering the room, I recognised my old acquaintance, dressed in a rusty full-trimmed black suit, with his pockets full of papers, which instantly reminded me of the poet in Garrick's farce of *Lethe*. After we had finished our breakfast, he drew from his pocket part of a tragedy, which he said he had brought for my correction. In vain I pleaded inability, when he began to read; and

* Conversation Sharp used to point out the shop which was shown to him in his youth as the benevolent Mr. Jacob's.—(*Forster.*) We remember the same shop carried on by Jacob's successors.

every part on which I expressed a doubt as to the propriety, was immediately blotted out. I then most earnestly pressed him not to trust to my judgment, but to take the opinion of persons better qualified to decide on dramatic compositions. He now told me he had submitted his production, so far as he had written, to Mr. Richardson, on which I peremptorily declined offering another criticism on the performance."

The tragedy was unfinished, and Dr. Farr heard no more of it; but he remembers that Goldsmith had in his head a Quixotic scheme of going to decipher the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed, to be written; he has been tempted by the salary of 300*l.* which had been bequeathed for the purpose.

GOLDSMITH AN USHER AT PECKHAM.

Early in 1757, Oliver obtained, through the interest of an Edinburgh fellow-student, Mr. Milner, the office of assistant in his father's, Dr. Milner's, classical school at Peckham, in Surrey: it is now called Goldsmith House. The Doctor's daughter, Miss Milner, at the end of the last century, recollected their old usher, how he played tricks on the servants and boys, told entertaining stories, and played the flute to everybody; gave away his salary to beggars, and in sweetmeats to the boys. But this was his bitterest time; and of this state of slavery he had such bitter recollection, as to be always offended at the slightest allusion to it. An acquaintance happening to use the proverbial phrase, "Oh, that is all a holiday at Peckham," Goldsmith reddened, and asked if he meant to affront him. He is thought to point to this employment in his account of the hardships of an usher's life in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, where he says: "I have been an usher in a boarding-school myself, and may I die of an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys."*

Once, he was touched to the quick by a piece of schoolboy pertness: "When amusing his young companions during playhours with the flute, and expatiating on the pleasures

* In 1839, the Editor wrote in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Not long ago we met an elderly lady at dinner, since dead, who told us that an acquaintance of hers had been flogged by Goldsmith, when he was usher at Peckham school."

derived from music, in addition to its advantages in society as a gentlemanly acquirement, a pert boy, looking at his situation and personal advantages with something of contempt, rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely could not consider himself a gentleman; an offence which, though followed by chastisement, disconcerted him and pained him extremely." Mr. Prior tells this story, which he had from a son of the above lad: he adds, when the despised usher was a celebrated man, the lad, grown to man's estate, and walking with his newly-married wife, met his old teacher in London. Goldsmith recognised him, and embraced him with delight, still as his pet boy at school he used to cram with fruit and sweatmeats. "Come, my boy," he said, as his eye fell upon a basket-woman at the corner of the street—"Come, Sam, I am delighted to see you. I must treat you to something. What shall it be? Will you have some apples? Sam," added Goldsmith, suddenly, "have you seen my picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Have you seen it, Sam? Have you got an engraving," &c.

"THE MONTHLY REVIEW."

Oliver was still the Peckham usher. Dr. Milner was an occasional contributor to the *Monthly Review*, then conducted by its projector and proprietor, the bookseller Griffiths. One day, Griffiths dined with Dr. Milner at Peckham, when Goldsmith's conversation induced him to ask him to try his hand on *an article*. This he did, and thenceforth assisted Griffiths regularly in his Review, boarded and lodged in his house, and received a salary. They agreed, in April, 1757, for a year, but parted at the end of half that period. Goldsmith complained that his articles were twisted about and interpolated by Griffiths and his wife; and they alleged that Oliver did not produce the stipulated quantity of MS. in the month; but Mr. Prior, having made prize of Griffiths's own copy of his Review, in which the names of the different authors are regularly inscribed, has fathered on Goldsmith various short essays deserving a place in his works, but which had not been previously so recognised.

Goldsmith continued his contributions to the *Monthly Review*, and six magazines, and thus supported himself for some months.

GOLDSMITH'S FAILURES.

Oliver now made a start for himself by circulating proposals for publishing, by subscription, his *Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe:* he finished part of it, and carried the MS. to Robert Dodsley, in Pall Mall, who agreed to publish the work, and advanced him various small sums on account of it: the profits he destined to equip himself for India, having obtained from the Company the nomination to one of their factories on the coast of Coromandel. But when the day of the preliminary examination approached, he had not dress fit to appear in at Surgeons' Hall. Griffiths became security for the loan of a suit of clothes, to be returned the day after. Thus provided, poor Goldsmith underwent the ordeal; but he was not otherwise prepared, for in the books of the College is this entry:

At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st Dec. 1758—James Barnard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto.

This rejection brought with it other miseries. The borrowed clothes were not returned, but pawned, and Griffiths was not to be pacified by four articles for his *Review*, which Goldsmith sent him: he printed the papers, but demanded instant repayment of the debt, and the return of some books he had lent to the poor author, which, it was suspected, were at the pawnbroker's. The matter was partly made up with Griffiths by Goldsmith writing for him a short life of Voltaire, 1759; but the *Monthly Review* insinuated bitter things against Oliver's moral character, and he deeply lamented "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." Dr. Campbell has this admirable page upon this phase of Oliver's career:

Whatever change of public estimation he experienced, the man was not to be altered, and he continued to exhibit a personal character which was neither much reformed by experience, nor dignified by reputation. It is but too well known, that with all his original and refined faculties, he was often the butt of witlings and the dupe of impostors. He threw away his money at the gaming-table, and might also be said to be a losing gambler in conversation, for he aimed in all societies at being brilliant and argumentative; but generally chose to dispute on the subjects which he least understood, and contrived to forfeit as much credit for common sense as could be got rid of in colloquial intercourse. After losing his appointment to India, he applied to Lord Bute for a salary, to be enabled to travel into the interior of Asia. The petition

was neglected because he was then unknown. The same boon, however, or some adequate provision, might have been obtained for him afterwards, when he was recommended to the Earl of Northumberland, at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. But when he waited on the earl, he threw away his prepared compliments on his lordship's steward, and then retrieved the mistake by telling the nobleman, for whom he had meditated a courtly speech, that he had no confidence in the patronage of the great, but would rather rely upon the booksellers. There must have been something, however, with all his peculiarities, still endearing in his personal character. Burke was known to recal his memory with tears of affection in his eyes. It cannot be believed, that the better genius of his writings was always absent from his conversation. One may conceive graces of his spirit to have been drawn forth by Burke and Reynolds, which neither Johnson nor Garrick had the sensibility to appreciate.

GOLDSMITH WRITES FOR THE STAGE.

Oliver now tried his fortune as a dramatist: he wrote the *Good-natured Man*, produced at Covent-garden, Jan. 29, 1768, with the moderate success of nine nights' run. Garrick had refused it at Drury-lane. The principal character was the weak side of the author's own. Sentimental comedy was then the taste; and the best scene in the *Good-natured Man*, a lover followed by bailiffs in court dresses, was mercilessly hissed. However, Goldsmith cleared by the play 500*l*., five times as much as he subsequently made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together.

Goldsmith acutely felt his play being hissed. Johnson relates that when dining at the Chaplain's table at St. James's, Oliver gave a very comical and unnecessarily exact recital of his own feelings; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress them still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about "*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon;*" but "all this while I was suffering horrid tortures," added he; "and I verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have choked me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even *swore* that I would never write again." "All which, Doctor," said Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, "I thought had

been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world."

THE LODGING IN GREEN ARBOUR-COURT.

Goldsmith had now to sit down to toil like a galley-slave, and this "in a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps."—(*Macaulay.*) The court was scarcely so miserable as here stated: the houses were two-storied, besides attics; it was called Green Arbour-court, and the house in which Goldsmith lodged (from 1758 to 1760,) was not on the steps, but was No. 12, the first house at the head of the court, on the left hand, going from the Old Bailey into Seacoal-lane. Here Dr. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, found Goldsmith, on his first visit to him.

The Doctor was employed in writing his *Enquiry into Polite Learning*, in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a curtsey, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamberpotful of coals.

Mr. Prior, in his elaborate *Life of Goldsmith*, has given the following additional particulars of Green Arbour-court, which he received from an old woman at a little shop in the Clapham-road, in the window of which he saw the first edition of Goldsmith's *Essays*, 1763:

By her account, she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green Arbour-court, and at the age of seven or eight years went frequently thither, one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family by the gentleman who lodged there. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. He was usually, as she heard when older and induced to inquire about him, shut up during the day, went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visitors. One of the companions, whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watch-maker residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to this informant, whenever he had anything to bestow, and even when he had

not, the stream could not always be checked in its current; an instance of which tells highly to his honour. The landlord of the house having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources: a new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised, proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. It would be a singular, though not improbable coincidence, if this story, repeated to the writer by the descendant of a person who afterwards became his tailor, and who knew not that it had previously been told, should apply to that identical suit of apparel for which he incurred so much odium and abuse from Griffiths; and that an effort of active benevolence to relieve a debtor from gaol, should have given rise to a charge against him resembling dishonesty.

Still he continued to look back with considerate benevolence to the poor hostess, whose necessities he had relieved by pawning his gala coat, for we are told that "he often supplied her with food from his own table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her."

Washington Irving thus describes his visit to this strange nook of the metropolis not many years before he wrote his *Life of Goldsmith*:

It then existed in its pristine state, and was a small square of tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. It appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry.

Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragoes about a disputed right to a washtub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mobcaps popped out of every window, and such a clamour of tongues ensued, that I was fain to stop my ears. Every Amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with soapsuds, and fired away from her window as from the embrasure of a fortress; while the screams of children, nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert.—*Tales of a Traveller.*

There is a wood-engraving of Green Arbour-court in No. 58 of the *Mirror*, where it is stated to have been occupied about twenty years previously (1805) by a chimney-sweep; it was then (1825) let in lodgings; it was taken down in 1834, and now stables occupy the site. Breakneck Steps are still in existence. The *Enquiry*, which Goldsmith completed in these humble lodgings, did not excite much curiosity; but he also wrote here his *Essays* in sundry vehicles, particularly the weekly sheets entitled the *Bee* (of which very few numbers appeared), the *Literary Magazine*, and the *British Magazine*.

BETTER SOCIETY.

Next year appeared a series of Essays, from Goldsmith's pen, which excited general attention; and before the close of 1760, the Chinese Philosopher—the *Citizen of the World*—had greatly enlarged the estimate of his friends. He now found himself courted by men of letters of high reputation; and Johnson, above the rest, was anxious to show his admiration of his talents and to cultivate his friendship. Through him the access to Reynolds, Burke, and Garrick, and the rest of that memorable society was easy; and though Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties never ceased, he was thenceforth cheered by the confidence of minds stronger than his own. And although he had to earn the bread of the passing day by compilations, he contrived to produce at intervals the various original works in prose and verse to which, after and above the *Chinese Letters*, he owes his station among our classics.

GOLDSMITH GIVES A SUPPER.

About the middle of the year 1760, Goldsmith left Green Arbour-court for respectable lodgings in Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, where, for about two years, he remained with an acquaintance or relation of Newbery, the bookseller.

It seems that the first visit Dr. Johnson paid Goldsmith was at a supper which he gave on taking possession of these lodgings. Percy, as their chief mutual acquaintance, conducted Johnson, and was struck with the then unusual trimness of his attire:

"He had on" (said the Bishop) "a new suit of clothes, a new wig, nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'the actual Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.'"

NEWBERY THE PUBLISHER.

In the course of 1760, Goldsmith first became connected with the kind-hearted bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, John Newbery, now chiefly remembered for the multiplicity of his little books for children, with their grotesque woodcuts, and gilt and coloured covers. He kept shop at No. 65, the

corner of St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate-street. He is described by a contemporary as "the philanthropic bookseller, with the red-pimpled face." His shop, afterwards Mr. Harris's, another clever provider of *juvenilia*, is now occupied by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, who, by progressing with the times, fully maintain the reputation for children's books which this spot has enjoyed for more than a century.

Newbery started, on Jan. 12, 1760, the *Public Ledger* newspaper, which still exists as a commercial journal. It commenced with a literary reputation, for Goldsmith contributed to it his *Citizen of the World;* and he proved so adroit, and withal so diligent, that Newbery charged himself thenceforth for several years in providing occupation for Oliver's pen.

In the course of 1762, he produced for Newbery a pamphlet on the Cock-lane Ghost, for which he received three guineas. This pamphlet is printed, for the first time in Goldsmith's Collected Works, in Mr. Peter Cunningham's edition. Goldsmith next produced a *History of Mecklenburg*, suggested by the arrival of Queen Charlotte, 20*l.*; the *English Plutarch*, 2 vols. 45*l.*; Abridgment of the History of England, (the smallest of four from this pen,) two guineas; a *Life of Beau Nash*, 14 guineas; and miscellaneous papers, which raised his revenue from St. Paul's Churchyard in all to 120*l.*

SMOLLETT AND GOLDSMITH.

In 1760, Goldsmith engaged with Dr. Smollett, who was about to start the *British Magazine*. Smollett was a schemer and speculator in literature, and intent upon enterprises that had money rather than reputation in view. Goldsmith has a good-humoured hit at this propensity in one of his papers in the *Bee*, in which he represents Johnson, Hume, and others, taking seats in the stage-coach bound for Fame, while Smollett prefers that destined for Riches.

GOLDSMITH'S CLUBS.

However Oliver might court the learned circle, he was ill at ease there; yet he had some social resorts in which he indemnified himself for this restraint by indulging his humour without control. One of these was a shilling whist club, which met at the Devil Tavern, which stood upon the site of Child's-place, Temple Bar. The company delighted in

practical jokes, of which Goldsmith was often the butt. One night, he came to the club in a hackney-coach, when he gave the driver a guinea instead of a shilling. He set this down as a dead loss; but on the next club night, he was told that a person at the street-door wanted to speak to him; he went out, and to his surprise and delight, the coachman had brought back the guinea! To reward such honesty, he collected a small sum from the Club, and largely increased it from his own purse, and with this reward sent away the coachman. He was still loud in his praise, when one of the Club asked to see the returned guinea. To Goldsmith's confusion, it proved to be a counterfeit. The laughter which succeeded showed him that the whole was a hoax, and the pretended coachman as much a counterfeit as the guinea. He was so disconcerted, it is said, that he soon beat a retreat for the evening.

Another of those free-and-easy clubs met on Wednesday evenings at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street; it was somewhat in the style of the Three Jolly Pigeons: songs, jokes, dramatic imitations, burlesque parodies, and broad sallies of humour. Here a huge "tun of man," by the name of Gordon, used to delight Goldsmith by singing the jovial song of "Nottingham Ale," and looking like a butt of it. Here, too, a wealthy pig-butcher aspired to be on the most sociable footing with the author; and here was Tom King, the comedian, recently risen to consequence by his performance of Lord Ogleby, in the new comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*. A member of more note was one Hugh Kelly, a second-rate author, who was a kind of competitor of Goldsmith's, but a low one; for Johnson used to speak of him as a man who had written more than he had read. Another noted frequenter of the Globe and Devil taverns was one Glover, who, having failed in the medical profession, took to the stage; but having succeeded in restoring to life a malefactor who had just been executed, he abandoned the stage, and resumed his wig and cane, and came to London to dabble in physic and literature. He used to amuse the company by his story-telling and mimicry, giving capital imitations of Garrick, Foote, Colman, Sterne, and others. He seldom happened to have money enough to pay his reckoning, but was always sure to find some ready purse among those who had been amused by his humours. Goldsmith, of course, was one of the readiest. It was through him that Glover was

admitted to the Wednesday Club. Glover, however, was especially shocked by the free-and-easy tone in which Goldsmith was addressed by the pig-butcher, "Come, Noll," would he say, as he pledged him, "here's my service to you, old boy!"

It was not always, however, that the humour of these associates was to his taste: as they became boisterous in their merriment, he was apt to become depressed. "The company of fools," says he, in one of his Essays, "may at first make us smile; but at last never fails of making us melancholy." "Often he would become moody," says Glover, "and would leave the party abruptly, to go home, and brood over his misfortune."

"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

The story of the production of this delicious little novel, is one of the best known episodes in Goldsmith's history. No incident of an author's life has become more popular: painters have transferred it to their canvas, and biographers to their pages, and our anecdote life of the novelist would be incomplete without it.

The work had been no hasty effort, but a labour of love, whenever the author could shift off the yoke of translation or compilation. It is thought to have been commenced so early as 1761, and it lay by him until the spring of 1763. The circumstances attending its sale are too singular to be told in any other words than those of Johnson, as reported by Boswell:

"I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Mrs. Piozzi gives the same anecdote with some variations; among others, that Johnson found Goldsmith with his bottle

of Madeira in the *evening*, not the *morning;* and Mr. Croker inclines to adopt this more favourable account.

Another version of the story is that Goldsmith insisted on the landlady joining him in a bowl of punch.

The novel in question was the *Vicar of Wakefield;* the bookseller to whom Johnson sold it was Francis Newbery, nephew to John. When he completed the bargain, which he probably entered into partly from compassion, partly from deference to Johnson's judgment, he had so little confidence in the value of his purchase, that the *Vicar of Wakefield* remained in manuscript until the publication of the *Traveller* had established the fame of the author.

For some of the incidents of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith "unquestionably taxed his recollections of early life. The primitive habits of Lissoy and Kilkenny-West furnished hints which, when applied to the interior of an English vicarage, were thought, and perhaps truly, inappropriate or overcharged. As usual also we find much of himself. The adventures of George Primrose were without doubt nearly similar to his own. He makes Sir William Thornhill also travel over the continent of Europe on foot, and return about the age of thirty, his own age nearly when the same feat was performed. . . . The character of the vicar is a more extended draught of the pastor in the *Deserted Village*, and meant, as was said by the family, for his father. The private marriages of two of his sisters may have supplied hints in detailing the conduct of Olivia. Burchell was the name of one of his connexions by marriage."—(*Washington Irving.*)

Nearly two years elapsed ere the *Vicar of Wakefield* was published; when it rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. It came out on the 27th of March, 1766; before the end of May a second edition was called for; in three months more, a third; and so it went on, widening in a popularity that has never flagged.

Yet Johnson was deceived as to its succeeding: speaking of the work to Boswell, some time subsequent to its publication, he observed, "I myself did not think it would have had much success. It was written and sold to a bookseller before the *Traveller*, but published after, so little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after the *Traveller*, he might have had twice as much money, *though sixty guineas was no mean price.*"

Samuel Rogers declared that of all the books which,

through the fitful changes of three generations, he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the *Vicar of Wakefield* had alone continued as at first, and could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished. Nor has its celebrity been confined to Great Britain. Though so exclusively a picture of British scenes and manners, it has been translated into almost every language, and everywhere its charm has been the same. Goethe, the great genius of Germany, declared, in his eighty-first year, that it was his delight at the age of twenty; that it had, in a manner, formed a part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life; and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end—with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

GOLDSMITH AT ISLINGTON.

The Tower of Canonbury House was let out in apartments from an early period. Sir John Hawkins churlishly says:—

Of the booksellers whom he (Goldsmith) styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments at Canonbury House, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors.

Mr. Forster in his very interesting *Life and Adventures*, gives the following *resumé* of Oliver's residence at this then suburban village:

With a view to health, and perhaps to be near Newbery, for whom his pen was at that time chiefly employed, Goldsmith removed to this neighbourhood to board and lodge, in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at the close of the year 1762, probably about Christmas. The sum stipulated for this accommodation was fifty pounds a year, at that period equal to twice the amount now, which the publisher, as cash-bearer to the poet, paid quarterly, taking credit for such payments in the settlement of their accounts. The lady whose inmate he became is represented in a picture, which appeared in the winter exhibition of the works of deceased artists of Britain, in 1832. It was named "Goldsmith's Hostess," and is said to have been painted by Hogarth. At Islington the bard continued a resident till towards the end of 1764, for it appears that he was still living there in September of that year. Whether his removal thence was occasioned by his arrest, or threatened arrest, which took place about February or March, 1764, by the landlady, or whether this event occurred whilst he was in temporary lodgings in London, is doubtful; probably the latter; for it is not likely that having been an inmate so long, and with Newbery as responsible paymaster, Mrs. Fleming would have had recourse to such an expedient.—(See Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*.) Goldsmith is remarkable for the frequent mention made of Islington in his writings: and to this village, where he spent much of his time, he was very partial.

A number of literary acquaintances Goldsmith had for fellow occupants of the Castle, (as Canonbury Tower* was called,) they formed a temporary club, which held its meetings at the Crown Tavern, on the Islington Lower-road; and here Oliver presided in his own genial style, and was the life and delight of the company.

OLIVER AT WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

When Goldsmith resided at Islington, he sometimes extended his walks to White Conduit House, then in the fields, but twice rebuilt within our recollection.† While strolling one day in the gardens, he met three females of the family of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. He kindly conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable; it was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas: he had not the money in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which came up some of his acquaintances, in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. This completed his mortification. There was no concealing the awkwardness of his position. The sneers of the waiter revealed it; his acquaintances amused themselves for some time at his expense, professing their inability to relieve him. When they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and Goldsmith enabled to convoy off the ladies. This scene has been cleverly painted by one of the humorous artists of the present day.

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* "See on the distant slope, majestic shows
Old Canonbury's Tower, an ancient pile
To various fates assigned; and where by turns
Meanness and grandeur have alternate reigned;
Thither, in latter days, hath genius fled
From yonder city, to respire and die.
There the sweet bard of Auburn sat, and tuned
The plaintive moanings of his village dirge.
There learned Chambers treasured lore for *men*,
And Newbery there his A B C's for *babes*."

† There is an old tradition extant that the workmen were regaling themselves upon the completion of the first White Conduit House, at the instant Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

GOLDSMITH IN GRAY'S INN.

Between the date of his leaving Wine Office-court, early in 1764, and his return to Islington at the beginning of April in that year, Goldsmith occupied, while his attic in the library staircase of the Temple was preparing, a temporary lodging in Gray's Inn. He was now at work for the Dodsleys, and the sharp poverty he was suffering appears from a brief note to John Dodsley; "which," says Mr. Forster, "has been communicated to me by my friend, Mr. Peter Cunningham, whose success in matters of literary research is as undoubted as the ability with which he communicates his discoveries." "Sir," it runs, being dated from Gray's Inn, on March 10, 1764, "I shall take it as a favour if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. P.S.—I shall call to see you on Wednesday next with copy, &c." Whether the money was advanced, or the copy supplied, does not appear.—Notes to *Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*, p. 703.

"THE TRAVELLER."

Goldsmith had, as yet, produced nothing of moment in poetry. It is true he had written an Oratorio entitled the *Captivity*, founded on the bondage of the Israelites in Babylon. Most of this has passed into oblivion; but the following song from it will never die:

"The wretch condemned from life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Illumes and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Goldsmith distrusted his qualifications to succeed in poetry, and doubted the disposition of the public mind in regard to it. "I fear," said he, "I have come too late in the world; Pope and other poets have taken up the places in the Temple of Fame; and as few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it." Again, he thought its pursuit the wildest ambition: he evidently

dreaded the opposing systems of criticism, and the baneful influences of party.

Meanwhile, he had by him his poem of the *Traveller*. For this beautiful production he had collected materials during his travels; and a part of it had been actually written in Switzerland, and transmitted from that country to the author's brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson aided him with several general hints; and is said to have contributed the sentiment which Goldsmith has so beautifully versified in the concluding lines.

We hear much of "poetic inspiration," but while Goldsmith was composing his *Traveller*, Sir Joshua Reynolds witnessed an incident calculated to shake our belief in it. Calling upon the poet, Sir Joshua found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet, and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. First, he would glance his eye at the desk, and then shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

> "By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
> The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good humour joined in the laugh, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.

The poem was published December 19, 1764, in quarto, by Newbery, and was the first of his works to which Goldsmith prefixed his name: he dedicated it to his brother Henry. This was his grand stake, though he affected indifference as to its fate: in three months a second edition was issued; shortly afterwards a third; then a fourth; and before the end of 1765, the author was pronounced the best poet of his time. Newbery reaped a golden harvest, but all he paid the poet—first and last—was twenty guineas!

One of the highest testimonials to the charm of the poem was given by Miss Reynolds, who had toasted poor Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Dr. Johnson read the *Traveller* aloud, from beginning to end, in her presence. "Well," exclaimed she, when he had finished, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly." On another occasion, at Sir Joshua's, Langton declared there was not a bad line in the poem, not one of Dryden's careless verses. "I was glad," observed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox say it

was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why were you glad," rejoined Langton; "you surely had no doubt of this before?" "No," interposed Johnson, decisively; "the merit of the *Traveller* is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." Johnson had previously declared the *Traveller* to be the finest poem that had appeared since the days of Pope. "No philosophical poem, ancient or modern," says Lord Macaulay, "has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple."

Among the persons of rank who were struck with its merits was the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Northumberland, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who sent for Goldsmith to Northumberland House, and said he should be glad to do him any kindness. The poet replied that he had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: "as for myself," said Goldsmith, "I have no great dependence on the promises of great men; I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." "Thus," said Sir John Hawkins, in his coarse manner, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him." Hawkins had neither the feeling nor sense to see or admire that honest independence of spirit which prevented Goldsmith from asking favours for himself, or the warmth of affection which instantly sought to advance the fortunes of a brother.

"THE CLUB."

After the publication of the *Traveller*, Goldsmith assumed the professional dress of the medical science,—a scarlet coat, wig, sword, and cane; and was one of the nine original members of "the Club," limited to that number in imitation of Johnson's club in Ivy-lane. The Club was held at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street: he joined it somewhat unwillingly, saying: "One must make some sacrifices to obtain good society; for here I am shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably:" his simplicity of character and hurried expression often led him into absurdity, and he became, in some degree, the butt of the company. Garrick, in particular, was busy upon him with his small epigrammatic wit. The club, notwithstanding all its learned dignity in the eyes of the world, (such as objecting to be styled "Literary," &c.) could occasionally "unbend and play

the fool" as well as less important bodies. Some of its jocose conversations have at times leaked out, and a society in which Goldsmith could venture to sing his song of "An Old Woman tossed in a Blanket," could not be so very staid in its gravity.

The club exists to this day. From the time of Garrick's death, it has been known as "the Literary Club," since which it has certainly lost the claim to this epithet. It was originally a club of *authors by profession:* it now numbers very few except titled members, (the majority of whom have slight claims to literary distinction,) which was very far from the intention of its founders. The place of meeting has been, since 1799, the Thatched House tavern, St. James's-street.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

In 1770 appeared the poem of the *Deserted Village*, for which Goldsmith was, by his own confession, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excursions; and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years.

Lee Lewes called upon the Doctor the second morning after he had begun the *Deserted Village*, and to him he communicated the plan of his poem. "Some of my friends," continued he, "differ with me on this plan, and think this depopulation of villages does not exist—but I am myself satisfied of the fact. I remember it in my own country, and have seen it in this."

But, Lord Macaulay's great objection to the plan of the work is that "by joining the two, he has produced something which never was, and never will be, seen in any part of the world." Its natural elegance, simplicity, and pathos, however, insured the poem great success: the publisher pressed upon Goldsmith 100*l.*, which the poet found to be "nearly a crown for every couplet, a sum which he conceived no couplet could be worth." The *Deserted Village* is Lissoy, where the church which tops the neighbouring hill, the mill, and the lake, are still pointed out; but the hawthorn has, out of veneration, been cut into tooth-pick cases and tobacco-stoppers.—(See *ante*, p. 253.)

"THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY."

On the second day after Goldsmith commenced his *Deserted Village*, when Lee Lewes called upon him, and he had written

the opening stanzas, he said to Lewes, "Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a *Shoemaker's holiday* with you."

This *Shoemaker's holiday* was a day of great festivity to poor Goldsmith, and was spent in the following innocent manner:—

Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers, to breakfast, about ten o'clock in the morning; at eleven they proceeded by the City-road, and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-houses, or at the Globe, in Fleet-street.* There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry kept at Highbury Barn about this time (five-and-twenty years ago, in 1796) at 10*d.* per head, including a penny to the waiter, and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expenses of this day's fête never exceeded a crown, and oftener from three-and-sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

In 1773, Goldsmith produced his second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, at Covent Garden; and if it be the object of comedy to make an audience laugh, Johnson says that it was better obtained by this play than by any other of the period. Lee Lewes was, for the first time, produced in a speaking character, as young Marlow, and is, therefore, entitled to record his own recollections concerning the piece.

"The first night of its performance, Goldsmith, instead of being at the theatre, was found sauntering, between seven and eight o'clock, in the Mall, St. James's Park; and it was on the remonstrance of a friend, who told him, 'how useful his presence might be in making some sudden alterations which might be found necessary in the piece,' that he was prevailed on to go to the theatre. He entered the stage-door just in the middle of the fifth act, when there was a hiss at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle supposing herself forty miles off, though on her own grounds, and near the house. 'What's that?' says the Doctor, terrified at the sound. 'Pshaw, Doctor,' says Colman, who was standing by the side of the scene, 'don't be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder.'

"In the *Life of Dr. Goldsmith*, prefixed to his *Works*, the above reply

* The Grecian in Devereux-court, Strand, much frequented by Goldsmith and the Irish and Lancashire Templars, lasted till our day; and the Globe, No. 134, Fleet-street, was the resort of Goldsmith and Macklin, the actor; and here was held the Robin Hood Club. We remember it as a handsomely appointed tavern some forty years since.

of Colman's is said to have happened at the last rehearsal of the piece, but the fact was (I had it from the Doctor himself) as I have stated, and he never forgave it to Colman to the last hour of his life."

There was much opposition to the play, a jealous editor lampooned the author, and he chastised him soundly. Nor was it fashionable. Walpole wrote of it as follows to Mason, May 27, 1773:

"Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy; no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind; the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh, in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue, &c."

However, two generations have since confirmed the verdict of hearty approval which was pronounced on the first night; and *She Stoops to Conquer*, to this day, sends many a delighted Haymarket audience laughing home to their beds.

COLMAN AND GOLDSMITH.

What must have been the public taste of the day, when Colman, himself a writer of comedy, and a theatrical manager, should have thought so meanly of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, as to predict its condemnation, even after it was in rehearsal. It was pressed on Colman by the friends of the author, who had to write this suppliant letter to the manager:

February, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I entreat you will relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play, I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judge, either of its merit or faults, I can never submit. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's [the reader's] tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation; I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditors that way: at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have measure at last, which you have given as bad plays as mine.

I am, your friend and servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

To George Colman, Esq.

The comedy was produced March 15, 1773, with unqualified success. After the public had roared with laughter at it, Dr. Johnson said that "he knew no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience; that had answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry." Struck to the heart by the critical forebodings, and by the chilling acceptance of his play on the part of the manager, whilst his wit and invention were delighting hundreds in the theatre, poor Goldsmith wandered he knew not whither, to be out of the frightful din that might pronounce his doom. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* deserved better treatment from manager, performers, and critics. But comedy of false sentiment was then in high favour; and Goldsmith was poor. He wrote no more for the stage—he *died* in two years after.

GOLDSMITH IN THE TEMPLE.

From Gray's Inn, Goldsmith removed to the Inner Temple, where he took chambers on the then Library Staircase, which he shared with one Jeffs, butler to the Society. His neighbour Johnson* paid him a visit soon after he had installed himself in his new quarters, and went prying about the apartments. Goldsmith was fidgeted, and apprehending a disposition to find fault, exclaimed, with the air of a man who had money in both pockets, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." The harmless bravado drew a reply from Johnson, which touched the chord of proper pride. "Nay, sir," said he, "never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris extra*," implying that his reputation rendered him independent of outward show. Happy would it have been for Goldsmith had he kept this consolatory compliment perpetually in mind, and squared his expenses accordingly.

Goldsmith next removed to the second floor of No. 2, Brick-court, Middle Temple, on the right hand, ascending the staircase, and looking over the Temple Garden. The lease he purchased for four hundred pounds, and then went on to furnish his rooms handsomely. He dressed accordingly:

* Johnson's chambers were on the first floor, No. 1, Inner Temple-lane: and "Dr. Johnson's Staircase" existed till the autumn of 1857, when the buildings on the west side of the Lane were taken down, and handsomer chambers have been erected on the site. The carved overdoor and staircase have been preserved: the boarded and timber floor on which Johnson and his friends had so often walked, and the panel-work, windows, and doors of the chambers, realized by auction, 10*l.* 5*s.*

for, in addition to his suit of "Tyrian bloom, satin grain," we find another charge about this time in the books of Mr. Filby, in no less gorgeous terms, being "lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons." Thus lodged, Oliver gave dinners to Johnson, Reynolds, Percy, Bickerstaff, and other friends of note; and supper parties to young folks of both sexes. These last were preceded by round games of cards, at which there was more laughter than skill, and in which the sport was to cheat each other; or by romping games of forfeits and blindman's buff, at which he enacted the lord of misrule. Blackstone, whose chambers were immediately below, and who was studiously occupied on his *Commentaries*, used to complain of the racket made overhead by his revelling neighbour. He had, however, his reflective moments.

I have often [says Goldsmith] amused myself with observing the rooks' plan of policy from my window in the Temple that looks upon a grove, where they have made a colony in the midst of the city. At the commencement of spring, the rookery, which, during the continuance of winter, seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time all the bustle and hurry of business is commenced.—*Animated Nature.*

Goldsmith was not always at ease with his new aristocratic acquaintance. An old friend one day turned up, rather inopportunely, at his gay rooms in the Temple.

"How do you think he served me?" said Goldsmith to a friend. "Why, sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe; and sitting himself down, with most intolerable assurance, inquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon; in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputably; when all of a sudden, as if recollecting something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me, with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea, and a half pound of sugar, I have brought you; for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you, nor any man else, shall never have it to say that I want gratitude.' This," added Goldsmith, "was too much. I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly; which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar; and I never saw him afterwards."

In the Temple Gardens is preserved, with reverential care, the trunk of an aged sycamore, which died about twelve years since, and is now protected by an iron railing. This venerable

tree marks the site of the old Thames wall, on which it was growing in the reign of James II.; but the association which renders it still more interesting to the present generation is—that under the shade of this old sycamore, on what was then the margin of the river, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith loved to sit for hours in the summer months.

GOLDSMITH'S PRACTICE.

As Goldsmith had acquired popularity and an extensive acquaintance, he attempted to resume the medical profession. He hired a man-servant, and appeared with a professional wig and cane, purple silk breeches, and a scarlet roquelare. Thus arrayed, he would strut into the apartments of his patients, with his three-cornered hat in one hand and his cane in the other. But he soon grew tired of the duties and restraints of his profession, and the fees were inadequate for his maintenance. At length, on prescribing for a lady of his acquaintance, a Mrs. Sidebotham, a warm dispute arose between Goldsmith and the apothecary as to the dose of medicine to be administered; the Doctor stood up for his degree, and resented the interference of the compounder of drugs, with whom Mrs. Sidebotham agreed; when Goldsmith flounced out of the house in a violent passion. "I am determined henceforth," said he to Topham Beauclerc, "to leave off prescribing for friends." "Do so, my dear Doctor," was the reply; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." This was the end of Goldsmith's medical career.

JUDGE DAY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GOLDSMITH.

When Mr. Prior was writing his *Life* of the Poet, he received from the venerable Judge Day, of Dublin, a sketch, which is considered to embrace, on the whole, the most true and complete portraiture of Goldsmith in his latter days that the world is ever likely to see. Day appears to have formed his acquaintance when a young Templar in 1769:—

"The Poet [writes the Judge] frequented much the Grecian Coffee-house, and delighted in collecting around him his friends, whom he entertained with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality. Occasionally, he amused them with his flute or with whist, neither of which he played well, particularly the latter, but in losing his money he never lost his temper. 'In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor and exclaim, '*Bye-fore* George I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!'

"In person he was short, about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole we may say not polished, at least without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often indeed boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information and the *naïveté* and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint.

"Being then a young man, I felt myself much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation and society of Grattan, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earnest of the unrivalled splendour which awaited his meridian; and finding us dwelling together in Essex-court, near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he much admired.

"Just arrived as I then was from College, full freighted with academic gleanings, our author did not disdain to receive from me some opinions and hints towards his Greek and Roman histories, light and superficial works, not composed for fame, but compiled for the more urgent purpose of recruiting his exhausted finances. So in truth was his *Animated Nature*. His purse replenished by labours of this kind, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gaiety and amusement, which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out. He was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag wig and sword.

"This favourite costume involved him one morning in a short but comical dialogue in the Strand with two coxcombs, one of whom, pointing to Goldsmith, called to his companion in allusion to the Poet's sword 'to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.' Goldsmith instantly cautioned the passengers aloud against 'that brace of disguised pickpockets,' and having determined to teach those gentlemen that he wore a sword as well for defence from insolence as for ornament, he retired from the footpath into the coachway, which admitted of more space and freedom of action, and half-drawing his sword, beckoned to the witty gentleman, armed in like manner, to follow him; but he and his companion, thinking prudence the better part of valour, declined the invitation, and sneaked away amid the hootings of the spectators."

GOLDSMITH'S HEALTH DECLINES.

In the summer of 1773, Oliver's health became impaired and his spirits depressed. Sir Joshua Reynolds, perceiving the state of his mind, gave him much of his company. In the course of their interchange of thought, Goldsmith suggested to him the story of Ugolino as a subject for his pencil: the painting founded on it remains as a memento of their friendship.

On the 4th of August, they went together to Vauxhall Gardens, which Goldsmith had described in the *Citizen of the World* as a scene of Oriental splendour and delight. Everything now, however, was seen with different eyes; and he found it impossible any longer, by mingling in the gay and giddy throng, to escape from the carking care which was clinging to his heart.

His Leicestershire friend, the kind Mr. Cradock, came up to town, but found him much altered, and at times very low. They devised several literary plans, but Goldsmith's heart was failing him; his talent at hoping was almost at an end. He dined, with much pressing, with Cradock and his wife, but ate little. He grew more cheerful after dinner, and stayed till midnight, when his host saw him safe home, and cordially shook hands with him at the Temple gate. Cradock little thought that this was to be their final parting. He looked back to it with mournful recollections in after years, and lamented that he had not remained longer in town, at every inconvenience, to solace the poor broken-spirited poet.

Before Christmas, Goldsmith received an invitation to pass that season at Barton. He had no money, but Garrick lent him the required sum.

Goldsmith returned to town early in 1774, and toiled fitfully and hopelessly at a multiplicity of tasks in the Temple. He again made an effort to rally his spirits, and gave several entertainments in his chambers, the last of which was a dinner to Johnson, Reynolds, and others of his intimates, who partook with sorrow and reluctance of his imprudent hospitality. The first course vexed them by its needless profusion. When a second, equally extravagant, was served up, Johnson and Reynolds declined to partake of it; the rest of the company, understanding their motives, followed their example, and the dishes went from the table untasted. Goldsmith felt sensibly this silent and well-intended rebuke.

Wearied by the distractions and harassed by the expenses of a town life, he now resolved to sell his right in the Temple chambers, and retire into the country.

GOLDSMITH AT HYDE FARM.

To pursue his literary labours undisturbed, Goldsmith withdrew to the quiet of a rural lodging—a single room in a farmer's house near the sixth milestone on the road to Edge-

ware. Here, in the next summer, he returned to write his *Natural History*, "carrying down his books in two return postchaises." Boswell went to see the place, taking with him Mr. Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad*. Goldsmith was not at home; but they went in to see his apartment, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil. In this room *She Stoops to Conquer* was written. A son of the farmer, who was sixteen years of age when Goldsmith lodged with his father, used to relate that the author usually had his meals sent to him in his own room; sometimes he would abstractedly wander into the kitchen, there stand musing with his back to the fire, and then hurry back to his apartment. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, and was to be seen reading under a hedge. He read much in bed by candlelight; and to extinguish the candle, if at a distance, he flung his slipper at it.

Here Oliver lived frugally: his board and lodging cost 12*l.* per quarter; his extra expenses were trivial; and the landlady allowed him occasionally to invite a poor brother author to dinner, without any charge. When wine was produced, Goldsmith was charged 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle. This was rare, and no one evening was burdened with two bottles. Goldsmith's usual beverage in this retreat was "sassafras tea," then a reputed purifier of the blood; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Such was his day's simple fare, except when he went to dine in town on Fridays with the Club.

He had the use of the parlour, and here he received Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hugh Boyd, (the reputed Junius,) Sir William Chambers, and other distinguished visitors. He gave occasionally a dinner-party; and once, when his guests were detained by a thunder-shower, he got up a dance.

Near to his rural retreat at Edgeware, a Mr. Seguin, an Irish merchant, of literary tastes, had country quarters for his family, where Goldsmith was always welcome. In this circle he would indulge in playful and even grotesque humour, and was ready for anything—conversation, music, or a game of romps. He would sing Irish songs, and the Scotch ballad of "Johnny Armstrong." He took the lead in the children's sports of blind-man's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, &c., turning the hind part of his wig before, and all kinds of tricks to amuse the little ones.

He was at all times a capital companion for children, and knew how to fall in with their humours. "I little thought,"

said Miss Hawkins, the woman grown, "what I should have to boast when Goldsmith taught me to play Jack and Jill by two bits of paper on his fingers."

"RETALIATION."

At a dispirited juncture when inspiration seemed to be at an end, and the poetic fire extinguished, a spark fell on Goldsmith's combustible imagination, and set it in a blaze.

He belonged to a temporary association of men of talent, some of them members of the Club, who dined together occasionally at the St. James's Coffee-house. At these dinners he was generally one of the last to arrive. On one occasion when he was more dilatory than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him as "The late Dr. Goldsmith," and several were thrown off in a playful vein, hitting off his peculiarities. The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, very probably, by its pungency:

'Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.'

Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially as coming from such a quarter; and by way of *retaliation*, he produced the celebrated poem of that name, of which Cumberland has left the following interesting account:

"I conclude my account of Goldsmith," says Mr. Cumberland, "with gratitude, for the epitaph he bestowed on me in his poem called *Retaliation*. It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends, who had dined together at Sir Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's Coffee-house, which accordingly took place, and was occasionally repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since Bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey, with two or three others, constituted our party. At one of these meetings an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present; pen and ink were called for, and Garrick off-hand wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua illuminated the dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote anything, and when I perceived that Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with theirs, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which, when I had finished, and was called upon by the company to

exhibit, Goldsmith, with much agitation, besought me to spare him; and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and, in fact, they were little worth remembering; but, as they were serious and complimentary, the effect upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing, for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which is the only one I can call to mind, was—

'All mourn the poet, I lament the man.'

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs, as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends."—*Memoirs*, vol. i.

Goldsmith has not spared the characters and failings of his associates, but has drawn them with satire, at once pungent and good-humoured. Garrick is smartly chastised; Burke, the Dinner-bell of the House of Commons, is not spared; and of all the more distinguished names of the Club, Johnson, Cumberland, and Reynolds alone escape the lash of the satirist. The former is not mentioned, and the two latter are even dismissed with unqualified and affectionate applause.

We have said that Reynolds is omitted: we shall presently see with what a grave event his escape is associated.

DEATH OF GOLDSMITH.

Retaliation, as we have already observed, was thrown off in parts, at intervals, and was never completed. Some characters, originally intended to be introduced, remained unattempted; others were but partially sketched—such was the one of Reynolds, the friend of the poet's heart:

"Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand:
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled——"

Here the friendly portrait stood unfinished on the easel; the hand of the artist had failed! The return of a local complaint, under which he had suffered for some time past, added to general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to

town before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the Club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox and Sir Charles Bunbury, and two other new members, were to be present. In the afternoon, however, Goldsmith felt so unwell that he took to his bed, and his symptoms grew so strong as to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, during which he had skilful advice and careful nursing. He had for some time been subject to fits of strangury, brought on by too severe application to sedentary labours; and one of these attacks, aggravated by mental distress, produced fever. In spite of caution to the contrary, he had recourse to Dr. James's fever powder, which he had once found beneficial, but which was now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed, and his mind was ill at ease. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He grew too weak to talk, and scarcely took any notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep; he awoke, but in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired, on the 4th of April, 1774, at five o'clock in the morning, in the 46th year of his age. Walpole thus chronicles the event:

"Dr. Goldsmith is dead. The owl hooted last night on the round tower [of Strawberry Hill]. The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James's powder, which had had much effect, but his physician interposed.* His numerous friends neg-

* James's Fever Powder was the fashionable medicine of the day: Walpole swore that he would take it if the house were on fire. As Goldsmith was cautioned by his medical attendants against taking the fever-medicine, it might damage the fame of the medicine, which was the property of Newbery. With this view was published a statement, in which Hawes, the apothecary, was reported to have sent the wrong powders, in which charge Goldsmith long persisted; but this is not credible, and an intelligent practitioner of our time, Mr. White Cooper, who has lately inquired into the matter, acquits Hawes of the charge. Besides, Goldsmith had obstinately sent for more fever powder; and shortly before Hawes retired from attendance, he found Goldsmith much worse: and on Hawes inquiring how he did, the patient sighed deeply, and in a very low voice said he wished he had taken his (Hawes's) friendly

lected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had sometimes parts, though never common sense."

Scandalous and spiteful to the last is Horace Walpole!

But what was the real effect of Goldsmith's death upon the world of art and letters? Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Northcote informed Mr. Prior, relinquished painting for the day—an unusual forbearance, it was considered, of one who under all common circumstances rarely permitted himself to be diverted from the exercise of his art. Dr. Johnson, though little prone to exhibit strong emotions of grief, seems to have felt sincerely on this occasion: three months afterwards he thus wrote to Boswell—"Of poor dear Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" And again, "Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man." To these details, in Mr. Prior's *Life* of the poet, Washington Irving adds: "I was abroad at the time of his death;" writes Mr. McDonnell, the youth whom, when in distress, he had employed as an amanuensis, "and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my dearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency."

On the stairs of his chambers in the Temple, there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women, poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty!

But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend,

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advice on the previous night. Mr. Forster's account of the last days of the illness, and of the conflicting statements, is very clear and comprehensive.

who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck—the Jessamy Bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off, which she treasured to her dying day. Poor Goldsmith! could he have foreseen that such a memorial of him was to be thus cherished!

This lady survived upwards of sixty years. Hazlitt relates that he met her at Northcote's painting-room, as Mrs. Gwyn, the widow of a General Gwyn. She was at that time upwards of seventy years of age. Still, he said, she was beautiful, beautiful even in years. After she was gone, Hazlitt remarked how handsome she still was. "I do not know," said Northcote, "why she is so kind as to come and see me, except that I am the last link in the chain that connects her with all those she most esteemed when young—Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith—and remind her of the most delightful period of her life." "Not only so," observed Hazlitt, "but you remember what she was at twenty; and you thus bring back to her the triumphs of her youth—that pride of beauty, which must be the more fondly cherished as it has no external vouchers, and lives chiefly in the bosom of its once lovely possessor. In her, however, the graces had triumphed over time: she was one of Ninon de l'Enclos's people, of the last of the immortals. I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency."

The Jessamy bride survived her sister upwards of forty years, and died in 1840, within a few days of completing her eighty-eighth year. "She had gone through all the stages of life," says Northcote, "and had lent a grace to each."

FUNERAL OF GOLDSMITH.

In the warm feeling of the moment, it was determined by Goldsmith's friends, to honour his remains by a public funeral; but when it was ascertained that he had died in debt, and had not left funds to pay for such expensive obsequies, the idea was relinquished. Five days after his death, therefore, at five o'clock, on Saturday evening, the 9th of April, he was privately interred in the burying-ground of the Temple Church. Lord Macaulay states Burke and Reynolds to have followed: they directed the funeral arrangements, but did not attend the remains to their resting-place. The chief mourner was Sir Joshua Reynolds's nephew, Palmer, after-

wards Dean of Cashel. Judge Day was another mourner. He tells us:

"I also also attended his funeral, along with a few others who were summoned together rather hastily for the purpose. It had been intended that this ceremony should be of an imposing kind, and attended by several of the great men of the time, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and others. This determination was altered, I imagine, from the pecuniary embarrassments of the deceased poet; the last offices were therefore performed in a private manner, without the attendance of his great friends.* He was interred in the Temple burial-ground. Hugh Kelly, with whom he had not been on terms of intercourse for some years, shed tears over his grave, which were no doubt sincere; he did not then know that he had been slightingly mentioned in *Retaliation;* nor would he have been so noticed there, could the deceased have anticipated this proof of good feeling. Slight circumstances often separate even the most deserving persons; nor are they perhaps conscious of the worth of each other until accidental circumstances produce the discovery."—*Prior's Life.*

The poet rests at a short distance from the brick wall, on the north side of the burial-ground, immediately opposite the door of the vestry. Formerly a tree shaded the spot; but this has been removed some time.

MEMORIALS OF GOLDSMITH.

Not long after his death, the Literary Club set on foot a subscription, and raised a fund to erect a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It was executed by Nollekens: it consists of a bust of the poet in profile, in high relief, in a medallion, and is placed within a pointed arch, over the south door in Poets' Corner, between the monuments of Gay and the Duke of Argyle. Johnson furnished a Latin epitaph, which was read at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, where several members of the Club, and other friends of the deceased, were present. Though considered by them a masterly composition, they thought the literary character of the poet not defined with sufficient exactness, and they preferred that the epitaph should be in English rather than Latin, as "the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works were likely to be so lasting an ornament."

These objections were reduced to writing, and were submitted to Johnson, the names being written about it in a round robin. Johnson received it half graciously, half

* It was this cold neglect which gave colour to Walpole's severe reproach of Goldsmith's great friends.

grimly. "He was willing," he said, "to modify the sense of the epitaph in any manner the gentlemen pleased; *but he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.*"

Upon this decision Mr. Croker has justly expressed himself at a loss to discover how an English inscription should disgrace an English church, or a writer whose fame is exclusively English.

The following is the inscription on the white marble tablet beneath the bust:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
qui nullum fere scribendi genus
non tetigit,
nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
sive risus essent movendi,
sive lacrymæ,
affectuum potens, at lenis dominator;
ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus,
hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus Hibernià Forneiæ Longfordiensis
in loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.;
Eblanæ literis institutus,
Obijt Londini,
Apr. IV. MDCCLXXIV.*

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* The following translation is from Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*:—

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing
untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn;
Of all the passions,
Whether smiles were to be moved
or tears,
A powerful yet gentle master;
In genius, sublime, vivid, versatile,
In style, elevated, clear, elegant—
The love of companions,
The fidelity of friends,
And the veneration of readers,
Have by this monument honoured the memory.
He was born in Ireland,

Mr. Forster states with respect to the place of interment in the Temple, "the grave is known, though no memorial indicates it to the pilgrim or the stranger." This was correct at the time Mr. Forster wrote, in 1848. Eight years later, in 1856, Lord Macaulay wrote: "He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten." This statement is, in part, erroneous: the grave is in the burial-ground east of the choir, and without the building: the place is undistinguished, but a tablet erected in a recess on the south side of the choir, about 1850, commemorates the circumstance.

Thus posterity for more than threescore years treated a man of genius, who, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, left no species of writing untouched, and adorned all to which he applied himself. How different the attention and honours paid to the memory of Walter Scott, scarcely cold in his coffin! a more voluminous writer, certainly, but not a superior genius to the author of the *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

This is the comparison of one of Goldsmith's most genial biographers: it may be correct as to literary distinction; but it should be remembered that Scott possessed higher claims upon the respect of mankind: the disease which proved fatal to him was superinduced by excess of mental toil for the noble purpose of paying his debts; and the certainty of its accomplishment, the consciousness that he had not shrunk from the responsibilities he had incurred, the feeling that he had deserved and retained the love and respect which waited upon him in more prosperous days, was his consolation in the dark hours of his closing life. Were such reflections the last lot of poor Goldsmith in the Temple?

At a place called Pallas,
[In the parish] of Forney, [and county] of Longford,
On the 29th Nov., 1731;
Educated at [the University of] Dublin;
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

CHARACTERISTICS, PERSONAL TRAITS, AND OPINIONS.

"As a writer," says Dr. Johnson, "he [Goldsmith] was of the most distinguished class. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we regard him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as a historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

Goldsmith somewhat resembled in character Gay, but far surpassed him in genius.

Sir Walter Scott has remarked that in Goldsmith, with gullibility of temper was mixed a hasty and eager jealousy of his own personal consequence: he unwillingly admitted that anything was done better than he himself could have performed it; and sometimes made himself ridiculous by hastily undertaking to distinguish himself upon subjects which he did not understand. But with these weaknesses, and with that of carelessness in his own affairs, terminates all that censure can say of Goldsmith. The folly of submitting to imposition may be well balanced with the universality of his benevolence; and the wit which his writings evince, more than counterbalances his defects in conversation, if these could be of consequence to the present and future generations.

Scott, in referring to the blemishes in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, says: We have seen that it was suppressed for nearly two years, until the publication of the *Traveller* had fixed the author's fame. Goldsmith had, therefore, time for revisal, but he did not employ it. He had been paid for his labour, as he observed, and could have profited nothing by rendering the work ever so perfect. This, however, was false reasoning, though not unnatural in the mouth of the author who must earn daily bread by daily labour. Many works of this class the critics must apologize for, or censure particular

passages in the narrative, as unfit to be perused by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors.

Lord Byron has this piquant note: "I have found one point where the German [Schlegel] is right—it is about the *Vicar of Wakefield*. 'Of all romances in miniature (and perhaps this is the best shape in which romance can appear), the *Vicar of Wakefield* is, I think, the most exquisite.' He thinks!—he might be sure."

In No. 8 of the *Quarterly Review*, commenting on some ridiculous comparisons instituted between Goldsmith and a then living rhymer, Sir Walter Scott expressed himself in these words:—

"In a subsequent poem Mr. Pratt is informed (for he probably never dreamt of it) that he inherits the lyre of Goldsmith. If this be true, the lyre is much the worse for wear; and for our parts, we should as soon take the bequest of a Jew's-harp as the reversion of so worthless an instrument.

"This is the third instance we remember of living poets being complimented at the expense of poor Goldsmith. A literary journal has thought proper to extol Mr. Crabbe as far above him; and Mr. Richards (a man of genius also, we readily admit) has been said to unite 'the nervousness of Dryden with the ease of Goldsmith.' This is all very easily asserted. The native ease and grace of Goldsmith's versification have probably led to the deception; but it would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style than the author of the *Deserted Village*. Possessing much of the compactness of Pope's versification, without the monotonous structure of his lines; rising sometimes to the swell and fulness of Dryden, without his inflations; delicate and masterly in his descriptions; graceful in one of the greatest graces of poetry, its transitions; alike successful in his sportive or grave, his playful or melancholy mood; he may long bid defiance to the numerous competitors whom the friendship or flattery of the present age is so hastily arraying against him."

And again, in No. 11 of the *Quarterly Review*, the late Earl of Dudley found occasion to allude to Goldsmith's exquisite prose style, the perfect purity and grace of which must ever, as Judge Day observes, be considered with wonder by those acquainted with the personal tastes and habits of the man. "In the prose of Goldsmith," says Lord Dudley, "will be found as perfect a model as any that exists in our language of purity, facility, and grace; of clear lively narration, of the most exhilarating gaiety, of the most touching pathos; in

short, of almost every merit that style can possess, except in those comparatively few instances in which the subject calls for a display of higher and impassioned eloquence."

"In his prose," says the *Quarterly Review*, No. 114, "and in his verse, *Virginibus puerisque* was always the motto of this benevolent and gentle-hearted man. His humour was without coarseness—his merriment without extravagance—his wit without spleen; and his works will ever constitute one of the most precious 'wells of English undefiled.'"

"How comes it," says a recent and ingenious critic, "that in all the miry paths of life which he had trod, no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse? How, amidst all that love of inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?"

We answer (says Washington Irving,) that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature: there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humour and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar pictures of life, which form the staple of his most popular writings.

In Mr. Forster's summary at the close of his picturesquely eloquent *Life and Adventures*, it is emphatically said: "He [Goldsmith] worthily did the work that was in him to do; proved himself in his garret a gentleman of nature; left the world no ungenerous bequest; and went his unknown way. Nor have posterity been backward to acknowledge the debt which his contemporaries left them to discharge." Upon this we would remark, that to be honoured with respect after death, is but a poor recompense for being neglected while living. Mr. Forster closes with these lines:

> The men who to the world most good have brought,
> Have been the men most called on to endure;
> And till the world for which these men have thought
> Thinks for itself, there will not be a cure.

Lord Macaulay is one of the latest and least indulgent of Goldsmith's critics. He joins in the evidence as to his

conversation being "an empty, noisy, blundering rattle"—that "when he talked, he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers;" of which inferiority Goldsmith himself was sensible. Our critic adds:

"There was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them; and was so liberal to beggars, that he left nothing for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident."

Envy was imputed to him; but he was probably not more envious, but merely less prudent, than his neighbours; what other men did their best to conceal, he avowed with the simplicity of a child: hence it so often happens that the "man who speaks his mind" is a most disagreeable person. But Macaulay allows that Goldsmith "was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise."

Lord Macaulay then denies the representation that Goldsmith was a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. It is allowed that he endured sharp misery before he had achieved distinction as a poet in the *Traveller*, after which, "he had none but himself to blame for his distresses." He earned for the last seven years of his life 400*l.* a-year, equal to 800*l.* a-year at present. Lord Macaulay then adverts to his extravagant living, but avers that his chief expense lay in his losses at play: for "he had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers." The truth of this sweeping condemnation has been called in question; if it be correct, it will account for all the poet's embarrassment, and the large debt with which he left his memory charged.

Mr. Thackeray makes this touching appeal to the sympathies of his readers: "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart; "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before

trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on. . . . . Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph; and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

WALPOLE AND GOLDSMITH.

Walpole almost invariably depreciates his contemporaries, and appears to grudge them a modicum of merit. Oliver Goldsmith could not expect to "escape whipping." Here is one of the amenities of Strawberry Hill: "Dr. Goldsmith told me," (writes Walpole,) "he himself envied Shakspeare; but Goldsmith was an idiot, with once or twice a fit of parts."

Walpole also writes to Lady Ossory, Dec. 14, 1773: "I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerk's, with the Edgecombes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense." Garrick acted a speech in *Cato* with Goldsmith; that is, the latter sat in the other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions.

A MISTAKE AT BATH.

Lord Clare and the Duke of Northumberland had houses next to each other, of similar architecture. Returning home one morning from an early walk, Goldsmith, in one of his frequent fits of absence, mistook the house, and walked up into the duke's dining-room, where he and the duchess were about to sit down to breakfast. Goldsmith, still supposing himself in the house of Lord Clare, and that they were

visitors, made them an easy salutation, being acquainted with them, and threw himself on a sofa in the lounging manner of a man perfectly at home. The duke and duchess soon perceived his mistake, and while they smiled internally, endeavoured, with the considerateness of well-bred people, to prevent any awkward embarrassment. They accordingly chattered sociably with him about matters in Bath, until, breakfast being served, they invited him to partake. The truth at once flashed upon poor heedless Goldsmith; he started up from his free-and-easy position, made a confused apology for his blunder, and would have retired, perfectly disconcerted, had not the duke and duchess treated the whole as a lucky occurrence to throw him in their way, and exacted a promise from him to dine with them.

This may be hung up as a companion-piece to Goldsmith's blunder on his first visit to Northumberland House.

GOLDSMITH AND GARRICK.

In his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning*, Goldsmith had given offence to David Garrick, against whom a clamour had been raised for exercising a despotism over the stage, and bringing forward nothing but old plays, to the exclusion of original productions. Walpôle joined in this charge. "Garrick," said he, "is treating the town as it deserves and likes to be treated, with scenes, fireworks, and *his own writings*." Goldsmith, who was extremely fond of the theatre, and felt the evils of this system, inveighed in his treatise against the wrongs experienced by authors at the hands of managers. "Our poet's performance," said he, "must undergo a process truly chemical before it is presented to the public. It must be tried in the manager's fire; strained through a licenser, suffer from repeated corrections, till it may be a mere *caput mortuum* when it arrives before the public." But a passage which perhaps touched more sensibly than all the rest on the sensibilities of Garrick, was the following:

"I have no particular spleen against the fellow who sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes it with his train. It were a matter of indifference to me, whether our heroines are in keeping, or our candle-snuffers burn their fingers, did not such make a great part of public care and polite conversation. Our actors assume all that state off the

stage which they do on it; to use an expression borrowed from the green-room, every one is up in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters."

These strictures were taken by Garrick to himself, and when Goldsmith applied to him for his vote for the vacant Secretaryship of the Society of Arts, the manager replied he could hardly expect his friendly exertions after the unprovoked attack he had made upon his management. Goldsmith disclaimed personalities; but he failed to get the appointment, and ever considered Garrick his enemy. He expunged the passages objected to by the manager, when the *Inquiry* was reprinted; but, though the author and actor became intimate in after years, this false step at the outset of their intercourse was never forgotten.

GOLDSMITH AND REYNOLDS.

A congenial intimacy was contracted by Goldsmith with Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds. The latter was now about forty years of age, a few years older than the poet. They were men of kindred genius, excelling in corresponding qualities of their several arts, for style in writing is what colour is in painting; both are innate endowments, and equally magical in their effects. Reynolds soon understood and appreciated the merits of Goldsmith, and a sincere and lasting friendship ensued between them.

At Reynolds's house in Leicester-square, Goldsmith mingled in a higher range of company than he had been accustomed to. Here gathered men of talents of all kinds, and the increasing affluence of Reynolds's circumstances enabled him to give full indulgence to his hospitable disposition. Poor Goldsmith had not yet, like Dr. Johnson, acquired reputation enough to atone for his external defects, and his want of the air of good society. Miss Reynolds used to inveigh against his personal appearance, which gave her the idea, she said, of a low mechanic, a journeyman tailor. One evening, at a large supper party, being called upon to give as a toast the ugliest man she knew, she gave Dr. Goldsmith, upon which a lady who sat opposite, and whom she had never met before, shook hands with her across the table, and "hoped to become better acquainted."

GOLDSMITH AND COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

"I was only five years old," says George Colman the younger, "when Goldsmith, one evening whilst drinking coffee with my father, took me on his knee and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned with a very smart slap in the face; it must have been a tingler, for I left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably. At length, a friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy; it was the good-natured Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed until I began to brighten. He seized the propitious moment, placed three hats upon the carpet, and a shilling under each; the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum,' cried the Doctor, and lo! on uncovering the shillings, they were all found congregated under one. From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father,

'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;'

a game of romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows."

OLIVER AND THE BALLAD-SINGER.

Mr. Prior relates that Goldsmith, when at a dinner-party, rose abruptly from the table, and running out into the street, gave all he had to a ballad-singer. Some of the company observed and remarked on his lavish bountifulness. "Oh," said he, "you were all saying she sang sweetly—but you did not perceive the misery of her notes."

"HUNG UP IN HISTORY."

Walking one day with Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey, among the tombs of monarchs, warriors, and statesmen, Johnson came to the sculptured mementoes of literary worthies

in Poets' Corner. Casting his eye round upon these memorials of genius, Johnson muttered in a low tone to his companion,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

Goldsmith treasured up the intimated hope, and shortly afterwards, as they were passing by Temple Bar, where the heads of Jacobite rebels, executed for treason, were moulder-ing aloft on spikes, pointed up to the grizzly mementoes, and echoed the intimation,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*."

BORROWING AND PAYING.

To Conversation Cooke, while "yet but a stranger in town, and his supplies occasionally short, Goldsmith had more than once offered the use of his purse, which Cooke at length accepted; the temptation of an evening at Marylebone or Ranelagh Gardens with several companions being irresistible. On applying to the poet, however, he was told very seriously and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the meantime Cooke, provided from another quarter, had locked his chambers and proceeded to his amusement, but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which on examination proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapped in paper and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as those of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, 'In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that.'"—*Prior.*

SUPPING AT "THE MITRE."

In the elbow of the court leading from Fleet-street to the Inner Temple, is the *Mitre Tavern*, a favourite supper-house with Dr. Johnson, who first took with him Goldsmith on July 1. Johnson and Boswell had supped at the Mitre in

the previous month, when they talked of Goldsmith: his rise in the world puzzled Boswell, who said that all who knew him seemed to know that he had passed a very loose, odd, scrambling kind of life. "Sir," said Johnson, "Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He *has* been loose in his principles, but he is coming right."

At the supper on July 1, Goldsmith flung a paradox at both Johnson and Boswell's heads: he maintained that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness. He supped with them again at the Mitre five days later, as Boswell's guest, and again was paradoxical. He disputed very warmly with Johnson the maxim of the British Constitution—that the king can do no wrong. This was a bold thing to do. "As usual," says Boswell, "he endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to shine." But Boswell was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance: he describes him as of short person, coarse and vulgar countenance, and deportment, though a scholar, awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Ironically, Boswell records: "Doctor Goldsmith being a privileged man, went with him this night," (the first supper at the Mitre,) "strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity. '*I go to Miss* Williams,'" to be allowed to do which was decisive of Johnson's favour.

SHUTER AND GOLDSMITH IN STRANGE COMPANY.

In a curious little book, entitled *Life's Painter of Variegated Characters in Public and Private Life*,* we find the following recollections of the *night-houses* of that period, and a freak of town life, in which Shuter, the actor, and Goldsmith find themselves in undesirable companionship. The author writes:

I remember spending an evening with the celebrated Ned Shuter, in company with that darling of the age, Dr. Gold-

* The author of *Life's Painter* was George Barker, who was born in 1732, near Canterbury; entered the naval service early, and next served as a private soldier under the command of the immortal Wolfe. He next became a supernumerary exciseman, and then went upon the stage; and lastly, commenced lecturer upon elocution. *Life's Painter* was published, with Barker's portrait, in 1789.—See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 87.

smith. Staying rather late, as we were seeing the Doctor to his chambers in the Temple, where he then lived, Shuter prevailed on him to step into one of these houses, just to see a little fun, as he called it, at the same time assuring the Doctor that no harm might be apprehended, as he was well acquainted with the Cove and Covess, Slavey and Moll Slavey,—that is the landlord and landlady, man and maid-servant. Upon the strength of this we beat our rounds, until we arrived at the door of the house; in the middle of the door was a wicket, through which the landlord looked, and the moment he saw Shuter, without any questions, the door flew open as if by enchantment. We entered; the Doctor slipt down on the first seat he saw empty. Shuter ordered a quart of gin-hot; we had no sooner tasted it but a voice saluted the actor thus: "I say, Master Shuter, when is your benefit? Come, tip us a chaunt, and hand us over a ticket, and here's a bobstick." (shilling.) Shuter took the man by the hand, and begged to introduce him to the Doctor, which he did in the following manner: "Sit down, my friend; there, Doctor, is a gentleman as well as myself, whose family has made some noise in the world; his father I knew as a drummer in the third regiment of guards, and his mother sold oysters at Billingsgate; he is likewise high-borned and deep-learned, for he was borned in a garret, and bred in a night-cellar."

As I sat near, the Doctor whispered me, to know whether I knew this gentleman Mr. Shuter had introduced; I replied, I had not that honour, when immediately a fellow came into the box, and in a kind of under voice asked the person Mr. Shuter had introduced, "How many there were crap'd on Wednesday?" The other replied "Three." "Was there a cock among them?" resumed the other (meaning a fellow who died game). "No, but an old pal of yours, which I did a particular service to as he was going his journey; I took the liberty of troubling him with a line, which he no sooner got about his neck, than I put my thumb under the burr of the left ear, and at the same time, as I descended from the cart, I gave him such a gallows snatch of the dew-beaters, that he was dead near twenty minutes by the sheriff's watch before the other two. I don't recollect that I have crap'd a man better for this last twelvemonth."

The Doctor beckoned to Shuter, and in the same breath cried out, "For Heaven's sake who is this man you have

introduced me to?" "Who is he?" says Shuter; "why, he's Squire Tollis, don't you know him?" "No, indeed," replied the Doctor. "Why," answered Shuter, "the world vulgarly call him the hangman, but here he is called the crap merchant." The Doctor rose from his seat in great perturbation of mind, and exclaimed, "Good God! and have I been sitting in company all this time with a hangman?" The Doctor asked me if I would see him out of the house, which I did, highly pleased with the conversation of two men, whose feelings of nature as widely differed as those of the recording angel in heaven's high chancery (as mentioned in Sterne's *La Fevre*), and the opposite one of the midnight ruffian who murdered the ever-to-be-lamented Linton, [a musician, who was robbed and murdered in St. Martin's-lane.]

CHARLES GOLDSMITH.

The poet's younger brother Charles in person resembled Oliver, was a man of some pleasantry, sang a song tolerably well, and had a good deal of oddity in his manner. His early life was passed in the West Indies, where he accumulated a small property. Of his subsequent years these interesting details were communicated in 1832 to the *Mirror*, vol. xx., by Mr. Roffe, the well-known engraver.

"Charles, on his returning to this country from the West Indies, had with him two daughters, and one son named Henry, all under fourteen years of age. He purchased two houses in the Polygon, Somers Town, in one of which he resided. Here the elder of his girls died: I attended her funeral; she was buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras, near the grave of Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin. Henry was my fellow-pupil; but not liking the profession of engraving, after a short trial, he returned to the West Indies. At the peace of Amiens, Charles sold his houses, and with his wife and daughter, and a son born in England, he went to reside in France, where his daughter married. In consequence of the orders of Buonaparte for detaining British subjects, Charles again returned home by way of Holland, and died about twenty-five years since, [1807,] at humble lodgings in Ossulston-street, Somers Town. After his death, his widow, who was a native of the West Indies, and her son Oliver, returned thither. Charles Goldsmith had in his possession a

copy from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of his brother: and I can vouch his resemblance to the picture was most striking. Charles, like the poet, played on the German flute, and to use his own words, found it in the hour of adversity his best friend. "He only once, I have heard him say, saw Oliver in England, which was during his prosperity."

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries* has lately, (2nd S. vol. x.) inquired as to the identity of an old portrait of a gentleman in a fantastic dress playing the flute: the features are very much like those of Oliver Goldsmith: if this be not a portrait of the poet, possibly it may be that of his brother Charles.

In 1832, there died in England, of cholera, a person who stated himself to be a nephew of the poet. *His* nephew, Oliver, died in 1858; for we read in the *Hampshire Advertiser* of October 23rd, of that year: "On the 25th July, at sea, Oliver Goldsmith, aged 24, second officer of the *Dunsandle*, third son of the late Commander Charles Goldsmith, R.N., and a great-grand-nephew of the poet Oliver Goldsmith."

SCRIBBLING FOR BREAD IN A GARRET.

In a letter to his cousin, Mr. Bryanton, of Ballymahon, we find Goldsmith thus cheerful in his early struggles, amid "those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him:"

"I sate down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks I have forgot my resentment already. The truth is, I am a simpleton with regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, but, like Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet now I think on't again, I will be angry. Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me! Think of that! I must own my ill-natured cotemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the

day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected! If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence.—Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now I am down, where the d—l *is I?* Oh, Gods! Gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,*
Temple Bar, August 14, 1758.

"Give my—no, not compliment neither, but something the most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it."

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY."

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,—
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

This charming song, which is sung by Olivia, in the *Vicar of Wakefield,* is almost a literal translation from the *chanson* of an obscure French poet, one Ségur, who wrote early in the eighteenth century. His poems are very scarce, and in proof of the above we subjoin the *chanson* to which Goldsmith was so much indebted, from the edition of *Ségur's* poems printed at Paris in the year 1719:

Lorsqu'une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?

Le seul remède qu'elle peut resentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir,
Helas! trop tard—est la mort.

Samuel Rogers, in his *Table Talk,* relates this odd anecdote: "Most unfortunately, one morning, during breakfast at

St. Anne's Hill, [Fox's country-seat,] I repeated and praised Goldsmith's song, 'When lovely woman stoops to folly,' &c., quite forgetting that it must necessarily hurt the feelings of Mrs. Fox. She seemed a good deal discomposed by it. Fox merely remarked, 'Some people write damned nonsense.'"

GOLDSMITH'S LOVE OF DRESS.

"He was fond," says one of his contemporaries, "of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag-wig and sword." Thus arrayed, he used to figure about in the sunshine in the Temple Gardens, much to his own satisfaction, but to the amusement of his acquaintances.

At a dinner-party at Boswell's, while waiting for some lingerers to arrive, "Goldsmith strutted about," says Boswell, "bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was undoubtedly prone to such impressions. 'Come, come,' said Garrick, 'talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, 'Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of your being well or *ill-dressed*.' 'Well, let me tell you,' said Goldsmith, 'when the tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you; when anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane."' 'Why, sir,' cried Johnson, 'that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a colour.'"

Goldsmith always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds would not suspect.

GOLDSMITH'S COMPILATIONS.

Cumberland, who, it must be remembered, was a bitter reviewer, has left this ill-natured character of Goldsmith's compilations, which, it must be admitted, were in many respects unworthy of his genius:

"Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember, when in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature;* it was with a sigh, such

as genius draws when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's* showman would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it upon the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster-row is not Parnassus. Now, though necessity, or, I should rather say, the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories, and turning Buffon† into English, yet I much doubt if, without that spur, he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loss of all the treasures of his genius, and the contributions of his pen."—*Memoirs.*

"His compilations," says Macaulay, "are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary book-makers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled master of the arts of selection and condensation"—a much higher quality, we may add, than the knack of spinning "words, words, words."

The *Animated Nature* was the only one of Goldsmith's heavier exertions for which he received even a decent remuneration from the booksellers. For the eight volumes he got 800 guineas. His *Deserted Village* brought him only 100*l.*—the same sum that Hannah More received about the same time for her worthless ballad, *Sir Eldred of the Bower.* By his first comedy, between theatrical profits and copyright, he appears to have netted about 500*l.* Upon the whole, during the last eight brilliant years of his established fame and unwearied diligence, his income does not seem to have averaged more than from 200*l.* to 300*l.* His first biographer (the preface writer) speaks quite at random when he talks of his having made in one year, 800*l.* Lee Lewes has related that, of all his compilations, Goldsmith used to say, his *Selections of English Poetry* showed more "the art of profession." Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red-lead pencil, and for this he got 200*l.*—but then he used

* Pidcock was then proprietor of the Menagerie at Exeter Change, Strand; the admission-money in 1810 was 2*s.* 6*d.* each person.

† A nephew of Goldsmith, when in town with a friend, proposed to call on uncle Oliver, who was then writing his *Animated Nature*; they expected to find him in a well-furnished library, with a host of books; when great was their surprise, the only book they saw in the place was a well-thumbed part of Buffon's *Natural History.*

to add, "a man shows his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment." And Oliver was right. Goldsmith also compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome*, by which he made 300*l*., and a *History of Greece*, 250*l*. These works he produced by translating the materials he collected into his own clear, pure, and flowing language. These, abridged by himself, and his *History of England*, continued to our times, are read in schools at the present day. Lord Macaulay has judiciously observed; "in general, nothing is less attractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered, by intelligent children, not as a task, but as a pleasure."

Yet Oliver made strange omissions. In one of his Histories of England he tells us, that Naseby is in Yorkshire! and omits all mention of either the Great Plague or the Fire of London!

The most noted of his Histories was that in two volumes, entitled the *History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.* It was digested from Hume, Rapin, Carte, and Kennet. These authors he would read in the morning; make a few notes; ramble with a friend into the country about the skirts of "merry Islington;" return to a temperate dinner and cheerful evening; and before going to bed, write off what had arranged itself in his head from the studies of the morning. This work was anonymous. Some attributed it to Lord Chesterfield, others to Lord Orrery, and others to Lord Lyttelton. The latter never disowned the bantling thus laid at his door; and well might he have been proud to be considered capable of producing what has been justly pronounced "the most finished and elegant summary of English history in the same compass that has been or is likely to be written."

One of the daily newspapers drew largely from these letters during the agitation of the Reform Bill, some thirty years since. A new edition was in consequence called for, and, we believe, rapidly disposed of.

At Hyde Farm, Edgeware, Goldsmith's life of literary toil may almost be said to have closed. He had finished the *Animated Nature:* his last letter was to a publisher, Mr. Nourse, who had bought Griffin's original interest, asking him to allow "his friend Griffin" to purchase back a portion of the copyright; thanking him, at the same time, for an "over-pay-

ment," which, in consideration of the completion, and its writer's necessities, Mr. Nourse had consented to make; and throwing out an idea of extending the work into the vegetable and fossil kingdoms. Here, too, he was completing the *Grecian History;* making another *Abridgment of English History* for schools; translating Scarron's *Comic Romance;* revising (for five guineas, vouchsafed by James Dodsley) a new edition of his *Inquiry into Polite Learning;* writing his *Retaliation;* and making new resolves for the future—for labour was the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, of his existence: as it had begun, so it was to close. This habit of "resolving" has sent many a man of letters to an untimely grave: he hopes to begin a better course; but in the meantime, the mind wears out the body, and the castle-building is over.

WHO WROTE "GOODY TWO SHOES?"

Some of Goldsmith's literary productions, published anonymously, have but recently been traced to his pen; while of many the true authorship will probably never be discovered. Among others, it is suggested, and with great probability, that he wrote for Mr. Newbery the famous nursery story of *Goody Two Shoes*, which appeared in 1765, at a moment when he was much pressed for funds. Several quaint little tales introduced in his *Essays* show that he had a turn for this species of mock history; and the advertisement and title-page bear the stamp of his sly and playful humour:—

"We are desired to give notice, that there is in the press, and speedily will be published, either by subscription or otherwise, as the public shall please to determine, the *History of Little Goody Two Shoes*, otherwise *Mrs. Margery Two Shoes;* with the means by which she acquired learning and wisdom, and in consequence thereof, her estate; set forth at large for the benefit of those

> "Who, from a state of rags and care,
> And having shoes but half a pair,
> Their fortune and their fame should fix,
> And gallop in a coach and six."

Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, and a publisher of children's books, in Skinner-street, and St. Clement's, Strand, was, we believe, the first to state that he believed *Goody Two Shoes* to be Goldsmith's handiwork.

"THE HAUNCH OF VENISON."

Early in 1771, Goldsmith received from Lord Clare a present of game, which he has celebrated and perpetuated in his amusing verses, entitled the *Haunch of Venison.* Some of the lines pleasantly set forth the embarrassment caused by the appearance of such an aristocratic delicacy in the humble kitchen of a poet: it was a side, by the way, not merely a haunch:

Thanks, my lord, for your venison; for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thought in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtu;*
As in some Irish houses where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fry'd in.

What is to be done with such a present?

To go on with my tale . . . as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose . . .
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's . . .
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when:
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison . . . I know they love beef.
But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.

This is the hero of the story: in the first published copy of the poem, he is described as "a fine-spoken custom-house officer he." He ascertains that the venison is really Goldsmith's:

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words . . . I insist on't . . . precisely at three.
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now, that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you . . . a pasty? it shall, and it must:
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter! . . . this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg . . . my dear friend! my dear friend!"
Then, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life. . .
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to the door in my own hackney-coach.

Now the vexation begins. Johnson and Burke can't come: the one is at Thrale's, the other at the House of Commons. "Never mind," says the host; "I've provided capital substitutes:

"But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and author like you.
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna* . . . he owns to *Panurge*."

The dinner is served, but there is no pasty; there is fried liver-and-bacon at the top, tripe at the bottom; spinach at the sides, with "pudding made hot." Now, Goldsmith can't eat bacon or tripe; but more offensive to him is the talk of the Jew scribe, who "likes these here dinners so pretty and small." Still, the pasty, with Kitty's famous crust, is promised; the Scot has kept "a corner for thot;" indeed, so have they all, when in comes the maid, with the terrible news from the baker—

And so it fell out, that the negligent sloven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.

NORTHCOTE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GOLDSMITH.

In 1772, Northcote became Reynolds's pupil, and he remembered none of the Leicester-square visitors of the time so vividly as Goldsmith. He had expressed great eagerness

to see him. Soon afterwards he came to dine; and "this is Dr. Goldsmith," said Sir Joshua, "pray why did you wish to see him?" Confused with the suddenness of this question, which was put with designed abruptness, the youth could only stammer out, "because he is a *notable* man;" whereupon (the word in its ordinary sense seeming oddly misapplied) both Goldsmith and Reynolds burst out laughing, and the latter protested that in future his friend should always be *the notable man.* Northcote explains that he meant to say, he was a man of note, or eminence; and adds that he was very unaffected and good-natured, but seemed totally ignorant of the art of painting, and, indeed, often confessed as much with great gaiety. Nevertheless, he used at Burke's table to plunge into art discussions with Barry, when the latter returned from abroad the year following this; and would punish Barry's dislike of Sir Joshua, manifested even so early, by disputing the subtlest dogmas with that irritable genius. With Burke himself, Northcote says, he overheard him sharply disputing one day in Sir Joshua's painting-room about the character of the king; when, so grateful was he for some recent patronage of his comedy, (it was a few months after the present date,) and so outrageous and unsparing was Burke's antimonarchical invective, that, unable any longer to endure it, he took up his hat, and left the room.

Another argument which Northcote overheard at Sir Joshua's dinner-table, was between Johnson and Goldsmith; when the latter put *Venice Preserved* next to Shakspeare for its merit as an acting play, and was loudly contradicted by the other. "Pooh!" roared Johnson, "there are not forty decent lines in the whole of it. What stuff are these?" And then, he quoted as prose, Pierre's scornful reproach to the womanish Jaffier: "What feminine tales hast thou been listening to, of unair'd shirts, catarrhs, and toothache, got by thin-soled shoes?" To which the unconvinced disputant sturdily replied, "True! to be sure! That *is* very like Shakspeare."

Northcote also remembered a new poem coming out that was sent to Reynolds, who had instructed his servant Ralph to bring it in after dinner; when presently Goldsmith laid hold of it, fell into a rage with it before he had read a dozen lines, and exclaiming "What wretched stuff is here! what cursed nonsense *that* is!"—kept all the while marking the passages with his thumb-nail as if he would cut them in

pieces. "Nay, nay," said Sir Joshua, snatching the volume, "don't do so, you shall not spoil my book, neither." These are but a few of Northcote's recollections.

AN OLD SUPPER-HOUSE IN SOHO.

The last century, when people read and thought less of indigestion and its causes than in the present age, was the age of *supper*, perhaps the most social meal of the whole day. This was the time for night-taverns, where, regardless of sleepless nights, folks supped off "rumps and kidneys," and stewed cheese. To enjoy such homely fare, and, at the same time, to enjoy each other's society, Goldsmith delighted to have Johnson to himself, and to sup at a quiet tavern in Soho. This was the once famous Jack's (since Walker's) in Dean-street, kept by a singer of Garrick's company (Jack Roberts), and patronized by Garrick and his friends; "which," says Mr. Forster, "in all but the life that departed from it when *they* departed, to this day exists unchanged; quite unvexed by disturbance or improvement; haunted by the ghosts of the guests that are gone, but not much visited by guests that live; a venerable relic of the *still life* of Goldsmith's age, possessed by an owner who is venerable as itself, and whose memory, faithful to the spot, now lives together with the shades that inhabit them."

Of many pleasant suppers this was the scene; and here Goldsmith would seem to have perpetrated very ancient sallies of wit, to half-grumbling, half-laughing accompaniment from Johnson. "Sir," said the sage one night, as they supped off rumps and kidneys, "these rumps are pretty little things; but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Ay, but how many of them," asked Goldsmith, innocently, "would reach to the moon?" "To the moon?" laughed Johnson.—"Aye, Goldy, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir," says Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray, sir," then says the other, "let us hear." "Why," and here Goldsmith instinctively, no doubt, got as far from Johnson as he could, "*one*, if it were long enough." "Well, sir, I have deserved it," growled the philosopher. "I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question." [This piece of ancient fun is certainly three and a half centuries old; for then it was included by Wynkyn de Worde, in the *Demaundes Joyous*, where it was emprinted as follows: "¶ Demaunde. How many calues

tayles behoueth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? ¶ No more but one if it be longe ynough." These early printers must have been droll old souls.]

ASSEMBLIES IN GOLDSMITH'S TIME.

Goldsmith indulged himself now and then in very oddly-assorted assemblages at his chambers after dinner, which (in allusion to the fashionable ball-rooms of the day) he called his *little Cornelys.** More rarely, at meetings which became afterwards more famous, the titled people who jostled against writers and critics at Shelburne House in Berkeley-square, might be seen wondering and smiling at the simple-looking Irishman who had written the *Deserted Village*. There were Mrs. Vesey's parties, too, more choice and select than Mrs. Montagu's, her friend and imitator; and at both we have traces of Goldsmith: "your wild genius," as Mrs. Vesey's statelier friend, Mrs. Carter, calls him. These blue-stocking routs seem to have been dull enough—these much-talked-about reunions; though sometimes enlivened by Mrs. Vesey's forgetfulness of her own name, and at all times sparkling with Mrs. Montagu's diamonds and bows. Mrs. Thrale's were better, and though the lively little lady made a favourite jest of Goldsmith, he passed happy days with Johnson, both at Southwark and Streatham.—*Abridged from Forster's Life.*

GOLDSMITH CHASTISES A PUBLISHER.

The success of *She Stoops to Conquer* provoked a number of carpings and cavillings from jealous hack authors. Among these attacks was a gross letter addressed to the Doctor, in

* Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, whom Walpole called "the Heidigger of the age," lived in Carlisle House, Soho-square, (so called of the Earls of Carlisle, whose house it was), on the east side, corner of Sutton-street. Here, from 1763 to 1772, was given a series of balls, concerts, and masquerades unparalleled in the annals of public fashion. The present Roman-Catholic chapel in Sutton-street was Mrs. Cornelys's banqueting-room, connected with the house by "a Chinese bridge," and the adjoining gateway was the entrance for sedan-chairs. The premises were taken down in 1803 or 1804. An account of Mrs. Cornelys's entertainments has been privately printed by Mr. T. Mackinlay. Mrs. Cornelys was a German by birth, and by profession a public singer. Her improvidence reduced her to a vendor of asses' milk in Knightsbridge; but she sank still lower, and died in the Fleet prison, in 1797.

the *London Packet*, in which he was not only personally abused as well as his pieces, but the name of Miss Horneck most unwarrantably introduced: the allusion to his "grotesque" person, to his studious attempts to adorn it; and, above all, to his being an unsuccessful admirer of the lovely H—k (the Jessamy Bride), struck rudely upon the most sensitive part of his highly sensitive nature. He was in a high state of excitement and indignation, and accompanied by his friend, who is said to have been a Captain Higgins of the Marines, he repaired to Paternoster-row, to the shop of Evans, the publisher, whom he supposed to be the editor of the paper. Evans was summoned by his shopman from an adjoining room; Goldsmith announced his name. "I have called," added he, "in consequence of a scurrilous attack made upon me, and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As for myself, I care little; but her name must not be sported with."

Evans professed utter ignorance of the matter, and said he would speak to the editor. He stooped to examine a file of the paper, in search of the offensive article; whereupon Goldsmith's friend gave him a signal: and the cane was vigorously applied to the back of the stooping publisher. The latter rallied in an instant, and, being a stout, high-blooded Welshman, returned the blows with interest. A lamp hanging overhead was broken, and sent down a shower of oil upon the combatants; but the battle raged with unceasing fury. The shopman ran off for a constable; but Dr. Kenrick, who happened to be in the adjacent room, sallied forth, interfered between the combatants, and put an end to the affray. He conducted Goldsmith to a coach, in battered and tattered plight, and accompanied him home, soothing him with much mock commiseration, though he was generally suspected, and on good grounds, to be the author of the libel.

Evans immediately instituted a suit against Goldsmith for an assault, but was ultimately prevailed upon to compromise the matter, the poet contributing fifty pounds to the Welsh charity. He subsequently published a vindication of his conduct, which Dr. Johnson condemned as "a foolish thing well done," adding that Goldsmith's success had probably led him to think everything that concerned him must be of importance to the public.

DR. JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH DISPUTE.

There was a dinner at the Dillys', the booksellers, in the Poultry, at which Boswell met Goldsmith and Johnson, with several other literary characters. The conversation turned upon the natural history of birds, on which the poet, from his recent studies, his habits of observation, and his natural tastes, must have talked with instruction and feeling; but Boswell has only reported a casual remark or two of Goldsmith. One was on the migration of swallows, which he pronounced partial: "the stronger ones," said he, "migrate, the others do not."

Johnson denied to the brute creation the faculty of reason. "Birds," said he, "build by instinct; they never improve; they build their first nest as well as any one they ever build." "Yet we see," observed Goldsmith, "if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay again." "Sir," replied Johnson, "that is because at first she has full time, and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mention, she is pressed to lay, and must, therefore, make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." "The nidification of birds," said Goldsmith, "is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."

While conversation was going on in this placid, agreeable, and instructive manner, the eternal meddler and busy-body, Boswell, must intrude to put it in a brawl. The Dillys were dissenters; two of their guests were dissenting clergymen; another, Mr. Toplady, was a clergyman of the established church. Johnson himself was a zealous uncompromising churchman. Goldsmith mingled a little in the dispute, and with some advantage, but was cut short by flat contradictions when most in the right. He sat for a short time silent, but impatient, under such overbearing dogmatism, though Boswell, with his usual misinterpretation, attributes his "restless agitation" to a wish *to get in and shine.* "Finding himself excluded," continues Boswell, "he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for a time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the end of a long night, lingers for a little while to see if he can have a favourable opportunity to finish with success." Once he was beginning to speak, when he was overpowered by the loud voice of

Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive his attempt; whereupon he threw down, as it were, his hat and his argument, and darting an angry glance at Johnson, exclaimed in a bitter tone, "*Take it.*"

Just then one of the disputants was beginning to speak, when Johnson uttered some sound, as if about to interrupt him, Goldsmith, according to Boswell, seized the opportunity to vent his own *envy and spleen*, under pretext of supporting another person. "Sir," said he, to Johnson, "the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him." It was a reproof in Johnson's own style, and he may have felt that he merited it; but he was not accustomed to be reproved. "Sir," said he, sternly, "I was not interrupting the gentleman; I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, *you are impertinent.*" Goldsmith made no reply, but after some time went away, having another engagement.

That evening, as Boswell was on the way with Johnson and Langton to the Club, he seized the occasion to make some disparaging remarks on Goldsmith, which he thought would just then be acceptable to Johnson. "It was a pity," he said, "that Goldsmith would, on every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he so often exposed himself." Langton contrasted him with Addison, who, content with the fame of his writings, acknowledged himself unfit for conversation; and, on being taxed by a lady with silence in company, replied, "Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." To this Boswell rejoined, that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but was always taking out his purse. "Yes, sir," chuckled Johnson, "and that so often an empty purse."

By the time Johnson arrived at the Club, however, his angry feelings had subsided, and his native generosity and sense of justice had got the uppermost. He found Goldsmith in company with Burke, Garrick, and other members, but sitting silent and apart, "brooding," as Boswell says, "over the reprimand he had received." Johnson's good heart yearned towards him; and knowing his placable nature, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me," whispered he; then, with a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith," said he, "something passed to-day where you and I dined—*I ask your pardon.*" The ire of the poet was extinguished in an instant, and his grateful affection for the magnanimous, though sometimes overbearing.

moralist rushed to his heart. "It must be much from you, sir," said he, "that I take ill!" "And so," adds Boswell, "the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual."

At another meeting, Johnson spoke disparagingly of the learning of a Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, and doubted his being a good Grecian.* "He is what is much better," cried Goldsmith, with prompt goodnature, "he is a worthy, humane man." "Nay, sir," rejoined the logical Johnson, "that is not to the purpose of our argument; that will prove that he can play upon the fiddle as well as Giardini, as that he is an eminent Grecian." Goldsmith found he had got into a scrape, and seized upon Giardini to help him out of it. "The greatest musical performers," said he, dexterously turning the conversation, "have but small emoluments; Giardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year." "That is indeed but little for a man to get," observed Johnson, "who does best that which so many endeavour to do. There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle."

THE HORNECKS.—"THE JESSAMY BRIDE."

Goldsmith had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a most agreeable family from Devonshire, which he met at the house of his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. It consisted of Mrs. Horneck, widow of Captain Kane Horneck; two daughters, seventeen and nineteen years of age; and an only son Charles, the *Captain in Lace*, as his sisters called him, he having lately entered the Guards. The daughters were described as uncommonly beautiful, intelligent, sprightly, and agreeable. Catherine, the eldest, went among her friends by the name of *Little Comedy:* she was engaged to William Henry Bunbury, second son of a Suffolk baronet. The hand and heart of her sister Mary were yet unengaged, although

* James Harris, the celebrated philologist, best known by his *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Language and Universal Grammar*, a work which Lowth characterized as one of the most beautiful pieces of analysis which had appeared since the days of Aristotle. For fourteen years he did little else than study the Greek and Latin authors with the greatest diligence. Goldsmith's estimate of his private character was well founded; it was excellent, and his son's admiration for him proves that his moral nature was so perfect as to secure the respect of those who had the best possible opportunity of judging it.

she bore the byname among her friends of the *Jessamy Bride*. This family were prepared, by their intimacy with Reynolds, to appreciate the merits of Goldsmith: they were delighted with his guileless simplicity, his buoyant good-nature, and innate benevolence, and an enduring intimacy soon sprang up between them. For once poor Goldsmith had met with lovely women, to whom his ugly features were not repulsive. A proof of the easy and playful terms on which he was with them, remains in a whimsical epistle in verse, of which the following was the occasion. A dinner was to be given to their family, by a Dr. Baker, a friend of their mother's, at which Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann were to be present. The young ladies were eager to have Goldsmith of the party, and their intimacy with Dr. Baker allowing them to take the liberty, they wrote a joint invitation to the poet at the last moment. It came too late, and drew from him the following reply; on the top of which was scrawled, "This *is* a poem! This *is* a copy of verses!"

"Your mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night—
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffmann beside,
And the *Jessamy Bride*,
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses too,
Little Comedy's face,
And the *Captain in Lace*—
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To befrolic like him:
But alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's *Advertiser!*"*

It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Miss Hornecks, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and

* The following lines had appeared in that day's *Advertiser*, on the portrait of Sir Joshua, by Angelica Kauffmann:—

"While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
Paints Conway's burly form and Stanhope's face;
Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.
But when the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds! with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride, we own
Such strength, such harmony, excelled by none,
And thou art rivalled by thyself alone."

that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor, Mr. William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, besides separate articles of dress. Among the items, we find a green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom colour. Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects; how much of it was to atone for the uncouthness of thy person, and to win favour in the eyes of the Jessamy Bride!

We have recorded the touching instance of the lady's affection for the Poet, in begging a lock of his hair, at page 294.

Washington Irving, at the close of his gracefully-written *Life of Goldsmith*, says, with exquisite feeling: "If we have dwelt with more significancy than others upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty, and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended, by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death."

GOLDSMITH, WALPOLE, AND CHATTERTON.

On the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, Goldsmith was appointed Professor of History. On St. George's day, 1771, the first Annual Dinner was given, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President, took the chair. At this first Academy dinner, there occurred a conversation between Goldsmith and Horace Walpole, which some years subsequently became evidence as to the belief in the Chatterton invention. The incident is referred to by Mr. Forster, who evinces strong sympathy upon the subject, looking rather at the in-

genuity than the integrity of the poet. "A fragment of the conversation has survived; and," says Mr. Forster, "takes us from it to the darkest contrast, the most deplorable picture of human misery and disadvantage, which even these pages have described. Goldsmith spoke of an extraordinary boy who had come up to London from Bristol, died very miserably, and left a wonderful treasure of ancient poetry behind him. Horace Walpole listened carelessly at first, it would seem; but soon perceived in the subject of the conversation a special interest for himself. Some years afterwards, he described what had passed with an affectation of equanimity which even then he did not feel. 'Dining at the Royal Academy,' he said, 'Doctor Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with the account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found that this was the *trouvaille* of my friend Chatterton; and I told Doctor Goldsmith that this novelty was known to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith. But though his incredulity diverted me, my mirth was soon daunted; for on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. The persons of honour and veracity who were present will attest with what surprise and concern I thus first heard of his death!'

"Yes; for the concern was natural, even a Goldsmith credulity, for once, would have been Walpole's better friend. His mirth was dashed at the time, and his peace was for many years invaded by that image of Chatterton. 'From the time he resisted the imposition,' says Miss Hawkins, in her considerate way, 'he began to go down in public favour.' An imposition it undoubtedly was, even such an imposition as he had himself attempted with his *Castle of Otranto;* and he had a perfect right to resist it. It was no guilt he had committed, but it was a great occasion lost. The poor boy who invented *Rowley,* (the most wonderful invention of literature, all things considered,) had not only communicated his discovery to 'the learned Mr. Walpole,' but the learned Mr. Walpole had with profuse respect and deference believed in it, till Gray and Mason laughed at him; when turning coldly away from Chatterton's eager proposals, he planted in that

young ambitious heart its bitterest thorn. As for Goldsmith's upholding of the authenticity of *Rowley*, it may pass with a smile, if it really meant anything more than a belief in poor Chatterton himself; and it is a pity that Dr. Percy should have got up a quarrel with him about it, as he is said to have done."

CUMBERLAND AND GOLDSMITH.

That sour critic, Richard Cumberland, in whose ink there must have been unusually large proportions of gall and vinegar, has left some pungent passage upon the comparative value of Goldsmith's compilations and his original works.

Of the latter Goldsmith left this specimen exercised upon the Critic himself:

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather, like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies, so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud,
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleased with their own:
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that mainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

GOLDSMITH'S INDEPENDENCE.

Dr. Scott was commissioned by Lord North to propose to Goldsmith a *carte blanche* if he would write for the ministry. The Doctor waited upon Oliver in his chambers in the Temple, but with what success let his noble answer tell: "I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, you offer is unnecessary."

SHERIDAN DRAMATIZES THE "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

Sheridan left among his papers a dramatic sketch, founded on the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which, from a date on the

manuscript (1768), appears to have been produced when he was only in his seventeenth year. Here is a part of the second scene, sufficient to show how very soon Sheridan's talent for lively dialogue displayed itself:

THORNHILL AND ARNOLD.

Thornhill.—Nay, prithee, Jack, no more of that, if you love me. What, shall I stop short with the game in full view? Faith, I believe the fellow's turned Puritan. What think you of turning Methodist, Jack? You have a tolerable good canting countenance, and, if escaped being taken up for a Jesuit, you might make a fortune in Moorfields.

Arnold.—I was serious, Tom.

Thorn.—Splenetic, you mean. Come, fill your glass, and a truce to your preaching. Here's a pretty fellow has let his conscience sleep for these five years, and has now plucked morality from the leaves of his grandmother's Bible, beginning to declaim against what he has practised half his lifetime. Why, I tell you once more, my schemes are all come to perfection. I am now convinced Olivia loves me—at our last conversation, she said she would rely wholly upon my honour.

Arn.—And therefore you would deceive her.

Thorn.—Why no—deceive her?—why indeed—as to that—but—for God's sake, let me hear no more on this subject, for, faith, you make me sad, Jack. If you continue your admonitions, I shall begin to think you have an eye yourself on the girl. You promised me your assistance, and when you came down into the country, were as hot on the scheme as myself: but since you have been two or three times with me at Primrose's, you have fallen off strangely. No encroachments, Jack, on my little rosebud—if you have a mind to beat up game in that quarter, there's her sister—but no poaching.

Then there is the character of Lady Patchet: "it seems that last year her ladyship's reputation began to suffer a little; so that she thought it prudent to retire for awhile, till people learned better manners, or got worse memories."

The design which Sheridan thus early chalked out, but never completed, has been executed by other hands. The *Vicar of Wakefield* has since been several times dramatized, and we believe, in each instance, with success. Thomas Dibdin produced a very popular version at the Surrey Theatre.

THE COLMANS.

THE COLMAN FAMILY.

THE founder of this noted family of wits, was Francis Colman, who was appointed resident minister at the Court of Vienna in 1721; and who was brother-in-law to the celebrated William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath. Mrs. Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, and Mrs. Francis Colman, being daughters of Mrs. Gumley, through this family connexion, Mr. Colman enjoyed the friendship of Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles Hanbury) Williams, of whom Horace Walpole said, "he was in flower for an ode or two." Another of Colman's distinguished correspondents was George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. But a more interesting friend was the poet Gay, whom we find writing to Colman from Bath, August 23, 1721, as follows:—

I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and pass my time very agreeably. I left Chiswick about three weeks ago, and have been ever since at the Bath, for the colical humour in my stomach that you have heard me often complain of. Here is very little company that I know. I expect a summons very suddenly to go with Lord Burlington into Yorkshire. You must think that I cannot be now and then without some thoughts that give me uneasiness, who have not the least prospect of ever being independent: my friends do a great deal for me, but I think I could do more for them.

* * * * * *

You will hear before my letter can reach you of poor Lord Warwick's death: it has given me many a melancholy reflection; I loved him, and cannot help feeling concern whenever I think of him. Dear Colman, be as cheerful as you can, never sink under a disappointment; I give you the advice which I have always endeavoured to follow, though I hope you will have no occasion to practise it, for I heartily wish you may be always cheerful, and that you may always have very good reasons to be so.

My service to Mrs. Colman. Direct to me at White's, if you will give me the pleasure of hearing from you.

I am, dear Colman, yours most sincerely,

J. GAY.

Colman was subsequently appointed Minister at Florence, where he continued to reside several years. We find Pulteney writing to him to purchase for him a quantity of damask for furniture, "very rich, and the pattern very large." Pulteney was a miser, so that we are not surprised at his chiding Colman for his extravagance. "What makes you throw away your money in presents," writes Pulteney: "I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on any other body's: believe me, Colman, there are few people worth valuing in the world so much as to make oneself a farthing the poorer for them.* For my part, I own that I am grown quite out of humour with the world; and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it."

However, Lord Bath proves in various ways, a great friend to the person thus addressed.

BIRTH OF GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.

George Colman, the elder, was born at Florence early in 1732. Garrick, travelling in Italy, some thirty years later, (1763,) writes to Colman: "Before I left Florence I had much conversation with an old servant of your father's, who lives with Sir Horace Mann: he remembers your being born, and showed me the house where you first crawled and cried: I looked at it for ten minutes with pleasure. I need not tell you how well I am prepared to set you right, if you should hereafter make any mistakes about your age; and I fear that we already differ a year or two in the calculation."

DEATH OF FRANCIS COLMAN.

The Tuscan minister was ever performing kindly offices for his noble friends; in the autumn of 1732, Lord Essex writes to him at Florence, requesting that his steward should buy

* Lord Bath's (Pulteney's) parsimony in trifling matters, was sometimes laughable. The late George Colman related the following anecdote, which he had from his father: "Across a lane, near his country-house, through which his lordship often passed in his carriage, a gate was placed, which was opened for travellers by a poor old woman. His lordship, one day, touched by her appearance, gave the word to halt; the outriders echoed the order, the coachman pulled up, the cavalcade stood still; and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his coach, bedizened with coronets, and drawn by four horses, threw to the venerable object of his bounty, a halfpenny."—Lord Bath died worth 1,200,000*l.*, no wonder.—Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, vol. ii.

for him a good Parmesan cheese, and some Mortadellos; white and red wine of Italy; marble Florentine tables, with birds and flowers on them, &c.

The minister's health now began to decline, and in December, 1732, we find him residing at Pisa, and writing to his wife, who, on account of the climate of Italy not agreeing with her, mostly resided in England. In this letter to his "dearest life" Colman complains of the cold weather, though he has one of the warmest and pleasantest little bedchambers—the sun coming in from fifteen in the morning till twenty-three hours at night; and in the next room is a chimney. He sends his love to his children, Caroline and George: they had each of them the honour of a royal godfather and godmother, as children of a British plenipotentiary, from whence they took their names.

Francis Colman appears to have had the same predilections for the theatre, as were so conspicuously displayed by his son, George Colman, the elder; and his grandson, George Colman, the younger. He produced the opera of *Ariadne in Naxos*, with which Senesino opened at Lincoln's Inn Fields' Theatre, in January, 1734; and he had already, in 1730, made the engagement with Senesino for his performance at the opera, under Handel's management, for the season of 1730-31. Among the engagements made by Colman was that of Senesino, for 1400 guineas: she sang four times in *Scipio*, the King and Queen being present at each performance.

In 1730, we find William Hoare, one of the first Royal Academicians, introduced to Colman at Genoa, by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; when Hoare requited some civilities shown him by painting Colman's portrait; another portrait, in crayons, was painted by Rosalba, of Florence.

Colman must have been a very agreeable minister at Florence; for we find Pulteney thus writing to him in August, 1731:

> Mrs. Pulteney has received a letter from the Duchess of Buckingham: it is filled with praises of you and Mrs. Colman, and gives a long account of all your civilities. Such a number of English as have lately passed through Florence must have been extremely expensive to you, but Don Carlos's future favour must make up all. I expect to hear of his being your chief favourite, for which reason I have sent you a silver tureen, if that be not nonsense, but it is as good sense as a silver inkhorn; in which I beg you will give Don Carlos the first olio he eats in Italy.

Colman lingered at Pisa till April, 1733, when death relieved him from further suffering. Mrs. Colman was present, and she writes to Mrs. Tyndall, at Florence, desiring that she will take all possible care of the child, and little Peace, the former being little George Colman, and the latter his eldest sister Caroline.

On her return to England, Mrs. Colman was allowed, by favour of the King, to reside during her long widowhood, until her death in 1767, in a house which stood near Rosamond's Pond, in the south-west corner of St. James's Park. The house is marked like a capital I in the plan of St. Margaret's Parish, in Strype's edition of Stow's *London*, 1720, vol. ii. book iv. p. 67. It has long since been pulled down, and the Pond was filled up in 1770.

The library of Francis Colman was sold to the celebrated Tom Osborne, the bookseller, in Gray's Inn.

GEORGE COLMAN AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

On the demise of Francis Colman, the care of his son George was generously assumed by his aunt's husband, Pulteney, Earl of Bath, by whom he was sent to Westminster School. Here was then Cumberland, the dramatic writer; Dr. Nicholls was head-master, Dr. Johnson (afterwards Bishop of Worcester) second-master, and Vinney Bourne was usher of the fifth form; Pierson Lloyd, father of the poet, Robert Lloyd, was at the fourth. Cracherode, the munificent benefactor to the British Museum, was then in the head election, esteemed by all. At the head of the town-boys was the Earl of Huntingdon; Warren Hastings, Colman, and Lloyd, were in the under-school; and Hinchliffe, Smith, and Vincent, then three boys at school together, afterwards rose to be severally head-masters of the school,—not by the decease of any one of them.

We shall have hereafter to say something of Colman's school associations, which, contrary to the usual fate of such friendships, were matured in after-life.

COLMAN'S FIRST VERSES.

Colman's first poetical production was some verses to his cousin, Lord Pulteney, son of the Earl of Bath: they were written in 1747, while Colman was at Westminster, and

appeared originally in the *St. James's Magazine*, conducted by Lloyd. These rhymes are somewhat Hudibrastic, commencing:

> To you, my Lord, these lines I write,
> Lest you forget poor Coley quite;
> Who still is drudging in the college,
> In slow pursuit of further knowledge.

Early in 1750, Colman had risen to be second boy in the school, and was about to be put in nomination for election as King's Scholar to Cambridge or Oxford; but on the suggestion of Lord Bath, this was delayed for a year. His lordship, in a letter to "Dear Coley," urging this delay, writes thus encouragingly: "you may always depend upon me, provided you deserve my friendship; and to encourage you to study hard, and improve yourself by all manner of ways, wherever you shall be, I will tell you that I look upon you almost like a second son, and will never suffer you to want anything whilst it is in my power to procure it for you."

It was this letter which gave rise to the scandalous rumour that the Earl was Colman's father by his wife's sister, Mary Colman, the wife of Francis Colman: but this has been long disproved. Colman's mother, it would seem, lived not on the best terms with her sister the Countess, or the Earl; the reason is nowhere discoverable.

COLMAN AT OXFORD.

At the election in 1751, Colman was returned at the head of the list of Westminster scholars who were sent to Oxford, where he matriculated at Christ Church.

While at Oxford, Colman commenced essay-writing with "the Vision," printed as No. 90 of the *Adventurer*, (Sept. 15, 1753,) conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth. In the same year, Lord Bath wrote to Colman as to his future studies; telling him that he has entered him at Lincoln's Inn, and recommending him to keep Murray, the Solicitor-General, (afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield,) as the example to follow; but evidently showing his predilections for "playhouses" as a matter of much disquiet to his Lordship, in the coming vacation.

On Colman's return to Oxford, he started *The Connoisseur*, in conjunction with Bonnell Thornton.

COLMAN AND THE DRAMA.

Although Colman was admitted into Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, he soon left it for dramatic pursuits. Lord Bath, however, continued to impress upon him the danger of "running after plays," and hoping that his increased revenue would enable him "to add a cotelet to his dinner, and a couple of oysters to his supper." About 1755, we find Colman, in the *Law Student*, thus depicting his own position:

> Now Christ Church left, and fix'd at Lincoln's Inn,
> Th' important studies of the law begin—
> There are whom love of poesy has smit,
> Who blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
> Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
> With attic flow'rs and classic wreaths bestrow'd.

In one of his letters, Jan. 20, 1755, Lord Bath writes:

> Let me place Mr. Murray, the present Attorney-General, before your eyes; look stedfastly towards him, and see what a rapid progress he hath made towards wealth and great reputation. You have as good parts. . . . When you are at Lincoln's Inn, I tell you beforehand, that I will have you closely watched, and be constantly informed how you employ your time. . . . I must have no running to playhouses.

Colman, in his wanderings met another errant genius, in William Cowper, then a noviciate in the law, and settled in chambers in the Inner Temple, where Colman, Bonnell Thornton, and Lloyd were visitors, and induced Cowper to contribute to the *Connoisseur*.

Still more germane was Colman's introduction to Garrick, through a "genteel compliment," in a pamphlet which he published anonymously, asserting the wrongs of Theophilus Cibber and Macklin. Colman had already some weight as a critic, for his opinion of Murphy's farce of the *Upholsterer* induced Garrick to perform it early.

In March, 1758, Colman received the degree of Master of Arts, the fees of 20 guineas being paid by Lord Bath, who jocularly expected the same to be refunded, with interest, and hoped shortly to see him at Tunbridge Wells, where he and his Lady were eating venison and wheatears at every meal.

COLMAN ON THE CIRCUIT.

In 1759, Colman, when upon the Oxford Circuit, by his tact as an advocate, rescued two men from the extreme penalty of the law; to which Lord Bath thus alludes in a letter to "Dear Coley:"

I am glad to hear of your notable success at Oxford. You say you have got two guineas by saving two men from hanging: I wish you was to have two guineas a piece for every man in Oxford that deserves to be hanged, and then the University would be of some use to you. At Worcester, I doubt you will get but little; but get acquainted with two or three roguish attorneys, and they will lay you in a stock of causes for next assizes, when you are to be no longer at my expense.

COLMAN'S EARLY VERSE.

Colman began with parody, in 1759, when he wrote *Two Odes to Obscurity and to Oblivion*, parodies on those of Mason and Gray. Walpole refers to this attack in a letter to Mason: "He [Mr. Payne Knight] tells a silly falsehood of Gray being terrified from writing by Lloyd's and Colman's trash that was squirted from the kennel against you both," &c.

Among Colman's early associates was Churchill, who, in his *Rosciad*, proposed Colman as a judge to decide on the pretensions of the candidates for the chair of Roscius—but he was thought too juvenile:

> For Colman many; but the peevish tongue
> Of prudent age found out that he was young.

COLMAN'S FIRST FARCE.

On Dec. 5, 1760, Colman's first attempt in farce was highly successful: it was *Polly Honeycomb*, a satire levelled at the ridiculous prevalence of novel-reading, the name being taken from that of the editor of the *Royal Female Magazine*—Charles Honeycomb, esquire—probably one of Lloyd's unsuccessful schemes. Colman's name as the author did not transpire; nor was the Earl of Bath apprized of it till the great success of the *Jealous Wife* established the author's dramatic fame.

"THE JEALOUS WIFE."

This, Colman's first and best play, was, when first submitted to Garrick, a strange hotch-potch; but he soon re-

duced it to its present form. Still, Garrick had great misgivings as to his study of Oakley, which are very amusing, as he was the original representative of the character: it was first played Feb. 26, 1761, and met with greater approbation than anything since the *Suspicious Husband.* Colman dedicated the *Jealous Wife* to his noble patron: this refutes the report which obtained general belief, that he forfeited Lord Bath's friendship through his pursuit of the Drama.

Walpole misrepresents the *Jealous Wife*, as "a very indifferent play, so well acted as to have succeeded greatly." Upon this, Croker notes: "The *Jealous Wife* still keeps the stage, and does not deserve to be so slightingly spoken of: but there were private reasons which might possibly warp Mr. Walpole's judgment on the works of Colman. He was the nephew of Lord Bath, and the *Jealous Wife* was dedicated to that great rival of Sir Robert Walpole."

"THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE."

This newspaper, which exists to the present day, was established in 1761, by Colman, in co-partnership with Bonnell Thornton and Garrick, aided by contributions of literary intelligence, literary contests, and anecdotes of wit and humour. Colman wrote for it a series of essays and humorous sketches, among which was the *Genius*, which greatly pleased Lord Bath. By his Lordship's suggestion, Colman now collected and published Mrs. Carter's Poems, with a dedication to the Earl of Bath, which his Lordship himself wrote.

The printer of, and co-partner in, the *St. James's Chronicle* was Henry Baldwin, bred under Mr. Justice Ackers, of Clerkenwell, the original printer of the *London Magazine.* He commenced business, first in Whitefriars, then in Fleet-street, and finally in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, in a house built for him, in our time the office of the *Standard* newspaper. He died at Richmond in 1813.

COLMAN AND GARRICK.

In the *St. James's Magazine*, April, 1763, Colman thus mentions Garrick and himself:

> Garrick's a dealer in grimaces,
> A haberdasher of wry faces,
> A hypocrite in all his stages,
> Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;

As undertaker's men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and sob,
And of their passions make a job.

And Colman too, that little sinner,
That essay weaver, drama spinner,
Too much the comic sock will use,
For 'tis the law must find him shoes;
And tho' he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He swims, and has a pretty notion,—
Inform him, Lloyd, for all his grin,
That Harry Fielding holds his chin.

When Garrick and his wife set out on the tour of Italy, in the autumn of 1763, David judiciously assigned Colman some share in the management of Drury-lane. Here he revived, with alterations, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, for which Colman wrote a prologue, one of the best things of the kind we have. He next produced his farce of the *Deuce is in Him*, which became very popular.

The dramatist and the Roscius, however, soon differed, and the breach was not healed before Garrick, in this verse complimented, Dec. 20, 1765, Colman on his *Terence*:

Joy to my friend, an English wit,
Which Johnson, Congreve, Vanbrugh writ,
My Terence shall be known:
Joy to myself! for all the fame
Which ever shall attend thy name,
I feel as half my own.

Then he writes to tell Colman that Dr. South pronounces Colman's translation most excellent. Next we find the politic David writing this kind of rondeau while the parson was preaching on Christmas-day morning:

TO GEORGE COLMAN.

Christmas Day.

May Christmas give thee all her cheer,
And lead thee to a happy year!
Though wicked gout has come by stealth,
And threats encroachment on my health;
Though still my foes indulge their spite,
And what their malice prompts will write;
Though now to me the stage is hateful,
And he who owes me most, ungrateful;
Yet think not, George, my hours are sad;
Oh no! my heart is more than glad:
That moment all my cares were gone,
When you and I again were one.
This gives to Christmas all its cheer,
And leads me to a happy year.

DEATH OF LORD BATH.

The Earl of Bath, on whom Colman relied for a provision, died somewhat suddenly, on July 7, 1764,* leaving an annuity of 900 guineas per annum to Colman, to whom he had continued his favour and protection to the day of his death: he entered his house as familiarly as his own chambers, and occupied without invitation a place at his table: his son, Lord Pulteney, received Colman as his friend, and in his will made a sort of bequest to Colman, which Walpole thus describes:

> Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Pulteney left a kind of will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his post-chaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman; the same sum and his pictures to another cousin; and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Lockman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could, and for the chaise and pictures, they might buy them if they pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he expressed great anger at the last article, saying, that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.—Walpole's *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 91.

COLMAN'S "TERENCE."

In 1765, Colman published his admirable translation of the comedies of Terence; the *Eunuch* he inscribed to the King's Scholars at Westminster School, and presented a copy to Thomas Winstanley, their captain, who, in reply, sent the following lines:

> Siccine captat adhuc purus te sermo Terenti,
> Ut juvet eloquio jam decorare novo?
> Nec mirum: *interpres* quas reddis adultus, *agendo*
> In senis aderas haud minor ipse puer.

To make the turn of this epigram clear, it should be understood that when Colman was a King's scholar, he was reckoned a very good actor in Terence's Comedies, which are

* Poor Lady Bath had a paralytic stroke, in August, 1758: Walpole writes: "Never heard a greater instance of cool sense: she made signs for a pen and ink, and wrote *Palsy*. They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered." But she died in the following month, at Bath House, Piccadilly.

represented by the Westminsters previously to the Christmas holidays; and the following paraphrase, by the late George Colman the Younger, gives the English reader some idea of the point in the Latin tetrastic:

> Is then your love of Terence still so true,
> That his pure style is graced again by you?
> Well may the man whole dramas thus translate,
> Whose parts the boy so well could personate.

We find evidence of the translator's proficiency as an actor in the following cast of characters for the *Phormio*, acted in December, since it contains the names of Colman and Lloyd, and of Hobart, who for some time conducted the Italian Opera. There is a doubt about the correctness of the parts assigned to two of the actors. The list is from the notes of Archdeacon Nares:

Phormio, 1749.

Antipho	*Hobart.*
Chremes	*Smith.*
Demipho	*Lloyd.*
Phædria	*Bagot.*
Geta	*Colman.*
Phormio	*Vane.*
Nausistrata	*Alt.*
Sophrona	*Andrews.*
Dorio	*Shipton.* (?)
Davus	*Hales.*
Hegio	*Emily.*
Cratinus	*Webster.*
Crito	*Sellon.* (?)

"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE."

In the summer of 1765, Colman and Garrick set about completing the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*: though, professedly, a secret on both hands, there are sufficient facts to show that the conjoint labour of the writers was known to their particular friends.

As the season advanced, Garrick positively refused to play the part of Lord Ogilby, upon which Colman had calculated. At this he grew petulant, which being carried to Garrick by an intermeddler, he felt aggrieved. Among other things, it was said that Garrick claimed to have written the character, which much incensed Colman; and the rights of the authorship of the piece do not appear to have been

cleared up until 1820, by George Colman the Younger. The probable process was that they both consulted, first, as to the general plan, and secondly, as to the conduct of the incidents and scenes; then wrote separately, and afterwards compared and modified together what each hadcomposed. The rough sketch in existence affords no clue to discover which of the authors first started the idea of founding a comedy on Hogarth's plates of *Marriage à la Mode;* but it establishes the fact that the plan and principal characters were designed by Colman. One of Garrick's greatest merits in the work was planning the incidents of the last act—the alarm of the families, and bringing them from their beds, was Garrick's.

Walpole says of this comedy, "I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert, when they write ill separately; however, I am heartily glad the Clive shines."

BENSLEY REHEARSING.

Bensley was originally a lieutenant in the Marines, and commenced his theatrical career, in 1765, at Drury-lane, as Pierre, in *Venice Preserved.* He was drilled into this character by George Colman the Elder, at whose house, at Richmond, then in the Vineyard,* Bensley was a frequent guest. There were then upon the small mount in Richmond Park, the well-known "Six Tubs," placed upright. Thither Bensley used to repair alone at sunrise, to rehearse Pierre, till at last he excited the suspicion of one of the park-keepers, who wondered to see a stranger at so early an hour every morning, violently clenching his fists at the green seats or tubs. The park-keeper, therefore, thinking it his duty to watch the stranger's motions, lay wait in the ferns, close to the spot; and on hearing him not only say to the tubs,

> You, my Lords, and Fathers,
> As you are pleased to call yourselves of Venice,—

but also perceiving him to single out one particular tub as "the Great Duke," of whose wife† he made a very scurrilous mention, he concluded poor Bensley to be as mad as a March hare; but finding that he did no mischief, and conceiving,

* Colman hired a house in the Vineyard, before he built his villa, Bath House, on the banks of the Thames.

† "And saw your wife, the Adriatic," &c.—Otway's *Venice Preserved.*

too, that abusing the old Doges and the Venetian senators, was not high treason in England, he let the matter pass.

COLMAN A MANAGER.

In March, 1767, Colman signed an agreement with his friend Powell for a share in Covent-garden Theatre, by which he entirely lost the goodwill of General Pulteney, who had offered him a seat in Parliament, and to provide amply for him, if he would quit his theatrical connexions, particularly Miss Ford, who afterwards became his wife. Of course, there was a coolness between Garrick and Colman: "Our friends," says David, "will stir heaven and earth to bring us together: make the best of it, it will be but a darn." But they were reconciled, and a dinner took place in consequence at Bath, where all were very merry.

Colman, by the death of his mother, acquired 6000*l.*, so that, after all, he was not dependent on Lord Bath and General Pulteney for every shilling of his fortune. The General now cancelled all that part of Lord Bath's will, which he had promised to confirm, relative to his succession to the Newport estate, which the General commuted for an annuity of 400*l.* per annum.

Neither the Earl of Bath nor his brother, General Pulteney,* left heirs of their bodies; and the manner in which the latter bequeathed his immense wealth, shows too plainly the disastrous results of the folly of Colman's conduct.

On Sept. 7, 1767, the new manager and his copartners opened Covent-garden with a prologue written by Whitehead, the Poet Laureate. Dr. Johnson had been requested to write the address, but declined. A sort of civil war soon broke out between the four proprietors; notwithstanding which they produced in their first season, Bickerstaff's *Lionel and Clarissa;* Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man;* and Murphy's *Zenobia.* Colman also revived the play of *Cymbeline*, and Tate's adaptation of *King Lear.*

* General Pulteney died Oct. 26, 1767. It was stated in November following, that besides the immense fortune left by the General, there was the reversionary grant of the ground in Arlington-street, all Piccadilly, to Hyde Park Corner, in all forty acres, built on, which, at the expiration of the leases, would bring in 100,000*l.* a year, confirmed by Act of Parliament to Lord Bath, when he obtained his title.—Peake's *Colman Family,* vol. i. p. 208.

KITTY CLIVE'S LETTER.

Colman resided for several years at Richmond, in a villa which Sanderson, the stage-carpenter, had built for him. On the death of Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Clive, who had some ten years retired from the stage to Little Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, wrote to Colman the following kind letter exactly as it is spelt and punctuated:

Twickenham, April 12, 1771.

SIR,

I hope you heard, that I sent my servant to town to inquire how you did; indeed I have been greatly surprisd and sincerly concernd for your unexpected distress; there is nothing can be said upon these melancholy occations to a person of understanding. Fools can not feel people of sence must, and will, and when they have sank their spirits till they are ill, will find that nothing but submission can give any consolation to inevitable misfortunes.

I shall be extreamly glad to see you, and think it woud be very right if you woud come and dine hear two or three days in a week, it will change the sceen, and by the sincerity of your wellcome you may fancy your self at home.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obliged hum. Servant,
C. CLIVE.

FALLS IN A THEATRE.

On Oct. 22, 1771, when Macklin was announced at Covent-garden Theatre, to perform Shylock, one J. Ferguson, a printer, being foremost in the rush to the upper gallery, ran with such force over the seats to get into the first row, that he fell over into the pit, and in his fall came in contact with one of the glass chandeliers, which descended with him, and was shattered to fragments. Ferguson seemed much hurt; his thigh and three of his ribs being considered as broken. He was carried home, and medical aid applied; and in a week had so far recovered as to be able to walk, for no limbs had been broken; and he soon after addressed to Mr. Colman a letter of thankfulness for his humane attention to him.

A similar instance is recorded of a man falling from the upper gallery into the pit, on Feb. 6, 1739, when Rich was manager of Covent-garden. This accident was, however, attended with worse consequences than that related above, for the poor fellow had a broken limb, and was otherwise greatly injured. Rich paid all the expenses. On his recovery, the man waited on Rich to thank him for his humane con-

duct, when the manager, pleased with the sufferer's gratitude, told him, "He was welcome to the freedom of the pit so long as he lived, provided he would never think of coming into it in that manner again."

COLMAN AND "THE BEGGARS' OPERA."

One morning, Colman received from Bow-street the following note:

Bow-street, October, 1773.

The magistrates now sitting in Bow-street present their compliments to Mr. Colman, and acquaint him, that on the *Beggars' Opera* being given out to be played some time ago at Drury-lane Theatre, they requested the managers of the theatre not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves; and the managers obligingly returned for answer that for that night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these circumstances, from a sense of duty and the principles of humanity, the magistrates make the same request to Mr. Colman, and the rest of the managers of His Majesty's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; the same opera being advertised to be played there this night.

To this communication the Manager replied as follows:

Mr. Colman presents his best respects to the magistrates with whose note he has just been honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other managers, but for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of thieves.

Covent Garden, Wednesday Morning.

In those "Jonathan Wild" days, Mr. Colman's reply to the magistrates was rather severe.

"THE MAN OF BUSINESS."

Walpole sent this piece anonymously to Colman, in 1773: he was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it enlarged, "which," says Walpole, "I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance."

Walpole notes, Feb. 19, 1774: "Well, I must dress and dine, and go to the comedy of the *Man of Business.* As a proof of my incapacity, I read it this morning, and it is so full of modern lore, of rencountres, and I know not what, that I scarce comprehended a syllable. No, I shall never be fit for anything as long as I live."

COLMAN'S MANAGEMENT—THE COVENT GARDEN PATENT.

In 1774, Colman relinquished the management of Covent-garden Theatre, which he had held for seven years, and his share was purchased by his partners. The enormous increase in the value of the Patent was thus explained by Moody, the veteran actor, who received his information from Christopher Rich, brother of John Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden Theatre; Sir Thomas Skipworth's patent falling into his father's hands as follows.

Mr. Rich, the father of John and Christopher, was an attorney. He had a client to whom Sir Thomas Skipworth stood indebted in a large sum of money, and Mr. Rich, meeting the attorney of the latter, made his demand. The other replied, there were no means of paying him but "a patent to act plays by." They agreed to put it up to auction. They did so; and Mr. Rich bought it for fourscore pounds. This patent sold in the lifetime of Christopher Rich after the rate of fourscore thousand! for the proprietors as above gave Mr. Colman twenty thousand pounds for his quarter! It may further be stated, that no receipt having passed, the above proprietors had to pay Sir Thomas Skipworth's relations a large sum of money to substantiate the property.

A THEATRICAL CHANCERY SUIT.

A long contested cause between Macklin, plaintiff, and Colman, defendant, in an action for 1000 guineas, the sum demanded by the plaintiff for the time he was not permitted by the public to appear on the stage, on account of some offence he had given by his non-performance, was determined in the Court of King's Bench, on Friday, February 20, 1774. Lord Mansfield advised a compromise, and it being left to his Lordship, he gave the plaintiff 500 guineas, and each to pay his own costs. The suit had been nine years in Chancery; Macklin making weekly applications for his salary, to keep his claims upon the proprietors, relative to his engagement with them, alive.

COLMAN PURCHASES THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Foote's retirement from the stage he disposed of his property in the Haymarket, in 1776, to George Colman the

Elder, as already narrated at page 234. He began his management by securing Henderson and Edwin from the Bath Theatre: Henderson proved very successful in Shylock, Hamlet, and Falstaff; although Lord Camden, in a letter to Garrick, says: "Your Birmingham counterfeit has stolen your buskin, and runs away with all your applause into the bargain; but I shall soon see him stripped to the skin, and exposed in all his Scotch nakedness to the world. I hope your friend Colman is not privy to the trash we see every day in the papers to put off this clumsy fellow. Charles Fox dined here yesterday, and thinks as I do of Henderson." However, Colman found Henderson so profitable that he presented him with a free benefit at the close of the season. Edwin was a low comedian of extensive range of character: he could look irresistibly funny with a handsome set of features; and in his comic singing, the melody in his upper tones was beautiful. He was exquisite as Liston, yet the rich humour of each was distinct. The elegant Miss Farren, then in her teens, made her *début* at Colman's theatre, as Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer;* and Colman gave her the principal character in the *Spanish Barber*, and persuaded Garrick to trust her with the Epilogue: this was, indeed, judicious management.

Next season, Colman produced at the Haymarket Horace Walpole's farce of *Nature will Prevail;* and the comic opera of the *Flitch of Dunmow*, founded on the well-known custom of the manor of Dunmow, in Essex. Miss Lee's *Chapter of Accidents* was another of Colman's Haymarket successes.

When Dr. Johnson heard of this purchase, he said, "What Colman can get by this bargain but trouble and hazard, I do not see." It turned out fortunate; for Foote, though not then fifty-six, played on three occasions only, and died in less than a year from the date of sale.

O'KEEFE AND COLMAN.

When O'Keefe came to London to seek his fortune, at Christmas, 1777, he sent a manuscript play to Colman, requesting that, should he disapprove of it, he would have it left at the bar of the Grecian coffee-house, directed to A. B.; if he liked it, the author would wait upon him. Next day, O'Keefe found at the Grecian a friendly letter from Colman, directed to A. B., with his approbation of the piece, promising to bring

it out next summer, and requesting to see the author next day, in Soho-square. This was joyful news to O'Keefe, as William Lewis had told him that the above play was not worth twopence.

Next morning, O'Keefe was punctual to appointment, and posted to Soho-square, where, at the left-hand corner of Bateman's-buildings, he knocked at the door of a fine house, and was shown into the library, where was seated the Haymarket manager. He received the author kindly, laughed heartily at the whim of the piece, (*Tony Lumpkin in Town,*) and promised to produce it on his boards. O'Keefe then ventured to disclose his name.

Colman appreciating so eccentric and ready a writer as O'Keefe, gave him constant invitations to Soho-square and Richmond; and when Colman published his translation of Terence, he prefixed a motto from O'Keefe's *Castle of Andalusia*, the first line of Pedrillo's song—"A master I have, and I am his man."

Soon after the failure of O'Keefe's opera of the *Banditti*, at Covent-garden, the author was at Colman's house, when Dr. Arnold remarked, that the opera had been cut too much. Colman said, "Ah! but who was the cutter?" and looking at O'Keefe with a chuckle, added, "Not the *Cutler of Coleman-street*:" (the title of one of Cowley's plays.)

When O'Keefe produced the farce of *Peeping Tom*, in 1783, Edwin as the prying tailor was admirable; yet Colman declared to O'Keefe, that he had wrought the humour so high, that even Edwin, with all his tiptoe stretch, was unable to reach it. (Liston was the famous Peeping Tom of our day.)

COLMAN AND ERSKINE.

One of Colman's friends was Lord, then Mr. Erskine, whom, on meeting in the street, the manager often invited to dinner on that same day. Erskine was then young at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. After dinner, he would repeat his pleadings in each particular case; and when Colman observed that the arguments were unanswerable, "By no means, my dear Sir," would Erskine say; "had I been counsel for A instead of B, you shall hear what I would have advanced on the other side." "Then," says Colman's son, "we did hear, and I wished him at the *forum!*

No two companions could have been worse coupled than Lord Erskine and my father, for the lawyer delighted in talking of himself and the bar, and the manager of himself and the theatre."

DR. GRAHAM'S "TEMPLE OF HEALTH."

In 1780, Colman wrote for the Haymarket Theatre, the extravaganza of the *Genius of Nonsense*, or, as the newspapers termed it, the "Nonsense of Genius," in which that notorious quack, Doctor Graham, was humorously satirized. The Doctor himself was in a stage-box the first night, and besides seeing his Temple of Health ridiculed, had the chagrin of being refused purchasing one of the bills delivered upon the stage as a burlesque of his own.

Now, Graham's "Temple" was gaudily *fitted* up on the Terrace in the Adelphi; there he gave evening lectures upon electricity; there he exhibited his satin sofa on glass legs, and his Celestial Bed, which was to effect Heaven only knows what; his two porters, outside the door, in long tawdry great-coats, and immense gold-laced cocked hats, distributed his puffs in handbills, while his Goddess of Health was dying of a sore-throat, by squalling songs at the top of his cold staircase. All these matters were introduced into the *Genius of Nonsense*. The quack, having heard of the satire, threatened Colman with an action for libel, and went to the theatre to collect evidence, for which purpose he demanded repeatedly from the stage-box a handbill from the representatives of his own porters—but was as often refused. Young Bannister was the speaking harlequin of the piece, which Colman insisted should be a portrait of the individual quack. To insure this, he visited the Temple of Health, and there saw the Doctor and his nonsensical solemnities, which Bannister burlesqued with excellent effect upon the Haymarket stage. His mere entrance upon the scene, as the Doctor was wont to present himself in his Temple, his grotesque mode of sliding round the room, the bobbing bows he shot off to the company, and other minutiæ, were so ridiculously accurate, that he surpassed his prototype in electrifying the public, and, according to George Colman the Younger, the whole house was in a roar of laughter. The threatened action fell to the ground.

Next season, Colman produced a burlesque upon the serious ballet of *Medea and Jason*, then acting on the opposite side of the way, at the Italian Opera-house; this satirical dumb-show made a hit, with Delpini, the popular clown of the day, at its head. Another attraction of the season was the *Beggars' Opera Reversed*, in which the men and women exchanged characters. It suited the taste of that day much better than our own; for this burlesque was tried at Covent-garden Theatre in 1829,—and failed.

A RIOT AT RICHMOND.

In 1780, Richmond as well as London had its Riot, the scene of the former being close to Colman's villa. An embankment was then making at Richmond for drawing barges, for the benefit of the City's trade. It encroached on the manager's garden; he cut away the piles; the City went to law with him and the town of Richmond, and cast them, and renewed the invasion. Colman then hired an *Association*, who stormed and levelled the new works, and knocked down two persons who opposed them, and half killed one. A committee of the City arrived in their barge, and seized twenty of the rioters, and held them imprisoned on board their floating King's Bench, under a guard of the military. Walpole tells the story to his correspondent, Mason, adding:

In a new farce of Colman's, called the *Manager in Distress*, I found t'other day the portrait of Cambridge, in the character of a newsmonger *who lives about twelve miles from town*. I wondered this was so specifically marked, but he dropped this morning that he had staved off the nuisance of the embankment on his side of the river, (for he lives directly opposite to Colman), by a clause in the Act of Parliament, and that offence, I suppose, dragged him on the stage; which is a little hard, as he had the same right to feel what Colman so much resents; and he is truly, I mean Cambridge, so benevolent and inoffensive a man, that his little foible does not deserve such treatment.—Walpole's *Letters*, vol. vii. p. 417.

Walpole gives a still more amusing account of the above affair, in a letter to Lady Ossory:

We have had a riot of our own at Richmond, where an embankment for barge horses being carried before Mr. Colman's (the manager's) garden by the City, he feeling himself, like

Agamemnon, a king of kings, behaved with equal *hauteur*, and levied a mob to destroy the works, which they did with hatchets, in open daylight. The City, three days after, sent a naval force, consisting of one barge with a committee on board, who seized thirteen of the rioters, and sent them to London, where they were bailed; but the barge remains *encamped* near the bridge, according to the precedent in London, &c.—*Ibid.* p. 419.

Colman's villa, in the grounds of which this riot took place, was built some thirteen years before. Garrick writes to the manager, then at Paris, June 30, 1766, "Saunderson tells me they have laid the timbers of the first floor of your house at Richmond. It rises most magnificently to the Ferry passengers; you will be surprised to find yourself master of the chateau at your return. Don't lose the autumn for planting trees to screen you from the timber-yard."

George Colman the Younger has left some interesting reminiscences of this place. During the many years his father enjoyed this retirement, he used frequently to quote in reference to it, from his favourite Terence:

> Ex meo propinquo rure hoc capio commodi:
> Neque agri, neque urbis odium me unquam percipit;
> Ubi satias cepit fieri, commuto locum.
>
> I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
> I'm never tired of country or of town,
> For, as disgust comes on, I change my place.
> *Translation by Colman the Elder.*

In fact, Colman had a set of quotations as well as phrases and figures of his own, as most men have unconsciously, more or less, which he was in the habit of introducing as often as he could find occasion. In those days, Richmond was to London more like what Tusculum was to Rome, for it boasted in itself and its vicinities of the villas of various celebrated and classical men, mingled with those of the grandees. There were besides Colman at the foot of the hill, Sir Joshua Reynolds at the top; Owen Cambridge on the opposite bank of the river; Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, with Kate Clive's cottage at his elbow; and Garrick at Hampton.

Colman's villa occupies the spot where Queen Elizabeth's almshouses originally stood, in the lower road, under the Hill, and at a short distance westwards of Richmond bridge. It was afterwards the residence of Sir Drummond Smith, and of

the Countess of Kingston, and is now the residence of Samuel Paynter, Esq., who has considerably improved the mansion, and formed here a collection of valuable paintings and sculpture.

HORACE'S "ART OF POETRY."

In March, 1783, Colman published a new translation of, and commentary on, Horace's *Art of Poetry*, in which he produced a new system to explain this very difficult poem. In opposition to Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Colman supposed that "one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the elder, had either written or meditated a poetical work, most probably a tragedy, and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece or intention to Horace. But Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thought of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons—*Epistola ad Pisones de Arte Poeticâ.*"

This hypothesis is supported with much learning, ingenuity, and modesty; and Colman received letters congratulatory on his success from Mr. Malone, Dr. Vincent, Horace Walpole, Dr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Joseph Warton, Bishop Shipley, Bishop Hinchliffe; and Tom Davies, the bookseller, who borrowed a copy from Cadell, and wished Colman would let him call it his own. But the most *naïve* commendation was that of Dr. Hurd, whose views Colman had opposed. He writes to Bishop Douglas, "Give my compliments to Colman, and thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me; and tell him I think he is right."

COLMAN SETTLES HIS SON IN THE LAW.

The elder George had decided on making the younger a barrister; and after visits to Scotland and Switzerland, the son returned to Soho-square, and found that his father had taken for him chambers in the Temple, and entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, where he afterwards kept a few terms by eating oysters.* The chambers in King's Bench-

* Upon this Mr. Peake notes, "The students of Lincoln's Inn keep term by dining, or pretending to dine, in the Hall during the term-

walk were furnished with a tent-bed, two tables, half-a-dozen chairs, and a carpet as much too scanty for the boards as Sheridan's "rivulet of rhyme" for its "meadow of margin:" to these the elder Colman added about ten pounds' worth of law books, which had been given to him in his own Lincoln's Inn days, by Lord Bath; then enjoining the son to work hard, the father left town upon a party of pleasure.

Colman had sent his son to Switzerland to get him away from a certain Miss Catherine Morris, an actress, of the Haymarket company: this answered for a time, but no sooner had the father left the son in the Temple, than he set off with Miss Morris to Gretna Green, and was there married in 1784; and four years after, with the father's sanction, they were publicly married at Chelsea church.

In the same staircase with Colman, in the Temple, lived the witty Jekyll, who seeing in Colman's chambers a round cage with a squirrel in it, looked for a minute or two at the little animal which was performing the same operation as a man in the treadmill, and then quietly said, "Ah! poor devil! he is going the Home Circuit," the locality, the Temple, favouring this technical joke.

On the morning young Colman began his studies, Dec. 20, 1784, he was interrupted by the intelligence that the funeral procession of the great Dr. Johnson was on its way from his late residence, Bolt-court, through Fleet-street, to Westminster Abbey; Colman threw down his pen, and ran forth to see the procession, which was much less splendid and imposing than the sepulchral pomp of Garrick five years before.

ILLNESS OF COLMAN THE ELDER.—HIS DEATH.

In the autumn of 1785, Colman, while at Margate, repelled the gout by repeated bathing in the sea, which, however, not only paralysed his body, but distempered his brain. His melancholy disorder was a hemiplegia; but from its earliest sparks in 1785, till it blazed forth unequivocally in June 1789, an interval of rather more than three and a half years, and again from the last-mentioned year to the time of his

time. Those who feed there are accommodated with wooden trenchers instead of plates, and previously to the dinner, oysters are served up by way of prologue to the play. Eating the oysters, or going into the Hall without eating them if you please, and then departing to dine elsewhere, is quite sufficient for term-keeping.—*Memoirs of the Colman Family.*

decease, there was nothing of that "second childishness and mere oblivion" which his biographers have attached to his memory. It was found necessary to place Mr. Colman under proper care at Paddington; and the management of the theatre devolved upon his son.

Colman died at Paddington on the 14th of August, 1794, at the age of 62. A few hours before he expired, he was seized with violent spasms, and these were succeeded by a melancholy stupor, in which he drew his last breath.

His abilities as a dramatist, his punctuality as a manager, and his liberal encouragement to other writers for the stage,—were remarkable. He produced nearly forty dramas—some of them of high merit: the *Jealous Wife*, 1761; and the *Clandestine Marriage*, 1766, are his most admired comedies, and keep possession of the stage to this day. Even his *petite* pieces are strong in character; and his management secured to the Haymarket Theatre the patronage of the fashionable world during the height of summer.

To sagacity, (says Peake,) in discovering the talent of his performers, he joined the inclination and ability to display them to every advantage. To him, Mr. Henderson, Miss Farren, Mr. Bannister, Mr. George, Mrs. Wells, and Mr. Edwin, owed their introduction to a London audience.

There is a portrait of Colman by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the Garrick Club collection.

BONNELL THORNTON AND GEORGE COLMAN.

Bonnell Thornton, who appears to have been held in high reputation by his contemporaries in Westminster School, had, among his associates Churchill, the satirist; William Cowper, the moral poet; George Colman, and Robert Lloyd. They all, (except Churchill,) together with three other Westminster men, one of them, Joseph Hill, Cowper's correspondent, composed the Nonsense Club; and from Thornton's intimacy with Cowper, who was only two years his junior, and with Colman, he became acquainted with the others.

But it was with Colman that Thornton was more particularly associated. They had been intimate, notwithstanding the disparity of eight years in their standing at Oxford, where Thornton probably kept his residence for a longer period than usual, and their intimacy was continued after they removed to London.

Thornton took the degree of M.A. in 1750; and as his father, an apothecary in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, intended him for the profession of medicine, he proceeded M.B. 1754. He and Colman began the *Connoisseur* in January, this year, whilst the latter was still an undergraduate, under the fictitious name of *Mr. Town*, critic and censor-general. The title *Connoisseur*, now generally applied to a judge of the fine arts, was by Colman and Thornton, employed in the sense of a critic on the manners and minor morals of mankind; and to this acceptation of the term the motto which they chose, pointedly alludes, and is still further opened by the subsequent paraphrase as given in their last number:

> Non de villis domibusve alienis,
> Nec male nœne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
> Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.—*Horace.*
>
> Who better knows to build, or who to dance,
> Or this from Italy, or that from France,
> Our *Connoisseur* will ne'er pretend to scan,
> But point the follies of mankind to man;
> Th' important knowledge of ourselves explain,
> Which not to know all knowledge is but vain.

The literary alliance of Thornton and Colman continued unimpaired by jealousy during the whole work; and Southey remarks, "Beaumont and Fletcher present what is probably the only parallel instance of literary co-operation so complete that the portions written by the respective parties are undistinguishable." In their closing paper, they themselves declare, that "We have not only joined in the work taken altogether, but almost every single paper is the joint production of both; and as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either." Both Cowper and Lloyd assisted them in the work, which was concluded on the 30th of September, 1756; and a sixth edition of it in four volumes, was published in 1774.

These facts, together with the subsequent union and cordiality that existed between the authors as to the translation of *Plautus*, form a complete refutation of the story of George Colman the Younger,—that his father was dissatisfied with his colleague's behaviour during the publication of the *Connoisseur*; and it should also be remembered that the younger Colman only professes to have gathered this statement from

a conversation which, when he was a boy in the under-school at Westminster, he overheard between his father and Mr. Jackson, the Oxford printer.

Thornton and Colman continued their association in London, and became two of the original proprietors of the *St. James's Chronicle*, a newspaper, which they soon invested with a literary character far superior to that of its contemporaries. They also published together *Selections from the Poems of Eminent Ladies, with a short Notice on their Lives;* a new edition of which appeared in 1774.

Thornton also contributed to numerous magazines and newspapers, especially the *Public Advertiser;* and published, at different times, several humorous pieces. His burlesque Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, entitled the *Salt Box*, was set to music by Dr. Burney, and actually produced at Ranelagh, in 1762, to a crowded audience. Dr. Johnson is said to have been a very great admirer of it, and was wont to repeat parts of it. In 1768, he published his *Battle of the Wigs, or an additional Canto to Dr. Garth's "Dispensary,"* in ridicule of the disputes between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians.

In 1767, appeared the first part of Thornton's translation of the comedies of *Plautus:* it contained seven plays, one of which, "The Merchant," was the work of his old colleague, Colman; and another of Mr. Warner, of Woodford, Essex, who, after Thornton's death, completed the work in five volumes.

Thornton dedicated his seven plays to Colman, with an affectionate allusion to their ancient alliance in these words: "I can never forget the time when our literary amusements were so intimately blended, that we seemed to have one invention, one sentiment, one expression." . . . . "I shall never repent my having dipt my pen in ink, since it gave me an opportunity of cultivating a social as well as a literary connexion with you." And, after regretting that they were not again actual partners in the undertaking, he adds, "I confess, in the pride of my heart, that one great inducement for my engaging in this task was the hope that our names would be mentioned together as the translators of *Terence and Plautus:* though I cannot aspire to an equal share of reputation with the author of the *Jealous Wife*, or the joint author of the *Clandestine Marriage.* To the merits of the translation there is the testimony of Southey, who says:

"Thornton's part is, as far as it goes, one of the best versions in our language from any ancient author. The skill with which he has compensated, by correspondent playfulness of wit, for what it was impossible to translate, is perhaps unrivalled."

Mr. Forster remarks upon this knot of Westminsters: "Literature had become a bond of union with these youths before they left the Westminster cloisters. The *Table Talk* tells of 'the little poets at Westminster,' and how they strive 'to set a distich upon six and five.' Even the boredom of school exercises, more rife in English composition then than since, did not check the scribbling propensity. All the lads we have named had a decisive turn that way; and little Colman, emulating his betters, addressed his cousin Pulteney from the fifth form with the air of a literary veteran."—*Biographical Essays: Charles Churchill.*

COLMAN'S PROLOGUES.

Colman was very successful in writing prologues and epilogues, and occasional addresses. He is well remembered for his Epilogue to the *School for Scandal*, for which Garrick wrote the Prologue. Equally felicitous was Colman's Prologue upon the re-opening of the Haymarket Theatre, after it had been elegantly re-decorated: in the course of this address we have this pleasant glance at the histrionic glories of the old Haymarket:

What though our house be threescore years of age,
Let us new vamp the box, new lay the stage,
Long paragraphs shall paint, with proud parade,
The gilded front, and airy balustrade;
While on each post the flaming bill displays
Our old new theatre, and new old plays.
The hag of fashion thus, all paint and flounces,
Fills up her wrinkles, and her age renounces.
Stage answers stage: from other boards, as here,
Have sense and nonsense claim'd by turns your ear.
Here late his jest, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan broke;
Yet here, too, Lillo's muse sublimely spoke.
Here Fielding, foremost of the humorous train,
In comic mask indulg'd his laughing vein!
Here frolic Foote, your favour well would beg,
Propp'd by his genuine wit, and only leg;
Their humble follower feels his merit less,
Yet feels, and proudly boasts, as much success.

Small though his talents, smaller than his size,
Beneath your smiles his little Lares rise:
And oh! as Jove once grac'd Philemon's thatch,
Oft of our cottage may you lift the latch!
Oft may we greet you, full of hope and fear,
With hearty welcome, though but homely cheer:
May our old roof its old success maintain,
Nor know the novelty of your disdain!

Colman was, however, very unfortunate in one of his Prologues, which was spoken by Palmer on the opening of the Royalty Theatre, in Wellclose-square, June, 1787, and in which were these lines:

For me, whose utmost aim is your delight,
Accept the humble offering of this night;
To please, wherever plac'd, be still my care,
At Drury, Haymarket, or Wellclose-square.

Now, Colman had threatened Palmer with information, as his theatre was not properly licensed; but George endeavoured to exculpate himself by declaring that he wrote the above lines in consequence of Palmer's asserting that he had sufficient authority, and that as he did not intend to open his theatre in the summer, he could not interfere with the interests of the Haymarket house; whereas Palmer, in contradiction to the promise, opened in June. Nevertheless, it were better that Colman had never written these lines.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Goldsmith's friends, who had stood up for the merits of this play, and had been irritated and disgusted by the treatment it had received from the manager, determined to muster their forces on the first night, and give it a good launch upon the town. The particulars of this confederation, and of its triumphant success, are thus amusingly told by Cumberland, in his *Memoirs*.

"We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakspeare Tavern, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps: the poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and

true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee; and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day or every day of his life. In the meantime we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon, in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had among us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenious friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire, than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvre was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box; and when he laughed, everybody thought themselves warranted to roar. In the meantime, my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but alas! it was now too late to rein him in: he had laughed, upon my signal, where he found no joke, and now, unluckily, he fancied that he found a joke in almost everything that was said, so that nothing in nature could be more *mal-apropos* than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our point through, and triumphed, not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

The following is one of the many squibs which assailed the ears of the manager:

"TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.,

"*On the success of Dr. Goldsmith's new Comedy.*

"Come, Coley, doff those mourning weeds,
Nor thus with jokes be flamm'd:
Though Goldsmith's present play succeeds,
His next may still be damn'd.

"As this has 'scaped without a fall,
To sink his next prepare;
Now actors hire from Wapping Wall,
And dresses from Rag Fair.

"For scenes let tatter'd blankets fly,
The prologue Kelly write;
Then swear again the piece must die
Before the author's night.

"Should these tricks fail, the lucky elf,
To bring to lasting shame,
E'en write *the best you can yourself,*
And print it in *his name.*"

The solitary hiss, which had startled Goldsmith, was ascribed by some of the newspaper scribblers to Cumberland himself, who was "manifestly miserable" at the delight of the audience; or to Ossian Macpherson, who was hostile to the whole Johnson clique, or to Goldsmith's dramatic rival, Kelly. The following is one of the epigrams which appeared:

"At Dr. Goldsmith's merry play,
All the spectators laugh, they say,
The assertion, Sir, I must deny,
For Cumberland and Kelly cry.
Ride, si sapis."

Another, addressed to Goldsmith, alludes to Kelly's early apprenticeship to staymaking:

"If Kelly finds fault with the *shape* of your muse,
And thinks that too loosely it plays,
He surely, dear Doctor, will never refuse
To make it a new *Pair of Stays!*"

SECURING BELIEF.

One evening, at the Literary Club, Colman met Boswell, when the subject turned upon Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*, and of his coming away, "willing to believe in second sight," which seemed to excite some ridicule.

"I was then," (says Boswell,) "so impressed with the truth of many of the stories of which I had been told, that I avowed my convictions, saying, 'He is only *willing* to believe: I *do* believe. The evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle, will fill a pint bottle. I am filled with belief.' 'Are you?' said Colman; 'then *cork it up*.'"

A DISTINCTION.

One day, when Colman and his son were walking from Soho-square to the Haymarket, two witlings, Miles Peter Andrews and William Augustus Miles, were coming the contrary way, on the opposite side of the street. They had each sent to Colman a dramatic manuscript for the summer theatre; and being anxious to get the start of each other, in the production of their separate works, they both called out, "Remember, Colman, I am first oar." "Humph," muttered the manager, as they passed on, "they may talk about first oars, but they have not a skull between them." This reminds one of a witticism of Douglas Jerrold's: two conceited young authors were boasting that they rowed in the same boat with a celebrated wit of the day,—"Aye," replied Jerrold, "but not with the same skulls."

MACKLIN'S LONG LETTER.

As a specimen of the troublesome correspondence with performers, which a manager has to endure, Mr. Peake has printed in his *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, the lengthy epistle of old Macklin to Colman the Elder, then a proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre, relative to his comedy of *A Man of the World*. A diplomatic minister having to arrange a knotty point regarding the division of a large territory, could not have been more guardedly diffuse. It occupies eleven octavo pages of small type; it is a clever controversial epistle, and shows the old fellow with all his early prejudices against managers, and his bitter, sarcastic, uncontrollable spirit; still, he contrives to impress you with the justice of the case. We can imagine the delight of the Manager Colman on coming down to his breakfast-table, probably anticipating a quiet meal, but finding this stupendous packet of woes staring him in the face.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

At one of the public dinners at the Mansion House, during Wilkes's mayoralty, Boswell perceiving George Colman at a loss for a seat, having secured good room for himself, called to him, and gave him a place by his side; remarking at the same time, how important a matter it was to have a Scotchman for his friend at such a table. Shortly after this the two friends were helped to some dish by a waiter, to whom Boswell spoke in German; when Colman observed that he thought he had mistaken the place, adding, "I did think I was at the Mansion House, but I am certainly at St. James's, for here are none but Scots and Germans."

PRESSING TO SING.

A young person being hardly pressed to sing in a company where Colman formed one of the party, solemnly assured them that he could not sing; and at last said, rather hastily, "that they only wished to make a butt of him." "O, no," said Colman, "my good sir, we only want to get a stave out of you."

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

This ingenious dramatist was born at Florence, October 21, 1762, and brought to England when an infant. He was much noticed by Garrick, who delighted to play at nine-pins with the child in the garden at Hampton; and David talks of the boy singing the "Chimney-sweep" most exquisitely at the age of five years. Goldsmith used to take him on his knee while drinking his coffee; and Garrick practised upon him a thousand monkey tricks—he was Punch, Harlequin, a cat in the gutter, and then King Lear with a mad touch and lightning of the eye that were terrific. When in petticoats, little George acted a part in the playhouse on Richmond Green. At the age of eight, he was sent to Marylebone School,* then the stepping-stone to Westminster. He pleasantly gossips of Dr. Fountain and his bush-wig, Dame Fountain and her rainbow-head, and their old-

* This noted School was held in the Manor-house of Marylebone, the site of which is now occupied by Devonshire Mews, in the New Road.

maidish daughters. Colman was next sent to Westminster School, where, on St. David's Day, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn always begged a play for the Westminster boys—by kneeling beside the head-master during prayers. At his father's table, young Colman now sat down with Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, Edmund Burke, the two Wartons, Garrick, Lord Kellie, Topham Beauclerk, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Next he tells us of meeting at Mulgrave, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks; and Omai, the Otaheitan. Dr. Johnson appears to have snubbed "little Colman;" but he was caressed by Gibbon. Foote treated him roughly. He is somewhat ungrateful to Garrick, whose career and retirement from the stage he handles with great acerbity. Sheridan he thought heavy in conversation; which was the elder Mathews's opinion of him. Of young Colman's share in the Haymarket management, the private theatricals at Wynnstay, (in which he and his father played together,) we have many agreeable reminiscences. In 1779, young Colman was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, where he fails not to enumerate his eminent contemporaries. But he longed for the vacation, and in the dog-days the rancid odour of the blazing lamps in his father's little theatre in the Haymarket, and even dreaded visits to his once-favoured Richmond. The incidents of his management and authorship, and his official duties as Examiner of Plays, occupy a considerable portion of Mr. Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, Colman died in 1841, and was buried in the vaults of Kensington church, where rest also his father and grandfather.

COLMAN'S PLAYS.

Colman the Younger wrote twenty dramas, the most successful of which were the *Mountaineers*, the *Iron Chest*, the *Heir-at-Law*, *Bluebeard*, the *Poor Gentleman*, and *John Bull*—which are occasionally performed in our day.

The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the manner of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his *Poor Gentleman*. Sir Walter Scott has praised his *John Bull* as by far the best effort of our late comic drama. "The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters, reflect the characters of real life. The

sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we really excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears." The whimsical character of Ollapod, in the *Poor Gentleman*, is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Dr. Pangloss, in *The Heir-at-Law*, is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant; and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics, (all admirably performed at the time,) are highly entertaining though overcharged portraits.

Colman received considerable sums for his plays: for the *Poor Gentleman* and *Who wants a Guinea?* he was paid 550*l.* each, then the customary price for a five-act comedy: that is to say, 300*l.* on the first nine nights, 100*l.* on the twentieth night, and 150*l.* for the copyright.* For *John Bull*, (the most attractive comedy ever produced, having averaged 470*l.* per night, for 47 nights,) Mr. Harris paid 1000*l.* Colman afterwards received twice an additional 100*l.*, making 1200*l.*

LICENSER OF PLAYS.

As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was for some time compelled to reside in the King's Bench, and many of his letters are dated from Melina-place, Lambeth, within the Rules. George IV., with whom Colman was an especial favourite, to relieve him in his difficulties, gave him the office of Licenser and Examiner of Plays, (worth from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year,) besides the Lieutenancy of the Yeomen of the Guard. Colman was very unpopular as Licenser and Examiner, and incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinized their productions: not an oath or *double entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen, and he was particularly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Yet, his own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, through the very blemishes which he so vigilantly detected in those of others.

* That is to say, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per night for the first nine nights—100*l.* on the twentieth night—and 100*l.* on the fortieth night. This was the plan settled by Cumberland with Sheridan at Drury-lane, and Harris at Covent-garden, for remunerating authors, instead of their (generally losing) benefits. The copyright was a distinct bargain.

COLMAN'S PLAY OF "THE IRON CHEST."

The failure of this play was attributed to John Kemble literally walking through the part of Sir Edward Mortimer. Colman related to Arnold the circumstances which led to this neglect. He stated that he invited Kemble to dine with him in Piccadilly, in order to read to him the play, then in progress, and nearly completed; that Kemble had winced several times at descriptions which appeared *personal*, and that seeing a gloom come over him, he had more than once laid aside the manuscript, and passed the bottle, with a view to change the current of his thoughts; that they had sat together during the whole of that night and the following day, drinking; occasionally dozing and reviving, and, ultimately through the following night! That at about four o'clock of the following morning, they both woke up at one moment, and stared one another in the face, with a vacant and unmeaning glare; that he, Colman, under the influence of real nervous feeling, once cried out, "What do you stare at? your eyes are on fire. By Heaven, Kemble, I believe you are the devil incarnate!" Kemble's answer was, "Pooh, George, you're a fool," and never spoke another word. A coach was ordered an hour or two after, and he returned home. To this strange circumstance Colman attributed Kemble's determination to sink his play.

Colman subsequently published a bitter attack upon Kemble, during his absence upon the Continent. Many months after, author and actor met, when Kemble said to Colman, with a smiling shake of the head, "Ah, George, you're a sad fellow!" They were good friends afterwards.

When the play was produced, Colman had not the civility to offer Godwin a box, or even to send him an order for admission, though the *Iron Chest* was dramatized from *Caleb Williams:* of this Godwin spoke with great bitterness.

After the condemnation of the *Iron Chest*, Colman wrote: "Lest my father's memory may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after time, the translator of Terence, and the author of the *Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of the *Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman *the Younger*."

COLMAN'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Colman's best jokes have been chronicled by Mr. Peake:* here are a few.

Colman and Bannister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, who, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep, "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your Lordship has still an eye to the Woolsack."

Colman, himself no giant, delighted in quizzing persons of short stature. Liston and pretty little Mrs. Liston, were dining with him, and towards evening, when preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come, Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. (ELL) indeed," exclaimed Colman, "Mrs. Inch, you mean."

One day, speaking of authorship as a profession, Colman said, "It is a very good walking-stick, but very bad crutches." (This is usually attributed to Sir Walter Scott.)

A Mr. Faulkener, from the provinces, had been engaged at the Haymarket. Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone:

"Ah! where is my honour now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered, "I wish *your honour* was back at Newcastle again with all my heart."

A *debutant* at the Haymarket appeared as Octavian, in the *Mountaineers*. It was soon discovered that he was incompetent; Colman was in the green-room, and growing fidgety, when the new performer came to the line,

"I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better."

"I'll be hung if you will," said Colman, "if you cry your eyes out."

Colman was habitually late to take rest, and was consequently very late in bed during the daytime. On Mr. Theodore Hook calling one afternoon at his house, his name was immediately carried up to Colman. "What's the hour?"

* Reprinted from *Random Records*, by George Colman the Younger, 2 vols. 1830. Dedicated, by permission, to George IV.

"Past three, Sir." "What, does Mr. Hook suppose I rise with the lark? ask him to return at any reasonable hour, and I shall be glad to see him."

George the Fourth presented to Colman the commission of Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, in 1820. On the first birthday that Colman attended officially, in full costume, his Majesty seemed much pleased to see him, and observed, "Your uniform, George, is so well made, that I don't see the hooks and eyes." On which, Colman, unhooking his coat, said, "Here are my eyes, where are yours?"

At the table of George IV., when Prince Regent, the royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am!" "Oh, no, Sir," replied Colman, "I could not *take the liberty* of coming into the world *before* your Royal Highness."

Turning to the Duke of Wellington, (who was gold-stick in waiting,) the King remarked, "George Colman puts me in mind of Pam." "If that is the case," exclaimed Colman, "the only difference between the Duke of Wellington and me, is, that I am the hero of Loo—He, of Waterloo!"

A party of visitors were standing before a whole-length portrait of the celebrated Lord North, in full peer's robes, with a long white wand in his hand. Colman was asked the meaning of this white wand, which no one appeared to understand. After nodding his head for half a minute, and affecting to rouse, he said, "Eh! white wand? don't know, egad! but suppose it represents the North Pole!"

When Boaden produced his play of *The Italian Monk* at the Haymarket, Colman was so jealous of his success, that next morning, at the *cutting* rehearsal, he said to his stage-manager, "Hang the fellow, we shall now be pestered with his plays, year after year!" It was of this play that Boaden said he had in it given Billy (Shakspeare) the go-by; which obtained for him the *sobriquet* of *Billy-the-go-by Boaden.*

John Taylor sent to Colman a volume of his poems which bore the motto,

I left no calling for his idle trade;

to which Colman added,

For none were blind enough to ask thine aid.

Now Taylor was an oculist, but having little or no practice, the satire was the more poignant. Taylor heard of this *jeu d'esprit;* and shortly after, being in company with Colman,

the word *calling* was incidentally mentioned by the latter, when Taylor, with great quickness, interrupted him with, "Talking of *callings*, my dear boy, your father was a great dramatic 'English Merchant;' now *your* dealings are and always will be those of a small *Coal-man*. I think I had you there! What? have I paid you for your 'None were blind enough, eh?'" Colman was evidently hurt.

Hackett, the American comedian, had been engaged by Mr. Bunn, at Drury-lane. Being in want of a *new* part, he, or some one for him, had made an alteration in Colman's comedy of *Who wants a Guinea?* substituting a character, Solomon Swap, for the original Solomon Gundy. This amalgamation had to undergo the inspection of the Examiner of Plays, who was also the author of the comedy. Here was a situation! Colman thus addressed Bunn, the ostensible manager, on the subject:

SIR,

In respect to the alterations made by Mr. *Hackett*, a most appropriate name on the present occasion, were the established play of any living dramatist except myself so mutilated, I should express to the Lord Chamberlain, the grossness and unfairness of the manager who encouraged such a proceeding; but as the character of Solomon Gundy was originally a part of my own writing, I shall request his Grace to license "*the rubbish*," as you call it, which you have sent me.

Your obedient Servant,
G. COLMAN.

He was an admirable punster: Sheridan once said, when George made a successful hit, "I hate a pun, but Colman almost reconciles me to the infliction."

He was once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Oh yes," was his reply, "Hook and I [eye] are old associates."

THE "BROAD GRINS."

Colman's humorous poetry has been as popular as his plays. He published two collections, the *Broad Grins* and *Poetical Vagaries*, followed by others. These pieces display lively and sparkling wit and observation; and they were once very popular as "Recitations" on the stage, and in private circles. Such pastime has, however, almost disappeared or ceased to please; but many a middle-aged reader may recollect to have enjoyed Colman's *Newcastle Apothecary*, and his *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*. He may also have been

entertained with the metrical version of the fable of the *Old Man and the Ass*, another popular recitation, without knowing that for this piece—*The Folly of attempting to Please all Mankind*—we are indebted to the versatile genius of Samuel Foote.

We get a glimpse of the popularity of such things in John Britton's *Autobiography*, where he tells us that in 1797, he was a member of the Spouting Club at Jacob's Well, and a star, too, from selecting and reciting comic tales, prologues, and characters, written by Peter Pindar, *George Colman*, and others. He recited upwards of fifty times at the Spouting Club, at private theatres, and in friendly parties, Colman's famous Address, called *British Loyalty, or a Squeeze for St. Paul's*, *i. e.*, the public visit of George III. and the Royal Family to St. Paul's Cathedral, on the King's recovery from a state of insanity. Many pieces were written on the occasion—Thomas Warton, poet-laureate, produced an Ode—but neither excited such reiterated applause as did Colman's lines, originally written for John Bannister, jun., and repeated by him many nights. Several years afterwards, Britton gave this recitation with equal success; it describes the perils of a dense crowd—parts in the phraseology of an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, a Jew, an old man of ninety-two, and a loyal sailor.*

Colman, also, in 1819, reprinted his volume of *Broad Grins*, consisting of "My Nightgown and Slippers," with additional tales. Twenty years ago, the *Broad Grins* had reached its eighth edition.

MORRIS THE HUMANITARIAN.

This eccentric gentleman, the well-known Humphrey Morris, resided at Grove House, Chiswick, which subsequently became the villa of the Rev. Robert Lowth (son of Bishop Lowth), an old college friend of George Colman the Younger, who relates the following account of the house and grounds, in which were a riding-house, and stables for thirty horses.

"I remember seeing this place, and the then master of it, when I was a boy, by riding thither with a relation, a lawyer,

* They who only knew John Britton by his topographical and architectural publications, may smile at this eccentric commencement of his long life of industry and integrity: he preserved to the last his cheerful and vivacious turn of mind. He died in his 86th year.

who went there upon business. On entering the court-yard, we were assailed by a very numerous pack of curs in full cry. This was occasioned by Mr. Morris's humanity towards animals. All the stray mongrels which happened to follow him in London, he sent down to this villa, where they were petted and pampered. He had a mare in his stables called *Curious*, who, though attended and fed with the greatest care, was almost a skeleton from old age, being turned of sixty. Many of his horses enjoyed a luxurious sinecure. During the summer, they were turned into his park, or rather paddock, at Chiswick, where, in sultry weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, while a boy was employed to flap the flies from their hides. The honours shown by Mr. Morris to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavished on his charger."

The property was bequeathed by Mr. Morris to Mrs. Lowth, about the year 1790, under these restrictions: all the horses and dogs on the premises were to be carefully fed and attended till they died a natural death, and his own servant was to have two rooms in the house as long as he lived. In default of such attention to the animals Mrs. Lowth would only have a life-interest in the premises; but if she fulfilled the intentions of the will, the estate would be absolutely at her own disposal. The bequest was fully complied with: all the animals and the servant died upon the estate, which was disposed of in 1819. The gardens were once ranked among the finest in England; and the walnut and Spanish chestnut-trees in the paddock yielded fruit which produced eighty pounds in one year.

THE POET HARDING.

Among the eccentrics of Oxford, in Colman the Younger's time, was the poet Harding, a half-crazy creature, well known in most of the colleges. He ran the bellman hard in composition, but could not come up to him in rank or in riches; living chiefly upon what he could get from the undergraduates, by engaging to find instantaneously a rhyme for any word in the English language; and when he could not find, he coined one; as in the case of *rhimney* for chimney, which he called a wild rhyme. To this *improvisare* talent, he added that of personification: sometimes he walked about with a scythe in his hand, as Time; sometimes with an anchor, as

Hope. One day, he was met with a huge broken brick, and some bits of thatch, upon the crown of his hat; and when asked by Colman for a solution of this *prosopopœia*, "Sir," said he, "to-day is the anniversary of the celebrated Doctor Goldsmith's death, and I am now in the character of his *Deserted Village*."

HAPPY RESOURCE.

In extraordinary times of tumult, it has been remarked that public amusements in cities have been supported rather than neglected. George Colman the Elder, relates that during the Riots in London in 1780, on the 7th of June, on which day and night desolation had attained its climax, and the metropolis is said to have been seen from one spot blazing in thirty-six different parts, the receipt of the Haymarket Theatre exceeded twenty pounds! How, instead of twenty pounds' worth of spectators, twenty persons, or one person, could have calmly paid money to witness, in the midst of this general dismay, a theatrical entertainment, may appear astonishing. During the French Revolutions, such instances have not been rare; and have been attributed to the eagerness of the people to fly from the terrific realities of rapine, fire, and slaughter, and thus beguile them of their terrors.

A TRIFLING ADDITION.

Dr. Kitchiner was famous for his Saturday dinners in Warren-street, to which none but the learned in luxurious living were invited. On the chimney-glass in his refectory was posted the following notice:

Come at seven,
Go at eleven.

One of the party was George Colman the Younger, who once gave to the distich, by the clandestine interpolation of a little pronoun, a very extended meaning—viz.

Go (it) at eleven!

THE TWO HARVEYS.

It is odd, (says the younger George,) that I should have known two Harveys, whose callings, though so very different, caused both one and the other to be daily and hourly witnesses of scenes which smell of mortality: the first being the learned leech, under whose care my father recovered from the

first attack of his illness at Margate; the second, the landlord of the Black Dog at Bedfont, in Middlesex, famed for his fish-sauce and his knowledge and practice of cookery. His well-frequented inn was as well-known as were the couple of yews clipped into the form of peacocks, and the date 1704, in the adjoining churchyard. In 1802 Colman, while sojourning at this inn, scrawled the following lines:

Harvey, whose inn commands a view
Of Bedfont's church and churchyard too,
Where yew-trees into peacocks shorn,
In vegetable terror mourn:
Is liable, no doubt, to glooms,
From "Meditations on the Tombs."
But while he meditates, he cooks,
Thus both to quick and dead he looks;
Turning his mind to nothing save
Thoughts on man's gravy, and his grave.
Long may he keep from churchyard holes
Our bodies, with his Sauce for *Soles!*
Long may he hinder Death from beckoning
His guests to settle their last reckoning!

SIZE OF THEATRES.

George Colman the Younger, says: "My father wrote the preface to his translation of Terence's *Comedies* long before he thought of being proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre: he could not therefore, at that time, have given an *exparte* opinion, when he said, in that preface, speaking of the moderns, that by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of representation.

"It is curious to observe how, after a certain time, the moderns of Drury-lane and Covent-garden returned all at once to this magnificence of the ancients of Greece and Rome; for immediately after my father's demise, I opened the Haymarket Theatre, in 1795, with an occasional piece,* which ridiculed the extended dimensions of the two principal London playhouses, as follows:

"When people appear
Quite unable to hear,
'Tis undoubtedly needless to talk;

* *New Way at the Old Haymarket;* the first scene of which is still acted under the title of *Sylvester Daggerwood.*

and that

'Twere better they began
On the new invented plan,
And with telegraphs transmitted us the plot

The new large houses soon found the necessity of returning to that 'magnificence of spectacle' of which my father speaks: they introduced white oxen, horses, elephants, both real and sham: and the song above quoted, ends thus:

"But the house here's so small
That we've no need to bawl,
And the summer will rapidly pass,
So we hope you'll think fit
To hear the actors a bit
Till the elephants and bulls come from grass;
Then let Shakspeare and Jonson go hang, go hang,
Let your Otways and Drydens go drown!
Give them but elephants and white bulls enough,
And they'll take in all the town,
Brave boys!"

BANNISTER'S BUDGET.

In 1807, after George Colman the Younger had worked hard at some dramatic compositions, he had resolved to pass one entire week in luxurious sloth, when, on the first morning of his sacrifice, in walked Jack Bannister with a huge manuscript under his left arm! "This," he said, "consisted of loose materials for an entertainment with which he meant 'to skir the country,' under the title of *Bannister's Budget;* but unless Colman reduced the chaos into some order for him, and that instantly, he should lose his tide, and with it his emoluments for the season." In such a case, Colman could but drudge through the work for his old companion; and he concocted the crudities by polishing, expunging, adding, in short, almost re-writing them, so as to complete the toil at the week's end, and away went Jack Bannister into the country with his *Budget.*

Several months afterwards, he returned to town, called upon Colman, and told him so great had been his success, that, in consequence of the gain which had accrued to him through his (Colman's) means; and as he considered the *Budget* to be an annual income for years, he must insist upon cancelling a bond which Colman had given him for money lent. He accordingly wrote from Shrewsbury:

"For fear of accidents, I think it necessary to inform you that Fladgate, your attorney, is in possession of your bond to me for 700*l*. As I consider it fully discharged, it is proper you should have this acknowledgment under my hand.

"J. B."

Colman says: "In the *Budget* I have so much altered some of the songs, that they might almost be called my own. I do not arrogate to myself the merit of having improved them so much as Sir John Cutler mended his stockings, till he darned them into silk; and if I plead guilty of having had a hand in the texture, let the primary manufacturers remember, that I have left enough of their own stuff to convict them as partakers of the crime."

COLMAN AT CARLTON HOUSE.

In the autumn of 1811, the Duke of York obtained leave (from the King's Bench) for Colman to dine at Carlton House. He accompanied the Duke thither; and on his walking through the apartments with him, Colman remarked, "What excellent lodgings! I have nothing like them in the King's Bench!" After dinner, he exclaimed,—"Eh! why this is wine; pray do tell me who that fine-looking fellow is at the head of the table." The good-natured Duke said, "Hush, George, you'll get into a scrape." "No, no," said Colman, in a louder voice, "I am come out to enjoy myself; I want to know who that fine, square-shouldered, magnificent-looking, agreeable fellow is at the head of the table." "Be quiet, George," interrupted the Duke, "you know it is the Prince." "Why, then," continued Colman, still louder, "he is your elder brother. I declare, he don't look half your age. Well! I remember the time when he sang a good song; and as I am out for a lark for only one day, if he is the same good fellow that he used to be, he would not refuse an old playfellow." The Prince laughed, and sang. "What a magnificent voice!" exclaimed Colman. "I have heard nothing to be compared to it for years. Such expression, too! I'll be damned if I don't engage him for my theatre." It would appear that this freak gave no offence to the Royal host; for Colman was ever treated with kindness by George the Fourth. Mr. Peake, who relates the above anecdote in his *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, informs us, in a note, that it was communicated to him by an accomplished nobleman who was an eye-witness of the scene.

COLMAN AND CAPTAIN MORRIS, ETC.

Moore, in his *Diary*, has these notes on Colman.

"Linley describes Colman at the Beefsteak Club quite drunk, making extraordinary noise while Captain Morris was singing, which disconcerted the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably." It was this gravity that Morris preserved amidst his rackety companions, which enabled "the Old Bard" to reach the patriarchal age of 93.*

"Oct. 9, 1818: In the evening read Colman's little Comedy of *Ways and Means*. Some comical things in it: 'Curse Cupid, he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches.' 'Always threatening to break my neck: one would think we servants had a neck to spare, like the Swan (with Two Necks) in Lad-lane.'"

THEATRICAL COSTUME.

Costume was an economical arrangement in theatres of old. When Colman the Younger produced the *Poor Gentleman* at Covent-garden, in 1801, Mrs. Mattocks acted the part of Lucretia MacTab in the same dress which she had worn many years previously, as Lucinda, in *Love in a Village*, with no further alteration of it than her having grown fatter or thinner might require. The gown was what is called a sack, with a petticoat over a large hoop. The unlearned in theatricals should be told that Lucinda is a very young spinster, and Lucretia a very old-fashioned old-maid.

* Captain Morris passed his green old age at Brockham Lodge, near Dorking, which had been lent to him by the Duke of Norfolk. The Bard is interred at Betchworth, in which parish the hamlet of Brockham is situate: his grave is near the east end of the church, in the burial-ground; it is simply marked by a head and foot stone, the former being thus inscribed:

Sacred to the memory of Charles Morris, Esq., of London, and Brockham Lodge, in this Parish; who died on the 11th day of July, 1838, aged 93 years.

He must have outlived all his boon companions, so that not one of those who would have emptied a flagon upon his head, was left to place a memorial upon his grave!

APPENDIX.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AT SHEEN AND MOOR PARK.—(*Pages* 6–7.)

Sir William Temple appears to have retired to Sheen in 1671, and there devoted himself to gardening, the improvement of his house, and to literary pursuits. He was, however, again summoned to public life in 1674: he was then appointed ambassador-extraordinary to the Hague; he returned to England at the peace of Nimeguen in 1679, and again retired to Sheen, which he finally quitted in 1786 for Moor Park, which estate he had just purchased. It is often stated, but erroneously, that William III. visited Temple at Sheen,* which he had quitted two years before the King's arrival in England; and in which year (1688) Swift was first introduced to Temple. Sheen has long been noted for raising asparagus; and Swift's giddiness is said to have been occasioned by a surfeit of Sheen pippins; but the Royal visits must have been paid at Moor Park, and Swift's attendance upon the King, and the lesson in *eating*, not cutting (as most versions of the anecdote state) asparagus (*see page* 7), belong to the time of Temple's residence at Moor Park, and not at Sheen.

THE VANHOMRIGHS.—(*Page* 41.)

A Correspondent of the *Athenæum*, No. 1601, July 3, 1858, has jotted down these notes about the Vanhomrighs:

According to Walter Scott and others, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh was a Dutchman, who came into Ireland with King William, and therefore in 1690. But a Vanhomery, or Vanhomrigh, was an alderman of

* In the *Ambulator*, 12th edit. 1820, p. 284, this mistake occurs; and Dr. Evans, in *Richmond and its Vicinity*, 1825, in describing Temple Grove, erroneously states that King William often visited Temple here, and here saw Swift.

Dublin before 1690; and Vanhomrigh, the father of Vanessa, appointed a Commissioner of the Irish Revenue in 1692, and in 1697 Mayor of Dublin, was, I think, the same person. "In the List of Claims on the forfeited estates, entered at Chichester House, Dublin, 1701," is the following:—"No. 2018, Barthol. Van Homrigh, Esq. (assignment of Bond and Judgement for 400*l.*), Bond dated 15 May, 1688, to Francis Chantril, and Judgement, 4th James 2nd, and assigned to Claimant, 14 Aug., 1693." This bond was secured on the estate of "Christopher, late Lord Slane." The claim was disallowed. We also learn from Monck Mason's *History of St. Patrick's* that not many months before his decease, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh bought about 240 acres in the county of Kildare, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Tyrconnel, and 1132 acres in the county of Cork, which had been the property of the Earl of Clancarthy. In 1711 an act was applied for to vest "the estate, late of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, Esq., deceased, lying and being in the kingdom of Ireland, in Trustees to be sold." It appears from the List given with the "Statutes at Large" that this act did pass; and no doubt Swift referred to the consequences, when he informed Mrs. Johnson [Stella] on the 11th of August, 1711, "the eldest daughter [Hester] is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after the fortune, and get it in her own hands." Scott, who unfortunately took the absurd marrying story, and the rival story on trust, calls this intimation "ominous." Very ominous, certainly, seeing that Swift remained in London, and continued to reside there until June, 1713,—very ominous, considering that the act itself, as will appear, declares that Miss Vanhomrigh, at that very time, 1711, was "in prospect of marriage." We get a little insight into the family history from this Act. It sets forth the Will, or part of the Will of the father, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, from which we learn that it was dated the 2nd of June, 1701, and that he "soon after died." That he bequeathed to *Hester his wife*, a share of his property equal to the share of each of his children, and directs that the value of this, her share, be invested, and the interest paid to her during her life, with leave, by her will, to dispose of 500*l.* To his *daughter Hester* he bequeaths 250*l.* sterling, to be paid on the day of her marriage, or age of twenty-one, which should first happen; and if she marry, then one equal part or share of said estate, the 250*l.* to be reckoned as part, and deducting what should have been expended in maintenance and education of said Hester. To his *daughter Mary*, same as to Hester. To his son Ginkell (except as to the 250*l.*) one equal share, &c., on attaining twenty-one, and to his son Bartholomew the same, with the same exceptions. The executors were his wife, John Pierson of Dublin, brewer, and Mr. Peter Partington of Dublin, gent. The Bill further states that Bartholomew Vanhomrigh died, leaving issue Ginkell (since deceased), under twenty-one and unmarried, Bartholomew, Hester, and Mary. That *Hester* had attained the age of twenty-one, "and is *in prospect of marriage.*" That Bartholomew is but of the age of nineteen, and *Mary* but of fifteen. Therefore the property cannot be sold without an Act of Parliament. That the property is dispersed in several counties in Ireland, and all parties concerned residing, or intending to reside, in Great Britain, are desirous that the same should be sold, and the produce brought into this kingdom, and that the survivors shall "divide the money raised" by such sale

according to the will. I suspect that the Vanhomrighs were a thoughtless, extravagant family, who had already run themselves into difficulties, and this sale of the father's property was a necessity. We soon after get sight of the surviving son Bartholomew. Prior, writing to Swift from Paris, April 8, 1713, says, "I cannot find Vanhomrigh since he brought me your letter;" and again, $\frac{5}{10}$th of August, 1713, "Vanhomrigh has been terribly here in debt, and being *in durance*, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns." This Bartholomew died at Rathcormick, county of Cork, and his will was proved 6th of July, 1715. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the mother, died in London in 1714. Mary, the second daughter, died in 1721. Hester (Vanessa) at Cellbridge in 1723.

SWIFT BAITED BY BETTESWORTH.—(*Page* 66.)

The following scene of exquisite banter is from a letter written in Dublin, in 1733, by Mr. J. Wainwright, afterwards an Irish judge, early in the reign of George II. The original letter was in a volume with several others, in the possession of Mr. Richardson, the printer, at Derby, in 1828.

Nothing ever went so hard with the Dean of St. Patrick's as an affair which lately happened. I will relate it, as I hear from his friends. He tells it, and I had it from the other actor's own mouth. Serjeant Bettesworth is a lawyer of some business, a Member of Parliament, a man of fire and valour, a great talker, no ill speaker in the House, has a torrent of language and imagination, is always in buskins or upon a prancing horse, has a great deal of humour, and a small estate. A satirical poem came out, (I choose to begin with the Serjeant's part first,) and he went to the Dean's house. Being told there, he was gone to one Worrall's in the neighbourhood, he followed him thither, and was shown into a parlour, where the Dean was, alone.

"Sir," says the Serjeant, (always keeping between the Dean and the door,) "I am come to assert that superiority which you have given me over you as a gentleman and a Christian.

"*Dean.* Sir, I understand you, *facinus quos inquinate æquat*, you and I are much of a sort.

"*Bettesworth.* No, sir, I thank God, we are not. I am your superior, for he that, unprovoked, puts it in another's power to punish or forgive, raises the injured person above him. Did you write the verses in this paper?

"*D.* I, sir, never wrote your name, or a letter of your name, as I know, in my life. Why do you say they are mine?

"*B.* For these plain reasons. A hundred people have them in their hands, and every one of them says they are yours.

"*D.* I deny them.

"*B.* So did you that atheistical book, the *Tale of a Tub;* that scandalous poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa,* though the world was to believe your sweet self had made a conquest, and triumphed over a poor lady in her grave—she in love with a satyr! (leading him to the glass,) look at the figure that could excite the passion. So did you deny that

inhospitable poem (I have forgot the name,) and that filthy excrement of your brain, the *Toilette;* and in numberless other instances. Like one of your poor Yahoos, you get into a tree, lie perched upon a bough, and befoul all that come near you.

"*D.* Sir, I vow to God I don't know you. I never saw you.

"*B.* You lie. But did you say true, your case is the worse, and I take it upon that; and as a man you neither ever saw or knew, come for reparation, inasmuch as you have taken from me, as far as in you lies, reputation, dearer than life, from myself, and bread from my family.

"*D.* A pretty period this! Is this a gentleman—an orator? [Worrall was then come into the room.] You durst not have used me thus, sir, were not my gown your protection.

"*B.* You lie again. O that you were as you deserve,' uncased, what a heap of bones I should have to pay for!

"*D.* You will wear out Christian patience.

"*B.* Out upon it. You a Christian! you have put yourself out of that community, out of your own order, out of the very society of the human race; yours is the hand from which the javelin is delivered, that flies in the dark. You are the lurking villain that stands in the thievish corner, to stab, rob, and destroy. You are he that scatters poison, arrows, and death, and says, Am I not in sport? But your Christian patience must be further tried. You're chafed—you begin to drip; what's an ounce of *your sweat worth now?* You say you are not the author of these verses?

"*D.* I give you my word.

"*B.* Neither I nor you value it either as *verbum sacerdotis*, or of an honest man. I must have more; it must be in writing under your hand.

"*D.* When I wrote some pamphlets in the Queen's time, I asked two of the most eminent lawyers, I think Lord Somers was one, what I should do. They advised me never to own anything, and I hence followed that rule. Many paltry pieces are imputed to me every day, which I know nothing of, and I disown this.

"*B.* This won't do. I must have more, or by the Eternal God—— [feeling in his pocket for a large sharp knife which he had brought with him.]

"*D.* If I write you a letter to that purpose, will that do?

"*B.* Yes, you promise?

"*D.* I do.

"*B.* Then you have saved your ears. For as I hope to see the face of God at the resurrection, I would have cut them both off, if you had owned this scurrility. As bad a lawyer as you take me to be, I have this much knowledge, that the Coventry Act does not take place in this kingdom: and as to any damages you might have recovered, I should have ventured them. But now the letter being always supposed the basis of our alliance, I give you full leave to write against me in print. Set your name freely, do it once a week, advertise against me, and upon my honour, never yet forfeited, I will take no advantage of you at law, or by privilege in Parliament; but will answer you week by week, day by day, you upon my character, I upon yours; take all the advantages of wit and spleen, I'll encounter you with the materials your life and conversation afford."

So, after an hour's imprisonment, B. half opened the door, the D. shot through, and made the best of his way to the Deanery.

This seems to me one of the most difficult circumstances of the Dean's life. He tells the story short, leaving out all or most of the Serjeant's part—he can't well bear any attack. He was used, upon such occasions, when he was ruffled, to cry *Bears, Bears*, and leave the room. That could not be done: he was in the paw of a rough, resolute, impetuous creature, who always will have his speech out; and speaks and acts in such a manner, that I must say, as Æschines did of Demosthenes, what I have expressed of him is nothing to what it would be, if you heard him, himself, bellowing it with a fierce black aspect, a wig of coal, an action and gesture more than theatrical; a profusion of sublimated expressions, and a memory retaining the most minute circumstances. Mr. Dodington knows him well.

The promised letter is sent, and is to this effect:

"Sir,—The rage and barbarity with which you used me, upon a base and groundless suspicion of knowing my style, determine me to have no further correspondence with you. You will know whom this came from, without setting any name."

This letter is not in the Dean's hand, but as it came yesterday, since the time the Serjeant told the story, it so far verifies the truth of his relation.

J. WAINWRIGHT.

Dublin, Dec. 20th, 1733.

POPE'S LAST LETTER TO SWIFT.—(*Page* 70.)

A severe shock was given to Pope's most cherished feelings, by the publication in Dublin of his Correspondence with Swift, said to have been printed by the Dean's consent and direction. Swift was influenced in this step by the secret workings of vanity and ambition, now more prominent as his understanding declined. He had thrice requested Pope to inscribe to him one of those Epistles by which the poet conferred honour and immortality on his friends. Pope unaccountably resisted these repeated appeals, though he promised compliance. Perhaps he found it difficult to add to the elegance of the complimentary lines addressed to Swift at the commencement of the *Dunciad*, and the allusions to him in his *Epistles* and *Imitations*; but Swift was fed with strong flatteries by his Irish friends, and, no doubt, he was mortified by Pope's neglect on a point so tender and so strictly personal. This thirst for posthumous fame, co-operating with the interested wishes and solicitations of persons surrounding him, may have prompted Swift to sanction the publication of his Correspondence. His love of fame was stronger than his misanthropy! Pope's last letter to his friend, written

after this injury to his feelings and his fortune, is the best proof of the sincerity of his friendship and of his warm affection for Swift. It is dated from Duke-street, Westminster, (where he had called on Lord Orrery,) March 22, 1740:

My dear Friend,—When the heart is full of tenderness, it must be full of concern at the absolute impotency of all words to come up to it. You are the only man now in the world who costs me a sigh every day of my life, and the man that troubles me most, although I most wish to write to. Death has used me worse in separating from me for ever poor Gay, Arbuthnot, &c., than disease and absence in separating you so many years. But nothing shall make me forget you, and I am persuaded you will as little forget me; and most things in this world one may afford to forget, if we remember, and are remembered, by our friends. I value and enjoy more the memory of the pleasures and endearing obligations I have formerly received from you, than the perfect possession of any other. I am less anxious every day I live for present enjoyments of any sort, and my temper of mind is calmer as to worldly disappointments and accidents, except the loss of friends by death, the only way (I thank God) that I ever lost any. Think it not possible that any affection can cease but with my last breath. If I could think yours was alienated, I should grieve, but not reproach you. If I felt myself even hurt by you, I should be confident you knew not the blow you gave, but had your hand guided by another. If I never more had a kind word from you, I should feel my heart the same it has ever been towards you.

I must confess a late incident has given me some pain; but I am satisfied you were persuaded it would not have given me any. And whatever unpleasant circumstances the printing our letters might be attended with, there was *one* that pleased me—that the strict friendship we have borne each other so long is thus made known to all mankind. As far as it was your will, I cannot be angry at what in all other respects I am quite uneasy under. Had you asked me before you gave them away, I think I could have proposed some *better monument* for our friendship, or at least of better materials; and you must allow me to say, this was not my erecting, but yours. My part of them is far too mean, and how inferior in what you have ever in your works set up to me! And can I see these without shame when I reflect on the many beautiful, pathetic, and amiable lines of yours, which carry to posterity the name of a man who, if he had not every good quality which you so kindly ascribe to him, would be so proud of none as the constancy and the justice of his esteem for you? Adieu! While I can write, speak, remember, or think, I am yours,

A. Pope.

Swift could not have read this letter without strong emotion; but disease had by this time incapacitated him from correspondence. His memory was almost gone, and in the following year he was pronounced unable to manage his own affairs, and guardians were appointed to take care of

him. Loss of speech followed loss of memory, and all the faculties of his soul were suspended. The last scene in the mortal career of this extraordinary man—speechless and alone—

Still as the silence round about his lair,

seems to us more awful, more pathetic, than any creation in fiction!—*Selected and abridged from Carruthers's Life of Pope.*

STEELE IN PARLIAMENT.—(*Page* 147.)

Steele, in alluding to Sir Thomas Hanmer's opposition to the Commercial Treaty in 1714, in the House of Commons, said, "I rise to do him honour," on which many members who had before tried to interrupt him, called out "Tatler, Tatler," and as he went down the House, several said, "It is not so easy a thing to speak in the House;" "He fancies because he can scribble, &c." Slight circumstances, indeed, (adds Lord John Russell, in his work *On the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*), but which at once show the indisposition of the House to the Whig party, and the natural envy of mankind, long ago remarked by Cicero, towards all who attempt to gain more than one kind of pre-eminence.

To Swift's story, at page 145, may be added the anecdote of Steele, in one of his canvasses at Stockbridge, presenting the wife of an elector with *an apple stuck with guineas*, to induce her to secure her husband's vote in his favour.

There was within memory an old house at Poplar, which had a large hanging garden, and a building at the bottom: this, tradition reported, had been the laboratory of Sir Richard Steele during his dreams of alchemy.

There is an odd note of one of Steele's descendants in Moore's *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 190. In 1821, Sir Richard Steele, the high sheriff, dispersed a meeting in Dublin by the military; upon which Moore wrote some lines, commencing with

Though sprung from the *clever* Sir Richard Steele this man be,
He's as different a *sort* of Sir Richard as can be.

THE KIT-KAT CLUB.—(*Page* 151.)

Some five-and-forty years since, when Sir Richard Phillips took his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, he visited

Barn Elms, formerly the residence of Jacob Tonson the elder, bookseller, who was secretary to the Kit-Kat Club. The servants in charge of the house knew nothing of the olden fame of the place; but in reply to Sir Richard's inquiries, one servant exclaimed, "I should not wonder if the gentleman means the philosophers' room." "Aye," rejoined his comrade, "I remember somebody coming once before to see something of this sort, and my master sent him there." Sir Richard proceeds to relate:

"I requested then to be shown to this room; when I was conducted across a detached garden, and brought to a handsome structure in the architectural style of the early part of the last century—evidently the establishment of the Kit-Kat Club.

"A walk covered with docks, thistles, nettles, and high grass, led from the remains of a gateway in the garden wall, to the door which opened into the building. Ah! thought I, along this desolate avenue the finest geniuses in England gaily proceeded to meet their friends;—yet within a century, how changed—how deserted—how revolting! A cold chill seized me as the man unfastened the decayed door of the building, and as I beheld the once elegant hall filled with cobwebs, a fallen ceiling, and accumulating rubbish. On the right, the present proprietor had erected a copper, and converted one of the parlours into a wash-house! The door on the left led to a spacious and once superb staircase, now in ruins, filled with dense cobwebs, which hung from the lofty ceiling, and seemed to be deserted, even by the spiders! The entire building, for want of ventilation, having become food for the fungus called dry-rot, the timber had lost its cohesive powers. I ascended the staircase, therefore, with a feeling of danger, to which the man would not expose himself;—but I was well requited for my pains. Here I found the *Kit-Kat Club-room*,—nearly as it existed in the days of its glory. It is eighteen feet high, and forty feet long, by twenty wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of its age; but the whole was falling to pieces, from the effects of the dry-rot.

"My attention was chiefly attracted by the faded cloth hangings of the room, whose red colour once set off the famous portraits of the Club that hung around the room. Their marks and size were still visible, and the numbers and names remain, written in chalk, for the guidance of the

hanger! Thus was I, as it were, by these still legible names, brought into personal contact with Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and Garth, and Dryden, and with many *hereditary* nobles, remembered only because they were patrons of those *natural* nobles. I read their names aloud?—I invoked their departed spirits!—I was appalled by the echo of my own voice! The holes in the floor, the forests of cobwebs in the windows, and a swallow's nest in the corner of the ceiling, proclaimed that I was viewing a vision of the dreamers of a past age;—that I saw realized before me the speaking vanities of the anxious career of man!

* * * * * *

"On rejoining the man in the hall below, and expressing my grief that so interesting a building should be suffered to go to decay for want of attention, he told me that his master intended to pull it down, and unite it to an adjoining barn, so as to form of the two a riding-house; and I learn that this design has since been executed!

"The Kit-Kat pictures were painted early in the eighteenth century, and about the year 1710 were brought to this spot; but the room I have been describing was not built till ten or fifteen years afterwards. The pictures were forty-two in number, and were presented by the members to the elder Tonson, who died 1736. He left them to his great-nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in 1767. They were then removed from this building to the house of his brother, at Water Oakley, near Windsor: and on his death to the house of Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury, where I lately saw them splendidly lodged, and in fine preservation. It may be proper to observe that Barn Elms was not the house of Mr. Tonson, which stood nearer to the Kit-Kat Club-room, and was a few years since taken down."

Brayley's *History of Surrey*, 1850, gives but a meagre account of the place as follows: "Near Barn Elms was a house which belonged to Jacob Tonson the elder, bookseller, who was secretary to a society of noblemen and gentlemen, called the Kit-Kat Club. The meetings were at one period held in an apartment here, (now a laundry,) which Mr. Tonson had erected for their accommodation; and which, a few years after, was ornamented with portraits of all the members, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller."

Brayley adds in a note, referring to the Memoirs of the members, with 48 portraits, published in folio, in 1821,

that the Club, after removing from Shire-lane, met at Christopher Kat's other abode, the Fountain, in the Strand. (This is doubtful.) As Tonson's room at Barnes, where the Club often dined, and where the portraits were originally *intended* to be placed, (they were so placed,) was not lofty enough for what are called half-length pictures, a shorter canvas was used, (36 inches long, and 28 inches wide,) but sufficiently long to admit a hand. This occasioned the Kit-Kat size to become a technical term in painting for such pictures as were of similar dimensions and form.

THE MAYOR OF GARRETT.—(*Page* 216.)

Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, 1817, gives the following interesting details of the Garrett Elections:

Wandsworth having been the once-famed scene of those humorous popular elections of a mayor or member for Garrett; and the subject serving to illustrate the manners of the times, and abounding in original features of character,—I collected among some of its older inhabitants a variety of amusing facts and documents, relative to the eccentric candidates and their elections.

Southward of Wandsworth, a road extends nearly two miles to the village of Lower Tooting; and nearly midway are a few houses, or a hamlet, by the side of a small common called Garrett, from which the road itself is called Garrett-lane. Various encroachments on this common led to an association of the neighbours about threescore years since, when they chose a president, or *mayor*, to protect their rights; and the time of their first election being the period of a new parliament, it was agreed that the mayor should be re-chosen after every general election. Some facetious members of the Club gave, in a few years, local notoriety to this election; and when party-spirit ran high in the days of Wilkes and Liberty, it was easy to create an appetite for a burlesque election among the lower orders of the metropolis. The publicans at Wandsworth, Tooting, Battersea, Clapham, and Vauxhall made a purse to give it character; and Mr. Foote rendered its interest universal, by calling one of his inimitable farces the *Mayor of Garrett*. I have, indeed, been told that Foote, Garrick, and Wilkes wrote some of the candidates' addresses, for the purpose of instructing the people in the corruptions which attend elections to the legislature, and of producing those reforms by means of ridicule and shame, which are vainly expected from solemn appeals of argument and patriotism.

Not being able to find the members for Garrett in Beatson's *Political Index*, or in any of the Court Calendars, I am obliged to depend on tradition for information in regard to the early history of this famous borough. The first mayor of whom I could hear was called Sir John Harper. He filled the seat during two parliaments, and was, it appears, a man of wit; for on a dead cat being thrown at him on the hustings,

and a bystander exclaiming that it stunk worse than a fox, Sir John vociferated, "That's no wonder, for you see it's a *poll*-cat." This noted baronet was in the metropolis a retailer of brick-dust; and his Garrett honour being supposed to be a means of improving his trade and the condition of his ass, many characters in similar occupations were led to aspire to the same distinctions.

He was succeeded by Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, who was returned for three parliaments, and was the most popular candidate that ever appeared on the Garrett hustings. His occupation was that of buying *old wigs*, once an article of trade like that in old clothes, but become obsolete since the full-bottomed and full-dress wigs of both sexes went out of fashion. Sir Jeffrey usually carried his wig-bag over his shoulder, and to avoid the charge of vagrancy, vociferated, as he passed along the streets, "old wigs;" but having a person like Æsop, and a countenance and manner marked by irresistible humour, he never appeared without a train of boys and curious persons, whom he entertained by his sallies of wit, shrewd sayings, and smart repartees; and from whom, without begging, he collected sufficient to maintain his dignity of mayor and knight. He was no respecter of persons, and was so severe in his jokes on the corruptions and compromises of power, that under the iron *régime* of Pitt and Dundas, this political Punch, or street-jester, was prosecuted for using what were then called seditious expressions; and as a caricature on the times, which ought never to be forgotten, he was, in 1793, tried, convicted, and imprisoned! In consequence of this affair, and some charges of dishonesty, he lost his popularity, and at the general election for 1796, was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, muffin-seller, a man as much deformed as himself. Sir Jeffrey could not long survive his fall, for in 1797 he died of suffocation from excessive drinking.

Sir Harry Dimsdale dying before the next general election, and no candidate starting of sufficient originality of character, and what was still more fatal, the victuallers having failed to raise a public purse, the borough of Garrett has since remained vacant, and the populace have been without a professed political buffoon. None but those who have seen a London mob on any great holiday can form any just idea of these elections. On several occasions, a hundred thousand persons, half of them in carts, in hackney-coaches, and on horse and ass-back, covered the various roads from London, and choked up all the approaches to the place of election. At the two last elections, I was told that the road within a mile of Wandsworth was so blocked up by vehicles, that none could move backward or forward during many hours; and that the candidates, dressed like chimney-sweepers on May-day, or in the mock fashion of the period, were brought to the hustings in the carriages of peers, drawn by six horses, the owners themselves condescending to become their drivers!

GOLDSMITH AT EDINBURGH.—(*Page* 261.)

The following delightful letter is printed in Mr. Forster's "Notes and Corrections." It is dated Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753; and is addressed to Robert Bryanton, at Ballymahon, Ireland:

My dear Bob,—

How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse,) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence. I might tell you how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business, you know, I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress those, and twenty more as plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit-dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.

Yet what shall I say now I am entered? Shall I tire with a description of this unfruitful country; where I must lead you over the hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove, nor brook, lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves. From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them, that some men in Ireland of one thousand pounds a-year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and . . . . . Truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman does King George on horseback.

The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Now that I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves: in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be: but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady-directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality approaching to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner by the aforesaid lady-directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the

Scotch gentleman told me (and faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies; and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or—a potato; for I say, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity: for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the "Who ar wull I gong?" with a becoming widening of the mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer.

We have no such character here as a coquet, but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago, I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair, who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot: her battered husband, or more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults with her faultless form. "For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much of the red in her complexion." "Madam, I am of your opinion," says the second. "I think her face has a pallid cast too much on the delicate order." "And let me tell you," added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth." At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P. But, how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence? There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance . . . . . I leave you to your own choice what to write.

While I live, know you have a true friend in

Yours, &c., &c.,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—Give my sincere respects, (not compliments,) do you mind, to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother, if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still. Direct to me—Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."—(*Page* 277.)

There is no end to the delight afforded by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Moore read it to his wife Bessy, and notes: "What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than *Joseph Anderson*." Again: "finished the *Vicar of Wakefield* to Bessy; we both cried over it."

GOLDSMITH IN THE TEMPLE.—(*Page* 285.)

Goldsmith did not remove direct from the Library Staircase, Inner Temple, to Brick-court, Middle Temple, but to Garden-court, in the latter Inn, and thence to Brick-court. It was in Garden-court that he sat at the window and watched the rooks; and whilst living here, he practised medicine for a short time, as described at page 287.

THE GOLDSMITH FAMILY AND GENERAL WOLFE.

In a paper of genealogical memoranda of the Poet's family, obligingly communicated by a Correspondent, we find the following note as to a Will of Edward Goldsmith, of the City of Limerick, Esq., dated 27th October, 1762, proved 10th December, 1764: leaving 1000*l.* to "*my esteemed Kinsman, Major-General James Wolfe*, payable on the death of my dearest and most esteemed aunt, Henrietta Wolfe, mother of the said General Wolfe," &c. It appears that General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, died 19th September, 1759: he was the son of Colonel Edward Wolfe and Henrietta his wife, who, in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, vol. ii. p. 1389, is set down as daughter of Edward Thompson.

STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the year 1857, the admirers of Thomas Moore erected, by subscription, upon College-green, and close to Trinity College, Dublin, a Statue of this distinguished Poet. At the inauguration ceremony, on the 14th of October, in the above year, His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle stated Moore to be the first of "the sacred band of poets," to whom a statue had been erected in the open air in London or Dublin, and the Attorney-General O'Hagan further observed that Moore was the first Irishman of whom a statue had been set up in Dublin. It was subsequently suggested by the Earl of Carlisle that a similar memorial of Oliver Goldsmith should be placed in the same locality; His Excellency munificently contributed 100*l.* to the statue fund, and a Committee was formed to carry the design into effect; the Prince Consort heading the subscription list with a contribution of 100*l.*

An essential part of the plan is to place the statue in such a site that, while it will connect the memory of the poet in

a particular manner with the university in which he received his education, it may be open to the view of the inhabitants of Dublin, and be regarded by them as an ornament to the city. A site has been selected which will fulfil both these requirements, and has received the approbation of the Board of Trinity College.

A considerable proportion of the necessary funds has already been subscribed; and the Committee have given directions for the execution of the statue by the eminent Irish sculptor, Mr. John H. Foley, R.A.; and the statuette has been completed, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in London, in 1860. The statue will be placed within the inclosure in front of Trinity College, and facing College-green. The erection of these Memorials is highly honourable to the public spirit of the citizens of Dublin, and the admirers of the two Poets who have contributed to these tasteful commemorations of the genius of their country. It is proposed hereafter to place, in the same locality, a statue of that illustrious Irishman, Edmund Burke.

MISCELLANIES, BY FOOTE.

The original of Sir Matthew Mite (his father having been a cheesemonger,) was a General Smith, to whose country-house some one took Foote on their way to town: he slept there, and was treated with every civility by Smith; but said, before they were a hundred yards from his house, "I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting."

A canting sort of lady said, "Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church?" "No, madam," replied Foote; "not that I see any harm in it."

Tarring and Feathering.—You are found in tar and feathers for nothing. "When properly mixed," says Foote, "they make a genteel kind of dress: it is very light, keeps out the rain, and sticks extremely close to the skin."

Wedderburn, (Lord Loughborough,) though he loved society, never shone in it. "What can he mean," cried Foote, by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dulness in others." Yet, to men of genius he was uniformly kind, and showed himself the enlightened and generous protector of literary merit.

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